

T. K. JONES.

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A

New Version

OF THE

P S A L M S

OF

DAVID,

Fitted to the
TUNES used in CHURCHES.

BY

AND

N. BRADY, D.D. ✕ N. TATE, Esq;

Chaplain in ordinary.

Poet-Laureat

To HIS MAJESTY.

B O S T O N:

Printed for, and Sold by JOHN
BOYLES, in Marlborough-street.

M, DCC. LXXIII.



A New Version of the
P S A L M S, &c.

P S A L M I.

- 1 **H**OW blest is he, who ne'er consents
by ill advice to walk :
Nor stands in sinners ways, nor sits
where men profanely talk !
- 2 But makes the perfect law of God
his bus'ness and delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
and meditates by night.
- 3 Like some fair tree, which fed by streams;
with timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
all his designs attend.
- 4 Ungodly men, and their attempts,
no lasting root shall find,
Untimely blasted, and dispers'd,
like chaff before the wind.
- 5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
before the Judge's face :
No formal hypocrite shall then
among the saints have place.
- 6 For God approves the just man's ways,
to happiness they tend :
But sinners and the paths they tread,
shall both in ruin end.

P S A L M II.

1 **W**ITH restless and ungovern'd rage,
why do the heathen storm ?

Why in such rash attempts engage,
as they can ne'er perform ?

2 The great in counsel and in might,
their various forces bring !

Against the Lord they all unite,
and his anointed king.

3 " Must we submit to their commands ?"
presumptuously they say :

" No, let us break their slavish bands,
" and cast their chains away."

4 But God, who sits enthron'd on high,
and sees how they combine,

Does their conspiring strength defy,
and mocks their vain design..

5 Thick clouds of wrath divine shall break
on his rebellious foes :

And thus will he in thunder speak,
to all that dare oppose :

6 " Though madly you dispute my will,
" the King that I ordain,

" Whose throne is fix'd on Sion's hill,
" shall there securely reign."

7 Attend, O earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontroll'd decree :

" Thou art my Son ; this day my heir,
" have I begotten thee.

8 " Ask, and receive thy full demands ;
" thine shall the heathen be ;

" The utmost limits of the lands,
" shall be possess'd by thee.

9 " Thy

9 " Thy threat'ning sceptre thou shalt shake,
 " and crush them ev'ry where ;
 " As massy bars of iron break,
 " the potter's brittle ware "

10 Learn, then, ye princes, and give ear,
 ye judges of the earth ;

11 Worship the Lord with holy fear,
 rejoice with awful mirth.

12 Appease the Son with due respect,
 your timely homage pay ;

Lest he revenge the bold neglect,
 incens'd by your delay.

13 If but in part his anger rise,
 who can endure the flame ?

Then blest are they whose hope relies
 on his most holy name.

P S A L M III.

1 **H**OW many, Lord, of late are grown
 the troublers of my peace !
 And as their numbers hourly rise,
 so does their rage encrease.

2 Insulting, they my soul upbraid,
 and him whom I adore :

The God in whom he trusts, say they,
 shall rescue him no more.

3 But thou, O Lord, art my defence ;
 on thee my hopes rely :

Thou art my glory and shalt yet,
 lift up my head on high.

4 Since whensoever in like distress,
 to God I made my pray'r,

He heard me from his holy hill ;
 why should I now despair ?

5 Guarded by him, I laid me down,
my sweet repose to take ;

For I through him securely sleep,
through him in safety wake.

6 No force nor fury of my foes,
my courage shall confound ;

Were they as many hosts as men,
that have beset me round.

7 Arise, and save me, O my God,
who oft hast own'd my cause ;

And scatter'd oft these foes to me,
and to thy righteous laws.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs ;
he only can defend ;

His blessing he extends to all,
that on his pow'r depend.

P S A L M IV.

1 **O** Lord, that art my righteous judge,
to my complaint give ear,
Thou still redeem'st me from distress :
have mercy, Lord, and hear.

2 How long will ye, O sons of men,
to blot my fame devise ?

How long your vain designs pursue,
and spread malicious lies ?

3 Consider that the righteous man
is God's peculiar choice :

And when to him I make my pray'r,
he always hears my voice.

4 Then stand in awe of his commands,
flee ev'ry thing that's ill ;

Commune in private with your hearts,
and bend them to his will.

- 5 The place of other sacrifice ;
 let righteousness supply ;
 And let your hope, securely fix'd,
 on God alone rely.
- 6 While worldly minds impatient grow,
 more prosp'rous times to see ;
 Still let the glories of thy face
 shine brightly, Lord, on me.
- 7 So shall my heart o'erflow with joy,
 more lasting and more true,
 Than theirs, who stores of corn and wine
 successively renew.
- 8 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
 and take my needful rest :
 No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
 of thy defence possess.

P S A L M V.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
 accept my secret pray'r ;
- 2 To thee alone, my king, my God,
 will I for help repair.
- 3 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear,
 and with the dawning day,
 To thee devoutly I'll look up,
 to thee devoutly pray.
- 4 For thou, the wrongs that I sustain,
 can't never, Lord, approve ;
 Who from thy sacred dwelling place
 all evil dost remove.
- 5 Not long shall stubborn fools remain
 unpunish'd in thy view :
 All such as act unrighteous things,
 thy vengeance shall pursue.

6 The fland'ring tongue, O God of truth,
by thee shall be destroy'd ;

Who hat'st alike the man in blood,
and in deceit employ'd.

7 But when thy boundless grace shall me
to thy lov'd courts restore,

On thee, I'll fix my longing eyes,
and humbly there adore.

8 Conduct me by thy righteous laws ;
for watchful is my foe :

Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way,
wherein I ought to go.

9 Their mouth vents nothing but deceit ;
their heart is set on wrong ;

Their throat is a devouring grave ;
they flatter with their tongue.

10 By their own counsels let them fall,
oppress'd with loads of sin :

For they against thy righteous laws
have harden'd rebels been.

11 But let all those who trust in thee,
with shouts their joy proclaim ;

Let them rejoice, whom thou preserv'st,
and all that love thy name.

12 To righteous men the righteous Lord
his blessing will extend ;

And with his favour all his saints,
as with a shield, defend.

P S A L M VI.

1 **T**HY dreadful anger, Lord, restrain,
and spare a wretch forlorn :

Correct me not in thy fierce wrath,
too heavy to be borne.

2 Have mercy, Lord, for I grow faint,
unable to endure

The anguish of my aching bones,
which thou alone canst cure.

3 My tortur'd flesh distracts my mind,
and fills my soul with grief :

But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
to grant me thy relief ?

4 Thy wonted goodness, Lord, repeat
and ease my troubled soul :

Lord, for thy wond'rous mercies sake,
vouchsafe to make me whole.

5 For after death no more can I
thy glorious acts proclaim ;

No pris'ner of the silent grave
can magnify thy name.

6 Quite tir'd with pain, with groaning faint,
no hope of ease I see ;

The night, that quiets common griefs,
is spent in tears by me.

7 My beauty fades, my sight grows dim,
my eyes with weakness close ;

Old age o'ertakes me, whilst I think
on my insulting foes.

8 Depart, ye wicked ; in my wrongs
ye shall no more rejoice ;

For God, I find, accepts my tears,
and listens to my voice.

9, 10 He hears and grants my humble pray'r
and they that wish my fall,

Shall blush and rage, to see that God
protects me from them all.

P S A L M VII.

- 1 **O** LORD, my God, since I have plac'd
my trust alone in thee,
From all my persecutors rage,
do thou deliver me.
- 2 To save me from my threat'ning foe,
Lord interpose thy pow'r;
Lest, like a savage lion he
my helpless soul devour.
- 3, 4 If I am guilty, or did e'er
against his peace combine;
Nay, if I have not spar'd his life,
who fought unjustly mine;
- 5 Let then to persecuting foes,
my soul become a prey;
Let them to earth tread down my life,
in dust my honour lay.
- 6 Arise, and let thine anger, Lord,
in my defence engage;
Exalt thyself above my foes,
and their insulting rage:
Awake, awake in my behalf
the judgment to dispense,
Which thou hast righteously ordain'd
for injur'd innocence.
- 7 So to thy throne adoring crouds
shall still for justice fly:
Oh! therefore for their sakes, resume,
thy judgment seat on high.
- 8 Impartial Judge of all the world,
I trust my cause to thee;
According to my just deserts,
So let my sentence be.

- 9 Let wicked arts and wicked men,
together be o'erthrown ;
But guard the just, thou God to whom
the hearts of both are known.
- 10, 11 God me protects ; not only me,
but all of upright heart ;
And daily lays up wrath for those
who from his laws depart.
- 12 If they persist, he whets his sword,
his bow stands ready bent ;
- 13 Ev'n now with swift destruction wing'd
his pointed shafts are sent.
- 14 The plots are fruitless, which my foe
unjustly did conceive,
- 15 The pit he digg'd for me has prov'd
his own untimely grave.
- 16 On his own head his spite returns,
whilst I from harm am free :
On him the violence is fall'n,
which he design'd for me.
- 17 Therefore will I the righteous ways
of providence proclaim ;
I'll sing the praise of God most high,
and celebrate his name.

P S A L M VIII.

- 1 **O** THOU, to whom all creatures bow
within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world, how great art thou !
how glorious is thy name !
In heav'n thy wond'rous acts are sung,
nor fully reckon'd there ;
- 2 And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue,
thy boundless praise declare.

Thro'

Thro' thee the weak confound the strong
 and crush their haughty foes ;
 And so thou quell'st the wicked throng
 that thee and thine oppose.

3 When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high
 employs my wond'ring sight ;
 The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
 with stars of feebl' light.

4 What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
 to keep him in thy mind ?

Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
 to them so wond'rous kind ?

5 Him next in pow'r thou didst create
 to thy cœlestial train ;

6 Ordain'd with dignity and state
 o'er all thy works to reign.

7 They jointly own his pow'rful sway ;
 the beasts that prey or graze ;

8 The bird that wings its airy way ;
 the fish that cuts the seas.

9 O thou to whom all creatures bow
 within this earthly frame,

Thro' all the world how great art thou !
 how glorious is thy name !

P S A L M IX.

1 **T**O celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
 I will my heart prepare :
 To all the list'ning world thy works,
 thy wond'rous works declare.

2 The thought of them shall to my soul
 exalted pleasure bring ;

Whilst to thy name, O thou Most High,
 triumphant praise I sing.

- 3 Thou mad'st my haughty foes to turn
their backs in shameful flight :
Struck with thy presence, down they fell ;
they perish'd at thy sight.
- 4 Against insulting foes advanc'd,
thou didst my cause maintain ;
My right asserting from thy throne,
where truth and justice reign.
- 5 The insolence of heathen pride
thou hast reduc'd to shame ;
Their wicked offspring quite destroy'd,
and blotted out their name.
- 6 Mistaken foes, your haughty threats
are to a period come ;
Our city stands, which you design'd
to make our common tomb.
- 7, 8 The Lord for ever lives, who has
his righteous throne prepar'd
Impartial justice to dispense,
to punish or reward.
- 9 God is a constant sure defence
against oppressing rage ;
As troubles rise, his needful aids
in our behalf engage.
- 10 All those who have his goodness prov'd,
will in his truth confide ;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
that on his help rely'd.
- 11 Sing praises therefore to the Lord,
from Zion his abode ;
Proclaim his deeds, 'till all the world,
confess no other God.

P A R T II.

12 When he enquiry makes for blood,
he calls the poor to mind :

The injur'd, humble man's complaint,
redress from him shall find.

13 Take pity on my troubles, Lord,
which spiteful foes create,

Thou that hast rescu'd me so oft
from death's devouring gate.

14 In Zion then I'll sing thy praise,
to all that love thy name ;

And with loud shouts of grateful joy
thy saving pow'r proclaim.

15 Deep in the pit they digg'd for me
the heathen pride is laid

Their guilty feet to their own snare
insensibly betray'd.

16 Thus, by the just returns he makes
the mighty Lord is known ;

While wicked men by their own plots
are shamefully o'erthrown.

17 No single sinner shall escape
by privacy obscur'd ;

Nor nation from his just revenge,
by numbers be secur'd.

18 His suff'ring saints, when most distress'd
he ne'er forgets to aid ;

Their expectations shall be crown'd,
tho' for a time delay'd.

19 Arise, O Lord, assert thy pow'r,
and let not man o'ercome ;

Descend to judgment and pronounce
the guilty heathens doom. 20 Strik

20 Strike tergor thro' the nations round,
 'till by consenting fear,
 They to each other, and themselves,
 but mortal men appear.

P S A L M X.

THy presence why withdraw'st thou Lord,
 why hid'st thou now thy face,
 When dismal times of deep distress
 call for thy wonted grace ?
 2 The wicked, swell'd with lawless pride,
 have made the poor their prey :
 O let them fall by those designs
 which they for others lay.

3 For strait they triumph, if success
 their thriving crimes attend ;
 And sordid wretches, whom God hates,
 perversely they commend.

4 To own a pow'r above themselves,
 their haughty pride disdains ;
 And therefore in their stubborn mind
 no thought of God remains.

5 Oppressive methods they pursue,
 and all their foes they slight ;
 Because thy judgments unobserv'd
 are far above their sight.

6 They fondly think their prosp'rous state,
 shall unmolested be ;
 They think their vain designs shall thrive
 from disappointment free.

7 Vain and deceitful is their speech,
 with curses fill'd, and lies ;
 By which the mischief of their heart
 they study to disguise.

8 Near

8 Near public roads they lie conceal'd
and all their art employ,
The innocent and poor at once
to rife and deftroy.

9 Not lions, couching in their dens,
furprize their heedlefs prey
With greater cunning, or exprefs
more favage rage than they.
10 Sometimes they act the harmlefs man,
and modeft looks they wear ;
That fo deceiv'd the poor may lefs
their fudden onfet fear.

P A R T II.

11 For God, they think, no notice takes
of their unrighteous deeds ;
He never minds the fuff'ring poor,
nor their oppreffion heeds.

12 But thou, O Lord, at length arife
ftretch forth thy mighty arm ;
And, by the greatnefs of thy pow'r,
defend the poor from harm.

13 No longer let the wicked vaunt,
and proudly boasting, fay,
“ The Lord regards not what we do,
“ he never will repay.”

14 But fure, thou feeft, and all their deeds
impartially doft try :
The orphan, therefore, and the poor,
on thee for aid rely.

15 Defencelefs let the wicked fall,
of all their ftrength bereft :
Confound, O God, their dark defigns,
'till no remains are left.

16 Affert

- 16 Assert thy just dominion, Lord,
which shall for ever stand ;
Thou, who the heathen did'st expel
from this thy chosen land.
- 17 Thou dost the humble suppliants hear,
that to thy throne repair ;
Thou first prepar'st their hearts to pray,
and then accept'st their pray'r.
- 18 Thou, in thy righteous judgment, weigh'st
the fatherlets and poor ;
That so the tyrants of the earth
may persecute no more.

P S A L M XI.

- 1 **S**INCE I have plac'd my trust in God,
a refuge always nigh,
Why should I like a tim'rous bird,
to distant mountains fly ?
- 2 Behold the wicked bend their bow,
and ready fix their dart :
Lurking in ambush to destroy
the man of upright heart.
- 3 When once the firm assurance fails,
which public faith imparts,
'Tis time for innocence to fly
from such deceitful arts.
- 4 The Lord hath both a temple here,
and righteous throne above ;
Where he surveys the sons of men,
and how their counsels move.
- 5 If God, the righteous, whom he loves,
for tryal does correct ;
What must the sons of violence,
whom he abhors, expect ?

- 6 Snares, fire and brimstone, on their heads
shall in one tempest show'r ;
This dreadful mixture his revenge
into their cup shall pour.
- 7 The righteous Lord will righteous deeds
with signal favour grace ;
And to the upright man disclose
the brightness of his face.

P S A L M XII.

- 1 **S**INCE godly men decay, O Lord,
do thou my cause defend ;
For scarce these wretched times afford
one just and faithful friend.
- 2 One neighbour now can scarce believe,
what th' other doth impart ;
With flatt'ring lips they all deceive,
and with a double heart.
- 3 But lips that with deceit abound,
can never prosper long ;
God's righteous vengeance will confound
the proud blaspheming tongue.
- 4 In vain those foolish boasters say,
“ our tongues are sure our own ;
“ With doubtful words we'll still betray,
“ and be controul'd by none.”
- 5 For God, who hears the suff'ring poor,
and their oppression knows,
Will soon arise, and give them rest,
in spite of all their foes.
- 6 The word of God shall still abide,
and void of falshood be,
As is the silver, sev'n times try'd,
from drossy mixture free

- 7 The promise of his aiding grace
shall reach its purpos'd end ;
His servants from this faithless race
he ever shall defend.
- 8 Then shall the wicked be perplex'd,
to know which way to fly ;
When those whom they despis'd and vex'd,
shall be advanc'd on high.

P S A L M XIII.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou forget me, Lord ?
must I for ever mourn ?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
Oh ! never to return ?
- 2 How long shall anxious thoughts my soul,
and grief my heart oppress ?
How long my enemies insult,
and I have no redress ?
- 3 O, hear ! and to my longing eyes
restore thy wonted light ;
And suddenly, or I shall sleep
in everlasting night.
- 4 Restore me, lest they proudly boast
'twas their own strength o'ercame :
Permit not them that vex my soul,
to triumph in my shame.
- 5 Since I have always plac'd my trust
beneath thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health will come and then
my heart with joy shall spring ;
- 6 Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd
to thee, my God, ascend,
Who to thy servant in distress,
such bounty didst extend.

P S A L M XIV.

1 **S**URE wicked fools must needs suppose
That God is nothing but a name :
Corrupt and lewd their practice grows,
No breast is warm'd with holy flame.
2 The Lord look'd down from heav'n's high
And all the sons of men did view, (tow'rd
To see if any own'd his power;
If any truth or justice knew.

3 But all, he saw, were gone aside,
All were degen'rate grown and base :
None took religion for their guide,
Not one of all the sinful race.

4 But can these workers of deceit
Be all so dull and senseless grown,
That they like bread my people eat,
And God's almighty pow'r disown ?

5 How will they tremble then for fear,
When his just wrath shall them o'ertake ?
For, to the righteous, God is near,
And never will their cause forsake.

6 Ill men, in vain with scorn expose
The methods which the good pursue ;
Since God a refuge 'is for those
Whom his just eyes with favour view.

7 Would he his saving pow'r employ,
To break his people's servile band ;
Then shouts of universal joy
Shall loudly eccho thro' the land.

P S A L M XV.

1 **L**ORD, who's the happy man, that may
to thy blest courts repair ;
Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
but to inhabit there ?

2 'Tis

2 'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought, and deed
by rules of virtue moves ;

Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
the thing his heart disproves.

3 Who never did a slander forge,
his neighbour's fame to wound

Nor hearken to a false report,
by malice whisper'd round.

4 Who vice in all it's pomp and pow'r,
can treat with just neglect ;

And piety, tho' cloath'd in rags,
religiously respect.

Who to his plighted vows and trust
has ever firmly stood ;

And though he promise to his loss,
he makes his promise good.

5 Whose soul in usury disdains
his treasure to employ ;

Whom no rewards can ever bribe,
the guiltless to destroy.

The man, who by this steady course
has happiness ensur'd,

When earth's foundation shakes shall stand,
by Providence secur'd.

P S A L M XVI.

1 **P**ROTECT me from my cruel foes,
and shield me, Lord, from harm ;
Because my trust I still repose
on thy almighty arm.

2 My soul all help but thine does flight,
all gods but thee disown ;

Yet can no deeds of mine requite,
the goodness thou hast shown.

3 But

- 3 But those that strictly virtuous are,
and love the thing that's right,
To favour always, and prefer,
shall be my chief delight.
- 4 How shall their sorrows be increas'd,
who other gods adore !
Their bloody off'rings I detest,
their very names abhor.
- 5 My lot is fall'n in that blest land,
where God is truly known ;
He fills my cup with lib'ral hand ;
'tis he supports my throne.
- 6 In nature's most delightful scene
my happy portion lies ;
The place of my appointed reign
all other lands outvies.
- 7 Therefore my soul shall bless the Lord,
whose precepts give me light,
And private counsel still afford,
in sorrow's dismal night.
- 8 I strive each action to approve
to his all-seeing eye ;
No danger shall my hopes remove,
because he still is nigh.
- 9 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
my glory does rejoice ;
My flesh shall rest, in hopes to rise,
wak'd by his pow'rful voice.
- 10 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
my soul from hell shalt free ;
Nor let thy Holy One in death
the least corruption see.

11 Thou shalt the paths of life display ;
 that to thy presence lead ;
 Where pleasures dwell without allay,
 and joys that never fade.

P S A L M, XVII.

TO my just plea, and sad complaint,
 attend, O righteous Lord,
 And to my pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,
 a gracious ear afford.

2 As in thy sight I am approv'd,
 so let my sentence be ;
 And with impartial eyes, O Lord,
 my upright dealings see.

3 For thou hast search'd my heart by day
 and visited by night ;
 And on the strictest trial found
 its secret motions right.

Nor shall thy justice, Lord, alone
 my heart's designs acquit ;
 For I have purpos'd, that my tongue
 shall not offence commit.

4 I know what wicked men would do,
 their safety to maintain ;
 But me thy just and mild commands
 from bloody paths restrain.

5 That I may still in spite of wrongs,
 my innocence secure,
 O, guide me in thy righteous ways,
 and make my footsteps sure.

6 Since heretofore I ne'er in vain
 to thee my pray'r address'd :
 O ! now, my God, incline thine ear
 to this my just request.

7 The wonders of thy truth and love
 in my defence engage,
 Thou whose right-hand preserves thy saints
 from their oppressors rage.

P A R T II.

8, 9 O ! keep me in thy tend'rest care ;
 thy shelt'ring wings stretch out,
 To guard me safe from savage foes,
 that compass me about :

10 O'ergrown with luxury, inclos'd
 in their own fat they lie ;
 And with a proud blaspheming mouth
 both God and man defy.

11 Well may they boast, for they have now
 my paths encompass'd round ;
 Their eyes at watch, their bodies bow'd
 and couching on the ground.

12 In posture of a lion set,
 when greedy of his prey ;
 Or a young lion when he lurks
 within a covert way.

13 Arise, O Lord, defeat their plots,
 their swelling rage controul :
 From wicked men, who are thy sword,
 deliver thou my soul :

14 From worldly men thy sharpest scourge
 whose portion's here below ;
 Who fill'd with earthly stores aspire
 no other bliss to know.

15 Their race is num'rous that partake
 their substance while they live ;
 Their heirs survives, to whom they may
 the vast remainder give.

16 But

26 But I in uprightness, thy face,
 shall view without controul,
 And, waking, shall its image find
 reflected in my soul.

P S A L M XVIII.

1, 2 **N**O change of times shall ever shock
 my firm affection, Lord, to thee;
 For thou hast always been a rock
 a fortress and defence to me.
 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,
 my trust is in thy mighty pow'r;
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
 at home my safe-guard and my tow'r.

To thee I will address my pray'r,
 (to whom all praise we justly owe)
 So shall I, by thy watchful care,
 be guarded from my treach'rous foe.
 5 By floods of wicked men distress'd,
 with deadly sorrows compass'd round,
 With dire infernal pangs oppress'd,
 in death's unweildy fetters bound.

To Heav'n I made my mournful pray'r,
 to God address my humble moan:
 Who graciously inclin'd his ear,
 and heard me from his lofty throne.

P A R T II.

When God arose to take my part,
 the conscious earth did quake for fear;
 from their firmposts the hills did start,
 nor could his dreadful fury bear.
 Thick clouds of smoke dispers'd abroad,
 ensigns of wrath before him came,
 devouring fire around him glow'd,
 that coals were kindled at its flame.

- 9 He left the beauteous realms of light,
 whilst heav'n bow'd down its awful head;
 Beneath his feet substantial night,
 was like a sable carpet spread.
- 10 The chariot of the King of kings,
 which active troops of angels drew,
 On a strong tempest's rapid wings,
 with most amazing swiftness flew.
- 11, 12 Black, watry mists and clouds conspir'd
 with thickest shades his face to veil;
 But at his brightness soon retir'd,
 and fell in show'rs of fire and hail.
- 13 Thro' heav'n's wide arch a thund'ring peal
 God's angry voice did loudly roar;
 While earth's sad face, with heaps of hail
 and flakes of fire was cover'd o'er.
- 14 His sharpen'd arrows round he threw,
 which made his scatter'd foes retreat;
 Like darts his nimble lightnings flew,
 and quickly finish'd their defeat.
- 15 The deep it's secret stores disclos'd;
 the world's foundation naked lay,
 By his avenging wrath expos'd,
 which fiercely rag'd that dreadful day.

P A R T III.

- 16 The Lord did on my side engage,
 from heav'n (his throne) my cause upheld,
 And snatch'd me from the furious rage
 of threat'ning waves that proudly swell'd.
- 17 God his resistless pow'r employ'd,
 my strongest foes attempts to break;
 Who else with ease had soon destroy'd,
 the weak defence that I could make.

18 Their

18 Their subtle rage had ne'er prevail'd,
 when I distress'd and friendless lay,
 But still when other succours fail'd,
 God was my firm support and stay.
 19 From dangers that enclos'd me round,
 he brought me forth and set me free;
 For some just cause his goodness found,
 that mov'd him to delight in me.

20 Bècause in me no guilt remains,
 God does his gracious help extend;
 My hands are free from bloody stains,
 therefore the Lord is still my friend.
 21, 22 For I his judgments kept in sight,
 in his just paths have always trød;
 I never did his statutes flight,
 nor loosely wander'd from my God.

23, 24 But still my soul, sincere and pure,
 did ev'n from darling sins refrain;
 His favours therefore yet endure,
 because my heart and hands are clean.

P A R T IV.

25, 26 Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous
 to various paths of human kind, (ways
 They who for mercy merit praise,
 with thee shall wond'rous mercy find.
 Thou to the just shall justice shew,
 the pure thy purity shall see;
 Such as perversely choose to go,
 shall meet with due returns from thee.

27, 28 That he the humble soul will save,
 and crush the haughty's boasted might,
 In me the Lord an instance gave,
 whose darkness he has turn'd to light.

29 On his firm succour I rely'd,
and did o'er num'rous foes prevail ;
Nor fear'd whilst he was on my side,
the best defended walls to scale.

30 For God's designs shall still succeed,
his word will bear the utmost test ;
He's a strong shield to all that need,
and on his sure protection rest.

31 Who then deserves to be ador'd,
but God on whom my hopes depend ?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
can with resistless pow'r defend ?

P A R T V.

32, 33 'Tis God that girds my armour on,
and all my just designs fulfils ;
Through him, my feet can swiftly run,
and nimbly climb the steepest hills.

34 Lessons of war from him I take,
and manly weapons learn to wield :
Strong bows of steel with ease I break,
forc'd by my stronger arms to yield.

35 The buckler of his saving health
protects me from insulting foes :
His hand sustains me still, my weakh
and greatness from his bounty flows.

36 My goings he enlarg'd abroad,
'till then to narrow paths confin'd,
And when in slipp'ry ways I trod,
the method of my steps design'd.

37 Thro' him I num'rous hosts defeat,
and flying squadrons captive take :
Nor from my fierce pursuit retreat,
'till I a final conquest make.

38 Cover'd

38 Cover'd with wounds in vain they try,
 their vanquish'd heads again to rear ;
 Spite of their boasted strength they lie
 beneath my feet and grovel there.

39 God, when fresh armies take the field,
 recruits my strength, my courage warms ;
 He makes my strong opposers yield,
 subdu'd by my prevailing arms.

40 Thro' him the necks of prostrate foes
 my conqu'ring feet in triumph press ;
 Aided by him I root out those
 Who hate and envy my success.

41 With loud complaints all friends they
 but none was able to defend ; [try'd
 At length to God for help they cry'd ;
 but God would no assistance lend.

42 Like flying dust, which winds pursue,
 their broken troops I scattered round :
 Their slaughter'd bodies forth I threw,
 like loathsome dirt that clogs the ground.

P A R T VI.

43 Our factious tribes, at strife till now,
 by God's appointment me obey ;
 The heathen to my sceptre bow,
 and foreign nations own my sway.

44 Remotest realms their homage send,
 when my successful name they hear :
 Strangers for my commands attend,
 charm'd with respect, or aw'd by fear.

45 All to my summons tamely yield,
 or soon in battle are dismay'd :
 For stronger holds they quit the field,
 And still in strongest holds afraid.

46 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd !
 the rock on whose defence I rest ;
 O'er highest heav'ns his name be rais'd,
 who me with his salvation bless'd.

47 'Tis God that still supports my right,
 his just revenge my foes pursues ;
 'Tis he that with resistless might,
 fierce nations to my yoke subdues.

48 My universal safe-guard, he,
 from whom my lasting honours flow ;
 He made me great, and set me free,
 from my remorseless, bloody foe.

49 Therefore to celebrate his fame,
 my grateful voice to heav'n I'll raise !
 And nations, strangers to his name,
 shall thus be taught to sing his praise.

50 " God to his king deliv'rance sends,
 " shews his anointed signal grace ;
 " His mercy evermore extends
 " to David, and his promis'd race.

P S A L M XIX.

1 **T**HE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
 which that alone can fill ;
 The firmament and stars express
 their great Creator's skill.

2 The dawn of each returning day,
 fresh beams of knowledge brings :
 And from the dark returns of night
 divine instruction springs.

3 Their pow'rful language to no realm
 or region is confin'd ;

'Tis nature's voice, and understood
 alike by all mankind.

4 Their

4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
thro' earth's extent display ;
Whose bright contents the circling sun
does round the world convey.

5 No bridegroom for his nuptials drest,
has such a chearful face ;
No giant does like him rejoice,
to run his glorious race.

6 From east to west, from west to east,
his restless course he goes ;
And thro' his progress chearful light,
and vital warmth bestows.

P A R T II.

7 God's perfect law converts the soul,
reclaims from false desires ;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
the ignorant inspires.

8 The statutes of the Lord are just,
and bring sincere delight ;
His pure commands in search of truth,
assist the feeblest fight.

9 His perfect worship here is fix'd,
on sure foundations laid :

His equal laws are in the scales
of truth and justice weigh'd.

10 Of more esteem than golden mines,
or gold refin'd with skill :

More sweet than honey, or the drops
that from the comb distill.

11 My trusty counsellors they are,
and friendly warnings give ;

Divine rewards attend on those,
who by thy precepts live.

12 But what frail man observes, how oft,
 he does from virtue fall?
 O cleanse me from my secret faults,
 thou God that know'st them all,

13 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
 dominion have o'er me;
 That by thy grace, preserv'd, I may
 the great transgression flee.

14 So shall my pray'r and praises be
 with thy acceptance blest;
 And I secure, on thy defence,
 my strength and Saviour rest.

P S A L M XX.

1 **T**HE Lord to thy request attend,
 and hear thee in distress:

The name of Jacob's God defend,
 and grant thy arms success.

2 To aid thee from on high repair,
 and strength from Sion give;

3 Remember all thy off'rings there,
 thy sacrifice receive.

4 To compass thy own heart's desire
 thy counsels still direct:

Make kindly all events conspire
 to bring them to effect.

5 To thy salvation, Lord, for aid
 we chearfully repair,

With banners in thy name display'd,
 the Lord accept thy pray'r.

6 Our hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord
 our sov'reign will defend,
 From heav'n resistless aid afford,
 and to his prayer attend.

7 Some

7 Some trust in steeds for war design'd,
on chariots some rely ;
Against them all we'll call to mind
the pow'r of God most high.

8 But, from their steeds and chariots thrown
behold them, thro' the plain,
Disorder'd, broke and trampled down,
whilst firm our troops remain.

9 Still save us, Lord, and still proceed
our rightful cause to bless ;
Hear, King of heav'n, in times of need,
the pray'rs that we address.

P S A L M. XXI.

1 **T**HE king, O Lord, with songs of praise
shall in thy strength rejoice ;
With thy salvation crown'd, shall raise
to heav'n his chearful voice.

2 For thou, whate'er his lips request,
not only dost impart,
But hast with thy acceptance blest
the wishes of his heart.

3 Thy goodness and thy tender care
have all his hopes out gone ;
A crown of gold thou mad'st him wear
and sett'st it firmly on.

4 He pray'd for life ; and thou, O Lord,
did'st his short span extend,
And graciously to him afford
a life that ne'er shall end.

5 Thy sure defence, through nations round,
has spread his glorious name ;
And his successful actions crown'd
with majesty and fame.

6 Eternal

6 Eternal blessings thou bestow'st,
and mak'st his joys increase ;
Whilst thou to him, unclouded show'st,
the brightness of thy face.

P A R T II.

7 Because the king on God alone
for timely aid relies ;
His mercy still supports his throne,
and all his wants supplies.
8 But righteous Lord, thy stubborn foes-
shall feel thy heavy hand ;
'Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
that hate thy mild command.

9 When thou against them dost engage,
thy just, but dreadful doom
Shall, like a glowing oven's rage,
their hopes and them consume:
10 Nor shall thy furious anger cease,
or with their ruin end ;
But root out all their guilty race,
and to their seed extend.

11 For all their thoughts were set on ill,
their hearts on malice bent ;
But thou with watchful care did'st still
the ill effects prevent.

12 In vain by shameful flight they'll try
to 'scape thy dreadful might ;
While thy swift darts shall faster fly,
and gall them in their flight.

13 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous strength dis-
and thus exalt thy fame ; (close,
Whilst we glad songs of praise compose
to thy almighty name.

P S A L M XXII.

- M**Y God, my God, why leav'st thou me,
 when I with anguish faint ;
 O ! why so far from me remov'd,
 and from my loud complaint ?
 2 All day, but all the day unheard,
 to thee do I complain ;
 With cries implore relief all night,
 but cry all night in vain.
- 3 Yet thou art still the righteous judge
 of innocence oppress'd ;
 And therefore Israel's praises are
 of right to thee address'd.
- 4, 5 On thee our ancestors rely'd,
 and thy deliv'rance found ;
 With pious confidence they pray'd,
 and with success were crown'd.
- 6 But I am treated like a worm,
 like none of human birth :
 Not only by the great revil'd,
 but made the rabble's mirth.
- 7 With laughter all the gazing crowd
 my agonies survey ;
 They shoot the lip, they shake the head,
 and thus, deriding say :
- 8 " In God he trusted, boasting oft,
 " that he was heav'n's delight ;
 " Let God come down to save him now,
 " and own his favourite."

P A R T II.

- 9 Thou mad'st my teeming mother's womb
 a living offspring bear ;
 When but a suckling at the breast,
 I was thy early care.
- 10 Thou

10 Thou, guardian-like did'st shield from
 my helpless infant days ; (wrongs
 And since hast been my God and guide,
 through life's bewilder'd ways.

11 Withdraw not then so far from me,
 when trouble is so nigh :

12 O ! send me help, thy help, on which
 I only can rely.

12 High-pamper'd bulls, a frowning herd,
 from Basan's forest met,
 With strength proportion'd to their rage,
 have me around beset.

13 They gape on me, and ev'ry mouth
 a yawning grave appears ;
 The desert lion's savage roar
 less dreadful is than theirs.

P A R T III.

14 My blood, like waters spill'd, my joints
 are rack'd, and out of frame ;
 My heart dissolves within my breast,
 like wax before the flame.

15 My strength like potter's earth is parch'd,
 my tongue cleaves to my jaws ;
 And to the silent shades of death
 my fainting soul withdraws.

16 Like blood-hounds, to surround me, they
 in pack'd assemblies meet ;
 They pierc'd my inoffensive hands,
 they pierc'd my harmless feet.

17 My body's rack'd, till all my bones
 distinctly may be told :
 Yet such a spectacle of woe,
 as pastime they behold.

- 18 As spoil, my garments they divide,
lots for my vesture cast :
- 19 Therefore approach, O Lord, my strength
and to my succour haste.
- 20 From their sharp sword protect thou me,
of all but life bereft ;
- Nor let my darling in the pow'r
of cruel dogs be left.
- 21 To save me from the lion's jaws,
thy present succour send ;
- As once, from goring unicorns,
thou did'st my life defend.
- 22 Then to my brethren I'll declare
the triumphs of thy name ;
- In presence of assembled saints,
thy glory thus proclaim :
- 23 " Ye worshippers of Jacob's God,
" all you of Israel's line,
" O praise the Lord, and to your praise
" sincere obedience join.
- 24 " He ne'er disdain'd on low distress,
" to cast a gracious eye ;
- " Nor turn'd from poverty his face,
" but hears its humble cry."

P A R T IV.

- 25 Thus in thy sacred courts will I
my chearful thanks express ;
- In presence of thy saints perform
the vows of my distress.
- 26 The meek companions of my grief
shall find my table spread ;
- And all that seek the Lord, shall be
with joys immortal fed.

27 Then shall the glad converted world
to God their homage pay ;
And scatter'd nations of the earth
one sov'reign Lord obey.

28 'Tis his supreme prerogative
o'er subject kings to reign :
'Tis just that he should rule the world,
who does the world sustain.

29 The rich who are with plenty fed
his bounty must confess :

The sons of want, by him reliev'd,
their gen'rous patron bless.

With humble worship to his throne
they all for aid resort :

That power which first their beings gave,
can only them support.

30, 31 Then shall a chosen spotless race,
devoted to his name,

To their admiring heirs his truth
and glorious acts proclaim.

P S A L M XXIII.

1 **T**HE Lord himself, the mighty Lord
vouchsafes to be my guide ;

The shepherd, by whose constant care
my wants are all supply'd.

2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
and gently there repose ;

Then leads me to cool shades, and where
refreshing waters flows.

3 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
and, to his endless praise,

Instruct with humble zeal to walk
in his most righteous ways.

- 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
from fear and danger free ;
For there his aiding rod and staff
defend and comfort me.
- 5 In presence of my spiteful foes,
he does my table spread ;
He crowns my cup with chearful wine,
with oil anoints my head.
- 6 Since God doth thus his wond'rous love
through all my life extend ;
That life to him I will devote,
and in his temple spend.

P S A L M XXIV.

- 1 **T**HIS spacious earth is all the Lord's ;
the Lord's her fulness is,
The world, and they that dwell therein,
by sov'reign right are his.
- 2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the seas ;
and his almighty hand,
Upon inconstant floods has made
the stable fabrick stand.
- 3 But for himself this Lord of all
one chosen seat design'd :
O ! who shall to that sacred hill
desir'd admittance find ?
- 4 The man whose hands and heart are pure,
whose thoughts from pride are free ;
Who honest poverty prefers
to gainful perjury.
- 5 This, this he, on whom the Lord,
shall show'r his blessings down ;
Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe
with righteousness to crown.

6 Such is the race of saints, by whom
the sacred courts are trod ;
And such the profelytes, that seek
the face of Jacob's God.

7 Erect your heads, eternal gates,
unfold, to entertain
The King of glory ; see ! he comes
with his cœlestial train.

8 Who is this King of glory ? Who ?
the Lord for strength renown'd ;
In battle mighty ; o'er his foes,
eternal victor crown'd.

9 Erect your heads, ye gates ; unfold,
in state to entertain
The King of glory : see ! he comes
with all his shining train.

10 Who is this King of glory ? Who ?
the Lord of hosts renown'd !
Of glory he alone is King,
who is with glory crown'd.

P S A L M XXV.

1, **T**O God, in whom I trust,
2 I lift my heart and voice :

○ let me not be put to shame
nor let my foes rejoice.

3 Those who on thee rely,
let no disgrace attend :

Be that the shameful lot of such
as wilfully offend.

4, 5 To me thy truth impart,
and lead me in thy way :

For thou art he that brings me help ;
on thee I wait all day.

6 Thy mercies, and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind ;
And graciously continue still
as thou wert ever, kind.

7 Let all my youthful crimes
be blotted out by thee ;
And for thy wond'rous goodness sake
in mercy think on me.

8 His mercy, and his truth,
the righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
and teaching them his ways.

9 He those in justice guides,
who his direction seek ;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
the humble and the meek.

10 Through all the ways of God
both truth and mercy shine,
To such as with religious hearts
to his blest will incline.

P A R T II.

11 Since mercy is the grace
that most exalts thy fame ;
Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord,
and so advance thy name.

12 Whoe'er with humble fear
to God his duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide,
in all his righteous ways.

13 His quiet soul with peace
shall be for ever blest,
And by his num'rous race the land,
successively possess'd.

14 For God to all his saints
his secret will imparts,
And does his gracious cov'nant write
in their obedient hearts.

15 To him I lift my eyes,
and wait his timely aid,
Who breaks the strong and treach'rous snare
which for my feet was laid.

16 O ! turn and all my griefs,
in mercy, Lord, redress ;
For I am compass'd round with woes,
and plung'd in deep distress.

17 The sorrows of my heart
to mighty fums increase ;
O ! from this dark and dismal state
my troubled soul release !

18 Do thou, with tender eyes,
my sad affliction see ;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my guilt
intirely set me free.

19 Consider, Lord, my foes,
how vast their numbers grow !
What lawless force and rage they use,
what boundless hate they show !

20 Protect, and set my soul
from their fierce malice free ;
Nor let me be ashamed who place
my steadfast trust in thee.

21 Let all my righteous acts
to full perfection rise ;
Because my firm and constant hope
on thee alone relies.

22 To Israel's chosen race
continue ever kind ;
And in the midst of all their wants,
let them thy succour find.

P S A L M XXVI.

1 **J**UDGE me, O Lord ; for I the paths
of righteousness have trod :
I cannot fail, who all my trust
repose in thee, my God.

2, 3 Search, prove my heart, whose innocence
will shine, the more 'tis try'd ;
For I have kept thy grace in view,
and made thy truth my guide.

4 I never for companions took
the idle or profane ;

No hypocrite, with all his arts,
could e'er my friendship gain.

5 I hate the busy, plotting crew,
who make distracted times ;

And shun their wicked company
as I avoid their crimes.

6 I'll wash my hands in innocence
and bring a heart so pure,

That, when thy altar I approach,
my welcome shall be sure.

7, 8 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
how thy renown excels :

That seat affords me most delight,
in which thy honour dwells.

9 Pass not on me the sinners doom,
who murder make their trade ;

10 Who others rights, by secret bribes,
or open force, invade.

11 But

11 But I will walk in paths of truth.
and innocence pursue :

Protect me therefore, and to me
thy mercies, Lord, renew.

12 In spite of all assaulting foes,
I still maintain my ground ;
And shall survive amongst thy saints,
thy praises to resound.

P S A L M XXVI.

1 **W**HOM should I fear, since God to me
is saving health and light ?

Since strongly he my life supports,
what can my soul affright ?

2 With fierce intent my flesh to tear,
when foes beset me round,

They stumbled, and their lofty crests
were made to strike the ground.

3 Through him my heart undaunted dares
with num'rous hosts to cope ;

Through him in doubtful streights of war
for good success I hope.

4 Henceforth within his house to dwell
I earnestly desire ;

His wond'rous beauty there to view,
and his blest will enquire.

5 For there may I with comfort rest,
in times of deep distress ;

And safe as on a rock abide
in that secure recess :

6 Whilst God o'er all my haughty foes
my lofty head shall raise ;

And I my joyful off'rings bring,
and sing glad songs of praise.

PART

P A R T II.

- 7 Continue, Lord, to hear my voice,
whene'er to thee I cry ;
In mercy all my prayers receive,
nor my request deny.
- 8 When us to seek thy glorious face
thou kindly dost advise ;
“ Thy glorious face I'll always seek,”
My grateful heart replies.
- 9 Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,
nor me in wrath reject :
My God and Saviour, leave not him
thou didst so oft protect.
- 10 Tho' all my friends and nearest kin,
their helpless charge forsake ;
Yet thou, whose love excels them all,
wilt care and pity take.
- 11 Instruct me in thy paths, O Lord,
my ways directly guide ;
Lest envious men who watch my steps,
should see me tread aside.
- 12 Lord, disappoint my cruel foes ;
defeat their ill desire,
Whose lying lips, and bloody hands
against my peace conspire.
- 13 I trusted that my future life
should with thy love be crown'd,
Or else my fainting soul had sunk,
with sorrow compass'd round.
- 14 God's time with patient faith expect,
and he'll inspire thy breast
With inward strength ; do thou thy part,
and leave to him the rest.

P S A L M XXVIII.

O LORD, my rock, to thee I cry;
in sighs consume my breath,

O ! answer ; or I shall become
like those that sleep in death.

2 Regard my supplications, Lord;
the cries that I repeat,

With weeping eyes, and lifted hands,
before thy mercy-seat.

3 Let me escape the sinners doom,
who make a trade of ill ;

And ever speak the person fair;
whose blood they mean to spill.

4 According to their crimes extent
let justice have its course :

Relentless be to them, as they
have sinn'd without remorse.

5 Since they the works of God despise,
nor will his grace adore,

His wrath shall utterly destroy,
and build them up no more.

6 But I, with due acknowledgment,
his praises will resound,

From whom the cries of my distress
a gracious answer found.

7 My heart its confidence repos'd
in God my strength and shield ;

In him I trusted and return'd
triumphant from the field :

As he has made my joys complete,
'tis just that I should raise

The chearful tribute of my thanks,
and thus resound his praise :

3 " His aiding pow'r supports the troops
 " that my just cause maintain :
 " 'Twas he advanc'd me to the throne,
 " 'tis he secures my reign.
 9 Preserve thy chosen, and proceed
 thine heritage to bless,
 With plenty prosper them, in peace ;
 in battle, with success.

P S A L M XXIX.

1 **Y**E princes that in might excel,
 Your grateful sacrifice prepare ;
 God's glorious actions loudly tell,
 His wond'rous pow'r to all declare.
 2 To his great name fresh altars raise.
 Devoutly due respect afford ;
 Him in his holy temple praise,
 Where he's with solemn state ador'd ;
 3 'Tis he that with amazing noise
 The wat'ry clouds in sunder breaks :
 The ocean trembles at his voice,
 When he from heav'n in thunder speaks.
 4, 5 How full of pow'r his voice appears !
 With what majestic terror crown'd !
 Which from the roots tall cedars tears,
 And strews their scatter'd branches round.
 6 They, and the hills on which they grow
 Are sometimes hurried far away ;
 And leap like hinds that bounding go,
 Or unicorns in youthful play.
 7, 8 When God in thunder loudly speaks,
 And scatter'd flames of lightning sends,
 The forest nods, the desert quakes,
 And stubborn Kadesh lowly bends.

9 He makes the hinds to cast their young,
And lays the beasts dark coverts bare ;
While those that to his courts belong,
Securely sing his praises there.

10, 11 God rules the angry floods on high :
His boundless sway shall never cease :
His people he'll with strength supply,
And bless his own with constant peace.

P S A L M XXX.

1 **I**'LL celebrate thy praises, Lord,
who did'st thy pow'r employ,
To raise my drooping head, and check
my foes insulting joy.

2, 3 In my distress I cry'd to thee,
who kindly did'st relieve,
And from the grave's expecting jaws
my hopeless life retrieve.

4 Thus to his courts, ye saints of his,
with songs of praise repair ;
With me commemorate his truth,
and providential care.

5 His wrath has but a moments reign ;
his favor no decay :
Your night of grief is recompens'd
with joys returning day.

6 But I, in prosp'rous days, presum'd ;
no sudden change I fear'd :
Whilst in my sun-shine of success
no low'ring cloud appear'd.

7 But soon I found thy favour, Lord,
my empire's only trust ;
For when thou hid'st thy face, I saw
my honour laid in dust.

- 8 Then, as I vainly had presum'd,
my error I confess'd ;
And thus with supplicating voice
thy mercy's throne address'd ;
- 9 " What profit is there in my blood,
" congeal'd by death's cold night ?
" Can silent ashes speak thy praise,
" thy wond'rous truth recite ?
- 10 " Hear me, O Lord, in mercy hear ;
" thy wonted aid extend :—
" Do thou send help, on whom alone
" I can for help depend."
- 11 'Tis done ! thou hast my mournful scene
to songs and dancing turn'd ?
Invested me in robes of state,
who late in sack-cloth mourn'd.
- 12 Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing
thy praise in grateful verse ;
And, as thy favours endless are,
thy endless praise rehearse.

P S A L M XXXI.

- 1 **D**E F E N D me, Lord, from shame ;
for still I trust in thee :
As just and righteous is thy name,
from danger set me free.
- 2 Bow down thy gracious ear,
and speedy succour send :
Do thou my steadfast rock appear,
to shelter and defend.
- 3 Since thou when foes oppress;
my rock and fortress art
To guide me forth from this distress,
thy wonted help impart.

4 Release me from the snare
which they have closely laid ;
Since I, O God, my strength, repair
to thee alone for aid.

5 To thee, the God of truth,
my life, and all that's mine.
(For thou preserv'st me from my youth)
I willingly resign.

6 All vain designs I hate,
of those that trust in lies :
And still my soul in ev'ry state,
to God for succour flies.

P A R T II.

7 Those mercies thou hast shown,
I'll chearfully express ;
For thou hast seen my straits and known
my soul in deep distress.

8 When Keliah's treach'rous race
did all my strength inclose,
Thou gav'st my feet a larger space,
to shun my watchful foes.

9 Thy mercy, Lord, display,
and hear my just complaint ;
For both my soul and flesh decay,
with grief and hunger faint.

10 Sad thoughts my life oppress ;
my years are spent in groans ;
My sins have made my strength decrease,
and ev'n consum'd my bones.

11 My foes my suff'rings mock'd ;
my neighbours did upbraid ;
My friends, at sight of me, were shock'd,
and fled, as men dismay'd.

12 Forsook

12 Forlook by all am I,
as dead, and out of mind ;
And, like a shatter'd vessel lie,
whose parts can ne'er be join'd.

13 Yet stand'rous words they speak,
and seem my pow'r to dread :
Whilst they together counsel take,
my guiltless blood to shed.
14 But still my stedfast trust,
I on thy help repose :
That thou, my God, art good and just,
my soul with comfort knows.

P A R T III.

15 Whate'er events betide,
thy wisdom times them all :
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
from those that seek his fall.
16 The brightness of thy face,
to me, O Lord, disclose ;
And as thy mercies still increase,
preserve me from my foes.

17 Me from dishonour save,
who still have call'd on thee ;
Let that, and silence in the grave,
the sinner's portion be.
18 Do thou their tongues restrain ;
whose breath in lies is spent ;
Who false reports with proud disdain,
against the righteous vent.

19 How great thy mercies are
to such as fear thy name ;
Which thou, for those that trust thy care,
doest to the world proclaim !

20 Thou keep'st them in thy sight,
 from proud oppressors free;
 From tongues that do in strife delight,
 they are preserv'd by thee.

21 With glory and renown
 God's name be ever bless'd;
 Whose love in Keilah's well-fenc'd town
 was wond'rously express'd;
 22 I said, in hasty flight,
 "I'm banish'd from thine eyes;
 "Yet still thou keep'st me in thy sight,
 "and heard my earnest cries."

23 O! all ye saints, the Lord
 with eager love pursue;
 Who to the just will help afford,
 and give the proud their due.
 24 Ye that on God rely,
 courageously proceed;
 For he will yet your hearts supply
 with strength, in time of need.

P S A L M XXXII.

HE's blest, whose sins have pardon gain'd,
 No more in judgment to appear;
 2 Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
 And whose repentance is sincere.
 3 While I conceal'd the fretting sore,
 My bones consum'd without relief;
 All day did I with anguish roar;
 But no complaints assuag'd my grief;

4 Heavy on me thy hand remain'd,
 By day and night alike distress'd;
 'Till quite of vital moisture drain'd,
 Like land with summer's drought oppress'd.
 5 No

5 No sooner I my wound disclos'd,
The guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy forgiveness interpos'd,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

6 True penitents shall thus succeed,
Who seek thee while thou may'st be found,
And, from the common deluge freed,
Shall see remorseless sinners drown'd.

7 Thy favour, Lord, in all distress,
My tow'r of refuge I must own:
Thou shalt my haughty foes suppress,
And me with songs of triumph crown.

8 In my instruction then confide,
You that would truth's safe path descry;
Your progress I'll securely guide,
And keep you in my watchful eye.

9 Submit yourselves to wisdom's rule,
Like men that reason have attain'd;
Not like the ungovern'd horse and mule,
Whose fury must be curb'd and rein'd.

10 Sorrows, on sorrows multiply'd,
The harden'd sinner shall confound:
But them who in his truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.

11 His saints, that have perform'd his laws,
Their life in triumph's shall employ:
Let them (as they alone have cause)
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

P S A L M XXXIII.

1 **L**ET all the just to God with joy
their chearful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
to sing glad songs of praise.

2, 3 Let harps and psalteries, and lutes,
in joyful concert meet ;
And new-made songs of loud applause
the harmony complete.

4, 5 For faithful is the word of God :
his works with truth abound :
He justice loves ; and all the earth
is with his goodness crown'd.

6 By his almighty word, at first,
heav'n's glorious arch was rear'd ;
And all the beauteous hosts of light,
at his command appear'd.

7 The swelling floods together roll'd,
he makes in heaps to lie ;
And lays, as in a store-house safe,
the wat'ry treasures by.

8, 9 Let earth and all that dwell therein,
before him trembling stand :
For, when he spake the word, 'twas made :
'twas fix'd at his command.

10 He, when the heathen closely plot,
their counsels undermines :
His wisdom ineffectual makes
the people's rash designs.

11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
shall stand forever sure ;
The settled purpose of his heart
to ages shall endure.

P A R T II.

12 How happy then are they, to whom
the Lord for God is known !
Whom he, from all the world besides,
has chosen for his own.

13, 14, 15 He

13, 14, 15 He all the nations of the earth,
from heav'n, his throne, survey'd:
He saw their works, and view'd their tho'ts,
by him their hearts were made.

16, 17 No king is safe by num'rous hosts;
their strength the strong deceives;
No manag'd horse, by force or speed,
his warlike rider saves.

18, 19 'Tis God, who those that trust in him,
beholds with gracious eyes:
He frees their soul from death; their want,
in time of dearth, supplies.

20, 21 Our soul on God with patience waits;
our help and shield is he!
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
because we trust in thee.

22 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
on thee alone depend.

P S A L M XXXIV.

1 **T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life,
in trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
my heart and tongue employ.
2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
'till all that are distrest,
From my example comfort take,
and charm their griefs to rest.

3 O! magnify the Lord with me,
with me exalt his name:

4 When in distress to him I call'd,
he to my rescue came,

5 Their

5 Their drooping hearts were soon refresh'd
 who look'd to him for aid :
 Desir'd success in ev'ry face
 a chearful air display'd :

6 " Behold (say they) behold the man,
 " whom Providence reliev'd ;
 " So dang'rously with woes beset,
 " so wond'rously retriev'd !"

7 The hosts of God encamp around
 the dwellings of the just ;
 Deliv'rance he affords to all
 who on his succour trust.

8 O ! make but trial of his love,
 experience will decide
 How blest they are, and only they,
 who in his truth confide.

9 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
 have nothing else to fear :
 Make you his service your delight ;
 he'll make your wants his care.

10 While hungry lions lack their prey,
 the Lord will food provide
 For such as put their trust in him,
 and see their needs supply'd.

P A R T II.

11 Approach, ye piously dispos'd,
 and my instruction hear ;
 I'll teach you the true discipline
 of his religious fear.

12 Let him, who length of life desires,
 and prosp'rous days would see,

13 From sland'ring language keep his tongue,
 his lips from falshood free.

- 14 The crooked paths of vice decline,
and virtue's ways pursue ;
Establish peace where 'tis begun ;
and where 'tis lost, renew.
- 15 The Lord from heav'n beholds the just,
with favourable eyes ;
And when distress'd, his gracious ear
is open to their cries :
- 16 But turns his wrathful look on those,
whom mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the earth
blot out their hated name.
- 17 Deliv'rance to his saints he gives,
when his relief they crave :
- 18 He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
and contrite spirit save.
- 19 The wicked oft, but still in vain,
against the just conspire :
- 20 For, under their afflictions weight,
he keeps their bones intire.
- 21 The wicked, from their wicked arts,
their ruin shall derive ;
Whilst righteous men, whom they detest,
shall them and theirs survive.
- 22 For God preserves the souls of those,
who on his truth depend :
To them and their posterity,
his blessings shall descend.

P S A L M XXXV.

1 **A** Gainst all those that strive with me,
O Lord, assert my right :
With such as war unjustly wage,
do thou my battles fight.

2 Thy buckler take and bind thy shield
upon thy warlike arm :

Stand up, my God, in my defence ;
and keep me safe from harm.

3 Bring forth thy spear, and stop their course
that haste my blood to spill :

Say to my soul, “ I am thy health,
“ and will preserve thee still.”

4 Let them with shame be cover'd o'er,
who my destruction sought :

And such as did my harm devise,
be to confusion brought.

5 Then shall they fly dispers'd like chaff
before the driving wind ;

God's vengeful ministers of wrath
shall follow close behind.

6 And, when thro' dark and slipp'ry ways,
they strive his rage to shun,

His vengeful ministers of wrath
shall guard them, as they run.

7 Since, unprovok'd by any wrong,
they hid their treach'rous snare ;

And for my harmless soul a pit,
did without cause prepare ;

8 Surpris'd by mischiefs unforeseen,
by their own arts betray'd,

Their feet shall fall into the net,
which they for me have laid.

9 Whilst my glad soul shall God's great
for this deliv'rance bless ; (name

And, by his saving health secur'd,
its grateful joy express.

10 My very bones shall say, " O Lord,
 " who can compare with thee?
 " Who sett'st the poor and helpless man
 " from strong oppressors free."

P A R T II.

11 False witnesses, with forg'd complaints,
 against my truth combin'd;
 And to my charge such things they laid,
 as I had ne'er design'd.

12 The good which I to them had done,
 with evil they repaid;
 And did by malice undeserv'd
 my harmless life invade.

13 But as for me, when they were sick,
 I still in sack-cloth mourn'd;
 I pray'd and fasted, and my pray'r
 to my own breast return'd,

14 Had they my friends or brethren been,
 I could have done no more;
 Nor with more decent signs of grief
 a mother's loss deplore.

15 How diff'rent did their carriage prove,
 in times of my distress!

When they, in crouds together met,
 did savage joy express.

The rabble too, in num'rous throngs,
 by their example, came;

And ceas'd not with reviling words,
 to wound my spotless fame,

16 Scoffers that noble tables haunt,
 and earn their bread with lies,

Did gnash their teeth, and slanderous jests
 maliciously devise.

17 But

17 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on?
 on my behalf appear ;
 And save my guiltless soul, which they
 like rav'ning beasts would tear.

P A R T III.

18 So I, before the list'ning world,
 shall grateful thanks express ;
 And where the great assembly meets,
 thy name with praises bless,
 19 Lord, suffer not my causeless foes,
 who me unjustly hate,
 With open joy, or secret signs,
 to mock my sad estate.

20 For they, with hearts averse to peace,
 industriously devise,
 Against the men of quiet minds,
 to forge malicious lies.
 21 Nor with these private arts content,
 aloud they vent their spite,
 And say, " at last we found him out ;
 " he did it in our sight."

22 But thou who dost both them and me
 with righteous eyes survey,
 Assert my innocence, O Lord,
 and keep not far away.
 23 Stir up thyself in my behalf,
 to judgment Lord, awake :
 Thy righteous servant's cause, O God,
 to thy decision take.

24 Lord as my heart has upright been,
 let me thy justice find ;
 Nor let my cruel foes obtain
 the triumph they design'd.

25 O! let them not amongst themselves,
 in boasting language say,
 "At length our wishes are complete;
 "at last he's made our prey."

26 Let such as in my harm rejoic'd,
 for shame their faces hide;
 And foul dishonour wait on those,
 that proudly me defy'd:
 27 Whilst they with chearful voices shout,
 who my just cause befriend;
 And bless the Lord, who loves to make
 success his saints attend.

28 So shall my tongue thy judgments sing,
 inspir'd with grateful joy;
 And chearful hymns, in praise of thee
 shall all my days employ.

P S A L M XXXVI.

1 **M**Y crafty foe, with flatt'ring art,
 His wicked purpose would disguise,
 But reason whispers to my heart,
 No fear of God's before his eyes.
 2 He sooths himself, retir'd from sight;
 Secure he thinks his treach'rous game:
 Till his dark plots, expos'd to light,
 Their false contriver brand with shame:
 3 In deeds he is my foe confests'd,
 Whilst with his tongue he speaks me fair;
 True wisdom's banish'd from his breast;
 And vice has sole dominion there.
 4 His wakeful malice spends the night
 In forging his accurs'd designs;
 His obstinate, ungen'rous spite
 No execrable means declines.

5 But, Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest orb of heav'n transcends ;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
Beyond the spreading skies extends.

6 Thy justice like the hills remains ;
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are ;
Thy providence the world sustains ;
The whole creation is thy care.

7 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust !

8 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast :
And drink as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

9 With thee the springs of life remain ;
Thy presence is eternal day :

10 O ! let thy saints thy favour gain,
To upright hearts thy truth display.

11 Whilst pride's insulting foot would spurn,
And wicked hands my life surprise ;

12 Their mischiefs on themselves return ;
Down, down they're fall'n, no more to rise.

P S A L M XXXVII.

1 **T**H O' wicked men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their successful state
Thy anger, or thy envy, raise ;

2 For they, cut down, like tender grass,
Or like young flow'rs, away shall pass,
Whose blooming beauty soon decays.

3 Depend

- 3 Depend on God, and him obey ;
So thou within the land shalt stay,
Secure from danger and from want :
4 Make his commands thy chief delight,
And he, thy duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.
- 5 In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,
And he will needful help afford,
To perfect ev'ry just design ;
6 He'll make, like light, serene and clear,
Thy clouded innocence appear,
And as a mid-day sun to shine.
- 7 With quiet mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend,
Nor let thy anger fondly rise,
Though wicked men with wealth abound,
And with success the plots are crown'd,
Which they maliciously devise.
- 8 From anger cease, and wrath forsake ;
Let no ungovern'd passion make
Thy wav'ring heart espouse their crime :
9 For God shall sinful men destroy ;
Whilst only they the land enjoy,
Who trust in him and wait his time.
- 10 How soon shall wicked men decay !
Their place shall vanish quite away,
Nor by the strictest search be found ;
11 Whilst humble souls possess the earth,
Rejoicing still with godly mirth,
With peace and plenty always crown'd.

P A R T II.

- 12 While sinful crouds, with false design,
Against the righteous few combine,
F 2 And

And gnash their teeth, and threat'ning stand;
 13 God shall their empty plots deride,
 And laugh at their defeated pride :
 He sees their ruin near at hand.

14 They draw the sword, and bend the bow,
 The poor and needy to o'erthrow,
 And men of upright lives to slay :
 15 But their strong bows shall soon be broke ;
 Their sharpen'd weapon's mortal stroke
 Thro' their own hearts shall force its way.

16 A little, with God's favour blest,
 That's by one righteous man possess'd,
 The wealth of many bad excels :
 17 For God supports the just man's cause ;
 But, as for those that break his laws,
 Their unsuccessful pow'r he quells.

18 His constant care the upright guides,
 And over all their life presides ;
 Their portion shall for ever last :
 19 They, when distress o'erwhelms the earth,
 Shall be unmov'd, and ev'n in dearth
 The happy fruits of plenty taste.

20 Not so the wicked men, and those
 Who proudly dare God's will oppose :
 Destruction is their hapless share :
 Like fat of lambs their hopes and they,
 Shall in an instant melt away,
 And vanish into smoke and air.

P A R T III.

21 While sinners brought to sad decay,
 Still borrow on and never pay,
 The just have will and pow'r to give ;

22 For such as God vouchsafes to bless,
Shall peaceably the earth possess,
And those he curses shall not live.

23 The good man's way is God's delight,
He orders all the steps aright,

Of him that moves by his command:

24 Tho' he may be sometimes distressed,
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppressed,
For God upholds him with his hand.

25 From my first youth, 'till age prevail'd,
I never saw the righteous fail'd

Or want o'ertake his num'rous race;

26 Because compassion fill'd his heart,
And he did chearfully impart,

God made his offspring's wealth increase:

27 With caution shun each wicked deed,
In virtue's ways with zeal proceed,

And so prolong your happy days:

28 For God who judgment loves, does still
Preserve his saints secure from ill,

While soon the wicked race decays.

29, 30, 31 The upright shall possess the land,
His portion shall for ages stand;

His mouth with wisdom is supply'd,

His tongue by rules of judgment moves,

His heart the law of God approves;

Therefore his footsteps never slide.

P A R T IV.

32 In wait the watchful sinner lies,

In vain the righteous to surprize,

In vain, his ruin does decree:

33. God will not him defenceless leave
To his revenge expos'd, but save,
And when he's sentenc'd, set him free.

34. Wait still on God; keep his command,
And thou, exalted in the land,
Thy blest possession ne'er shall quit;
The wicked soon destroy'd shall be,
And at his dismal tragedy.
Thou shalt a safe spectator sit.

35. The wicked I in pow'r have seen,
And like a bay tree, fresh and green,
That spreads its pleasant branches round:
36 But he was gone as swift as thought,
And though in ev'ry place I sought,
No sign or track of him I found.

37. Observe the perfect man with care,
And mark all such as upright are;
Their roughest days in peace shall end:
38 While on the latter end of those,
Who dare God's sacred will oppose,
A common ruin shall attend.

39. God to the just will aid afford:
Their only safeguard is the Lord;
Their strength, in time of need, is he:
40 Because on him they still depend,
The Lord will timely succour send,
And from the wicked set them free.

P S A L M XXXVIII.

THY chaf'ning wrath, O Lord, restrain,
tho' I deserve it all;
Nor let at once on me the storm
of thy displeasure fall.

2 In ev'ry wretched part of me
thy arrows deep remain ;
Thy heavy hand's afflicting weight
I can no more sustain.

3 My flesh is one continued wound,
thy wrath so fiercely glows ;
Betwixt my punishment and guilt,
my bones have no repose.

4 My sins which to a deluge swell,
my sinking head o'erflow ;
And, for my feeble strength to bear,
too vast a burden grow.

5 Stench and corruption fill my wounds,
my folly's just return :

6 With trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,
and all day long I mourn.

7 A loath'd disease afflicts my loins,
infecting ev'ry part ;

8 With sickness worn, I groan and roar,
through anguish of my heart.

P A R T II.

9 But, Lord, before thy searching eyes
all my desires appear ;

And, sure, my groans have been too loud,
not to have reach'd thine ear.

10 My heart's oppress'd, my strength decay'd,
my eyes depriv'd of light :

11 Friends, lovers, kintmen gaze aloof
on such a dismal sight.

12 Mean while, the foes that seek my life,
their snares to take me set ;

Vent flanders, and contrive all day
to forge some new deceit.

- 13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb,
nor heard, nor once reply'd ;
14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whose
with conscious guilt is ty'd. (tongue
15 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal,
my innocence to clear ;
Assur'd that thou, the righteous God,
my injur'd cause wilt hear.
16 " Hear me," said I, " lest my proud foes
" a spiteful joy display ;
" Insulting, if they see my foot
" but once to go astray."
17 And with continu'd grief oppress'd,
to sink I now begin,
18 To thee, O Lord, I will confess,
to thee bewail my sin.
19 But whilst I languish, my proud foes
their strength and vigour boast ;
And they who hate me without cause,
are grown a dreadful host.
20 Ev'n they whom I oblig'd return
my kindness with despite ;
And are my enemies, because
I choose the path that's right.
21 Forsake not me, O Lord my God,
nor far from me depart ;
22 Make haste to my relief, O thou,
who my salvation art.

P S A L M XXXIX:

RESOLV'D to watch o'er all my ways,
I kept my tongue in awe ;
I curb'd my hasty words, when I
the prosp'rous wicked saw.

- 2 Like one that's dumb, I silent stood,
and did my tongue refrain
From good discourse : but that restraint
increas'd my inward pain.
- 3 My heart did glow, which working thro'ts
did hot and restless make ;
And warm reflections fann'd the fire,
and thus at length I spake :
- 4 Lord, let me know my term of days,
how soon my life will end :
The num'rous train of ills disclose,
which this frail state attend.
- 5 My life, thou know'st, is but a span ;
a cypher sums my years ;
And ev'ry man, in best estate,
but vanity appears.
- 6 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
with fruitless cares oppress'd :
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
by whom 'twill be possess'd.
- 7 Why then should I on worthless toys,
with anxious care, attend ?
On thee alone my steadfast hope
shall ever, Lord, depend.
- 8, 9 Forgive my sins ; nor let me scorn'd
by foolish sinners be ;
For I was dumb, and murmur'd not,
because 'twas done by thee.
- 10 The dreadful burden of thy wrath
in mercy soon remove ;
Lest my frail flesh too weak to bear
the heavy load should prove.

11 For when thou chaf't'nest man for sin,
 thou mak'st his beauty fade
 (So vain a thing is he!) like cloth
 by fretting moths decay'd.

12 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,
 and listen to my pray'r,
 Who sojourn like a stranger here,
 as all my fathers were.

13 O! spare me yet a little time;
 my wasted strength restore,
 Before I vanish quite from hence,
 and shall be seen no more.

P S A L M: XL.

1 **I** Waited meekly for the Lord,
 Till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply;
 Who did his gracious ear afford,
 And heard from heav'n my humble cry.
 2 He took me from the dismal pit,
 When founder'd deep in miry clay;
 On solid ground he plac'd my feet,
 And suffer'd not my steps to stray.

3 The wonders he for me has wrought,
 Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise;
 And others, to his worship brought,
 To hopes of like deliv'rance raise.
 4 For blessings shall that man reward,
 Who on the almighty Lord relies;
 Who treats the proud with disregard,
 And hates the hypocrites disguise.

5 Who can the wond'rous works recount,
 Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought?
 The treasures of thy love surmount
 The pow'r of numbers, speech, and thought.

6 I've learnt that thou hast not desir'd
Off'rings and sacrifice alone ;
Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd,
For man's transgression to atone.

7 I therefore come——come to fulfil
The oracle thy books impart :

8 'Tis my delight to do thy will;
Thy law is written in my heart.

P A R T II.

9 In full assemblies I have told
Thy truth and righteousness at large :
Nor did, thou know'st, my lips with-hold
From utt'ring what thou gav'st in charge
10 Nor kept within my breast confin'd,
Thy faithfulness, and saving grace ;
But preach'd thy love for all design'd,
That all might that and truth embrace.

11 Then let those mercies I declar'd
To others, Lord, extend to me :
Thy loving kindness my reward,
Thy truth my safe protection be,
12 For I with troubles am distress'd,
Too vast and numberless to bear :
Nor less with loads of guilt oppress'd,
That plunge and sink me to despair.

As soon, alas ! I may recount
The hairs on this afflicted head ;
My vanquish'd courage they surmount,
And fill my drooping soul with dread.

P A R T III.

13 But, Lord, to my relief draw near ;
For never was more pressing need :
In my deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
And add to that deliv'rance speed.

14 Confusion on their heads return,
 Who to destroy my soul combine ;
 Let them, defeated blush and mourn,
 Ensnar'd in their own vile design.

15 Their doom let desolation be,
 With shame their malice be repaid,
 Who mock'd my confidence in thee,
 And sport of my affliction made.

16 While those, who humbly seek thy face,
 'To joyful triumphs shall be rais'd ;
 And all, who prize thy saving grace,
 With me resound, the Lord be prais'd.

17 Thus, wretched tho' I am, and poor,
 Of me the almighty Lord takes care :
 Thou, God, who only can'st restore,
 To my relief with speed repair.

P S A L M XLI.

1 **H**APPY the man whose tender care
 relieves the poor distress'd !

When he's by troubles compass'd round,
 the Lord shall give him rest.

2 The Lord his life with blessings crown'd,
 in safety shall prolong ;

And disappoint the will of those,
 that seek to do him wrong.

3 If he in languishing estate,
 oppress'd with sickness lie ;

The Lord will easy make his bed,
 and inward strength supply.

4 Secure of this, to thee, my God,
 I thus my pray'r address'd ;

“ Lord, for thy mercy, heal my soul,
 “ tho' I have much transgress'd.

- 5 My cruel foes, with fland'rous words
attempt to wound my fame :
“ When shall he die (say they) and men
“ forget his very name ?”
- 6 Suppose they formal visits make,
tis all but empty show :
They gather mischief in their hearts,
and vent it where they go.
- 7, 8 With private whispers, such as these,
to hurt me they devise :
“ A sore disease afflicts him now :
“ he's fall'n no more to rise.”
- 9 My own familiar bosom-friend,
on whom I most rely'd,
Has me, whose daily guest he was,
with open scorn defy'd.
- 10 But thou my sad and wretched state,
in mercy, Lord, regard ;
And raise me up that all their crimes
may meet their just reward.
- 11 By this I know, thy gracious ear
is open when I call ;
Because thou suffer'st not my foes
to triumph in my fall.
- 12 Thy tender care secures my life
from danger and disgrace ;
And thou vouchsaf'st to set me still
before thy glorious face.
- 13 Let therefore Israel's Lord and God
from age to age be blest ;
And all the people's glad applause
with loud amens express'd.

P S A L M XLII.

- 1 **A**S pants the heart for cooling streams
 when heated in the chase ;
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
 and thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,
 my thirsty soul doth pine :
 O! when shall I behold thy face,
 thou majesty divine?
- 3 Tears are my constant food, while thus
 insulting foes upbraid ;
 " Deluded wretch ! where's now thy God,
 " and where his promis'd aid ?"
- 4 I sigh whene'er my musing thoughts
 those happy days present,
 When I with troops of pious friends
 thy temple did frequent :
- When I advanc'd with songs of praise,
 my solemn vows to pay ;
 And led the joyful sacred throng,
 that kept the festal day.
- 5 Why restless, why cast down my soul?
 trust God ; and he'll employ -
 His aid for thee, and change these sighs
 to thankful hymns of joy.
- 6 My soul's cast down, O God ; but thinks
 on thee and Sion, still ;
 From Jordan's bank, from Hermon's heights,
 and Misar's humbler hill.
- 7 One trouble calls another on ;
 and, bursting o'er my head,
 Fall spouting down, till round my soul,
 a roaring sea is spread.

- 8 But when thy presence, Lord of life,
has once dispell'd the storm,
To thee I'll midnight anthems sing;
and all my vows perform.
- 9 God of my strength, how long shall I,
like one forgotten, mourn,
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd
to my oppressors scorn?
- 10 My heart is pierc'd as with a sword,
whilst thus my foes upbraid ;
" Vain boaster, where is now thy God ;
" and where his promis'd aid ?"
- 11 Why restless, why cast down my soul ?
hope still ; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
thy health's eternal spring.

P S A L M XLIII.

- 1 **J**UST judge of heaven, against my foes
Do thou assert my injur'd right :
O ! set me free, my God, from those
That in deceit and wrong delight.
- 2 Since thou art still my only stay,
Why leav'st thou me in deep distress ?
Why go I mourning all the day,
Whilst me insulting foes oppress ?
- 3 Let me with light and truth be blest,
Be these my guides, and lead the way,
Till on thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray.
- 4 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God who is my only joy ;
And well tun'd harps with songs of praise
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

5 Why then cast down, my soul? and why
 So much oppress'd with anxious care?
 On God, thy God, for aid rely;
 Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

P S A L M XLIV.

1 **O** LORD our fathers oft have told,
 in our attentive ears,

Thy wonders in their days perform'd,
 and elder times than theirs:

2 How thou, to plant them here, didst drive
 the heathen from this land,
 Dispeopled by repeated strokes
 of thy avenging hand.

3 For not their courage, nor their sword,
 to them possession gave;

Nor strength, that from unequal force,
 their fainting troops could save;

But thy right hand, and pow'rful arm,
 whose succour they implor'd;

Thy presence with the chosen race,
 who thy great name ador'd.

4 As thee their God our father's own'd,
 thou art our sov'reign King;

O! therefore, as thou didst to them,
 to us deliv'rance bring.

5 Thro' thy victorious name, our arms
 the proudest foe shall quell;

And crush them with repeated strokes,
 as oft as they rebel.

6 I'll neither trust my bow nor sword,
 when I in fight engage:

7 But thee, who hast our foes subdu'd,
 and sham'd their spiteful rage.

8 To thee the triumph we ascribe,
 from whom the conquest came :
 In God we will rejoice all day,
 and ever blefs his name.

P A R T II.

9 But thou hast cast us off; and now
 most shamefully we yield ;
 For thou no more vouchsaf'ft to lead
 our armies to the field.

10 Since when, to ev'ry upstart foe
 we turn our backs in fight ;
 And with our spoil their nralice feast,
 who bear us ancient spite.

11 To slaughter doom'd, we fall like sheep
 into their butch'ring hands ;
 Or (what's more wretched yet) survive,
 dispers'd thro' heathen lands.

12 Thy people thou hast sold for slaves ;
 and set their price so low,
 That not thy treasure by the sale,
 but their disgrace may grow :

13, 14 Reproach'd by all the nations round,
 the heathen's bye-word grown ;
 Whose scorn of us is both in speech,
 and mocking gestures, shown.

15 Confusion strikes me blind ; my face
 in conscious shame I hide ;

16 While we are scoff'd, and God blasphem'd
 by their licentious pride.

P A R T III.

17 On us this heap of woes is fall'n ;
 all this we have endur'd ;

Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy name,
 or faith to thee abjur'd :

- 18 But in thy righteous paths have kept
our hearts and steps with care ;
19 Tho' thou hast broken all our strength,
and we almost despair. .
- 20 Could we, forgetting thy great name,
on other Gods rely,
21 And not the searcher of all hearts
the treach'rous crime descry ?
22 Thou seest what suff'rings for thy sake
we ev'ry day sustain ;
All slaughter'd, or reserv'd like sheep
appointed to be slain.
- 23 Awake, arise ; let seeming sleep
no longer thee detain ;
Nor let us, Lord, who sue to thee,
forever sue in vain.
- 24 O ! wherefore hidest thou thy face
from our afflicted state,
25 Whose souls and bodies sink to earth,
with griefs oppressive weight ?
- 26 Arise, O Lord, and timely haste
to our deliv'rance make :
Redeem us, Lord, if not for ours,
yet for thy mercy's sake.

P S A L M XLV.

- W**HILE I the King's loud praise rehearse
indited by my heart,
My tongue is like the pen of him
that writes with ready art.
- 2 How matchless is thy form, O King !
thy mouth with grace o'erflows :
Because fresh blessings God on thee
eternally bestows..

- 3 Gird on thy sword, most mighty Prince ;
and clad in rich array,
With glorious ornaments of pow'r,
majestic pomp display.
- 4 Ride on in state, and still protect
the meek, the just, the true ;
Whilst thy right-hand with swift revenge
does all thy foes pursue.
- 5 How sharp thy weapons are to them
that dare thy pow'r oppose !
Down, down they fall, while thro' their hearts
the pointed arrow goes.
- 6 But thy firm throne, O God, is fix'd
for ever to endure ;
Thy scepter'd sway shall always last,
by righteous laws secure.
- 7 Because thy heart, by justice led,
did upright ways approve,
And hated still the crooked paths
where wand'ring sinners rove ;
Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
the oil of gladness shed ;
And has, above thy fellows round,
advanc'd thy lofty head.
- 8 With cassia, aloes, and myrrh,
thy royal robes abound :
Which, from the stately ward-robe brought,
spread grateful odours round.
- 9 Among the honourable train
did princely virgins wait ;
The Queen was plac'd at thy right-hand
in golden robes of state.

P A R T II.

10 But thou, O royal bride, give ear,
and to my words attend :

Forget thy native country now,
and ev'ry former friend.

11 So shall thy beauty charm the King,
nor shall his love decay :

For he is now become thy Lord ;
to him due rev'rence pay.

12 The Tyrian matrons, rich and proud,
shall humble presents make,

And all the wealthy nations sue,
thy favour to partake.

13 The King's fair daughter's beauteous soul
all inward graces fill ;

Her raiment is of purest gold,
adorn'd with costly skill.

14 She in her nuptial garments dress'd,
with needles richly wrought,

Attended by her virgin train,
shall to the King be brought.

15 With all the state of solemn joy
the triumph moves along ;

Till, with wide gates, the royal court
receives the pompous throng.

16 Thou, in thy royal Father's room,
must princely sons expect ;

Whom thou to diff'rent realms may'st send
to govern and protect :

17 Whilst this my song to future times
transmits thy glorious name ;

And makes the world with one consent
thy lasting praise proclaim.

PSALM

P S A L M XLVI.

- 1 **G**OD is our refuge in distress ;
A present help, when dangers press ;
In him, undaunted, will confide :
2, 3 Tho' earth were from her centre toss'd
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.
- 4 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high ;
5 God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly pow'rs,
While his almighty aid is nigh.
- 6 In tumults when the heathen rag'd,
And kingdoms war against us wag'd
He thunder'd, and dispers'd their pow'rs.
7 The Lord of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
Our father's guardian God, and ours.
- 8 Come see the wonders he has wrought,
On earth what desolation brought ;
9 How he has calm'd the jarring world :
He broke the warlike spear and bow ;
With them their thund'ring chariots too
Into devouring flames were hurl'd.
- 10 Submit to God's almighty sway ;
For him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sov'reign Lord confess :
11 The God of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

P S A L M XLVII.

1 **O** All ye people, clap your hands,
 2 And with triumphant voices sing :
 No force the mighty pow'r withstands,
 Of God, the universal King.

3, 4 He shall opposing nations quell,
 And with success our battles fight ;
 Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
 The pride of Jacob his delight.

5, 6 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
 With shouts of joy, and trumpets sound :
 To him repeated praises sing,
 And let the chearful song go round.

7, 8 Your utmost skill in praise be shown ;
 For him who all the world commands ;
 Who sits upon his righteous throne,
 And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

9 Our chiefs, and tribes, that far from hence
 T'adore the God of Abr'am came ;
 Found him their constant sure defence,
 How great and glorious is his name !

P S A L M XLVIII.

1 **T**HE Lord, the only God ; is great,
 and greatly to be prais'd
 In Sion, on whose happy mount
 his sacred throne is rais'd.

2 Her tow'rs the joy of all the earth,
 with beautilous prospect rise ;
 On her north-side th' almighty King's
 imperial city lies.

3 God in her palaces is known :
 his presence is her guard

4 Confed'rate kings withdrew their siege,
 and of success despair'd.

5 They

5 They view'd her walls, admir'd and fled,
with grief and terror struck ;
6 Like women whom the sudden pangs
of travail had o'ertook.

7 No wretched crew of mariners
appear like them forlorn,
When fleets from Tarshish's wealthy coasts
by eastern winds are torn.

8 In Sion we have seen perform'd
a work that was foretold :

In pledge that God for times to come,
his city will uphold.

9 Not in our fortresses and walls
did we, O God, confide ;

But on the temple fix'd our hopes,
in which thou didst reside.

10 According to thy sov'reign name,
thy praise thro' earth extends ;

Thy pow'rful arm as justice guides,
chastises or defends.

11 Let Sion's mount with joy resound,
her daughters all be taught,

In songs his judgments to extol,
who this deliv'rance wrought.

12 Compass her walls with solemn pomp ;
your eyes quite round her cast ;

Count all her tow'rs, and see if there
you find one stone displac'd.

13 Her forts and palaces survey ;
observe their order well ;

That, with assurance, to your heirs,
the wonder you may tell.

14 This

14 This God is ours, and will be ours,
 whilst we in him confide;
 Who, as he has preserv'd us now,
 till death will be our guide.

P S A L M XLIX.

1 **L**ET all the list'ning world attend,
 2 and my instructions hear :

Let high and low, and rich and poor,
 with joint consent give ear :

3 My mouth, with sacred wisdom fill'd,
 shall good advice impart ;

The sound result of prudent thoughts,
 digested in my heart.

4 To parables of weighty sense
 I will my ear incline ;

While to my tuneful harp I sing,
 dark words of deep design.

5 Why should my courage fail in times
 of danger and of doubt ;

When sinners, that would me supplant,
 have compass'd me about ?

6 Those men, that all their hope and trust
 in heaps of treasure place :

And boasting, triumph, when they see
 their ill-got wealth increase ;

7 Are yet unable from the grave
 their dearest friend to free ;

Nor can, by force of costly bribes,
 reverse God's firm decree.

8, 9 Their vain endeavors they must quit,
 the price is held too high :

No sums can purchase such a grant,
 that man shall never die.

10 Not wisdom can the wise exempt,
nor fools their folly save ;
But both must perish, and in death,
their wealth to others leave.

11 For tho' they think their stately seats
shall ne'er to ruin fall ;
But their remembrance last in lands,
which by their names they call ;
12 Yet shall their fame be soon forgot,
how great soe'er their state :
With beasts their memory, and they,
shall share one common fate.

P A R T II.

13 How great their folly is, who thus
absurd conclusions make !
And yet their children, unreclaim'd,
repeat the gross mistake.
14 They all, like sheep to slaughter led,
the prey of death are made ;
Their beauty while the just rejoice,
within the grave shall fade.
15 But God will yet redeem my soul ;
and from the greedy grave
His greater pow'r shall set me free,
and to himself receive.
16 Then fear not thou, when worldly men
in envy'd wealth abound ;
Nor tho' their prosp'rous house increase,
with state and honour crown'd.
17 For when they're summon'd hence by
they leave all this behind ; (death,
No shadow of their former pomp
within the grave they find :

18 And yet they tho't their state was blest,
 caught in the flatt'rer's snare :
 Who praises those that flight all else,
 and of themselves take care.

19 In their forefathers steps they tread ;
 and when, like them, they die,
 Their wretched anceltors, and they,
 in endless darkness lie.

20 For man, how great foe'er his state ;
 unless he's truly wise,
 As like a sensual beast he lives,
 so, like a beast, he dies.

P S A L M L.

1, **T**HE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God
 2 Hath sent his summons all abroad
 From dawning light, till day declines :
 The list'ning earth his voice hath heard,
 And he from Sion hath appear'd,
 Where beauty in perfection shines.

3, 4 Our God shall come, and keep no more
 Misconstru'd silence, as before ;
 But wasting flames before him send :
 Around shall tempests fiercely rage,
 While he does heaven and earth engage
 His just tribunal to attend.

5, 6 Assemble all my saints to me
 (Thus runs the great divine decree)
 That in my lasting cov'nant live !
 And off'rings bring with constant care :
 (The heav'ns his justice shall declare ;
 For God himself shall sentence give.)

7 Attend

7 Attend, my people ; Israel hear ;
Thy strong accuser I'll appear ;

Thy God, thy only God, am I :
8 'Tis not of off'rings I complain,
Which, daily in my temple slain,
My sacred altar did supply.

9 Will this alone atonement make ?
No bullock from thy stall I'll take,
Nor he-goat from thy fold accept :
10 The forest beasts, that range alone,
The cattle too, are all my own,
That on a thousand hills are kept.

11 I know the fowls, that build their nests
In craggy rocks ; and savage beasts,
That loosely haunt the open fields :

12 If seiz'd with hunger I could be,
I need not seek relief from thee,
Since the world's mine, and all it yields.

13 Think'st thou that I have any need
On slaughter'd bulls and goats to feed,
To eat their flesh, and drink their blood ?

14 The sacrifices I require,
Are hearts which love and zeal inspire,
And vows with strictest care made good.

15 In time of trouble call on me,
And I will set thee safe and free ;
And thou returns of praise shall make.

16 But to the wicked thus saith God :
How dar'st thou teach my laws abroad,
Or in thy mouth my cov'nant take ?

17 For stubborn thou, confirm'd in sin,
Hast proof against instruction been,

And of my word didst lightly speak.
 18 When thou a subtil thief didst see,
 Thou gladly didst with him agree,
 And with adult'ers didst partake.

19 Vile slander is thy chief delight ;
 Thy tongue, by envy mov'd, and spite,
 deceitful tales dost hourly spread.

20 Thou dost with hateful scandals wound
 Thy brother and with lyes confound
 The offspring of thy mother's bed.

21 These things didst thou, whom still I strove
 To gain with silence, and with love;
 Till thou didst wickedly surmise,
 That I was such an one as thou :
 But I'll reprove and shame thee now,
 And set thy sins before thine eyes.

22 Mark this, ye wicked fools, lest I
 Let all my bolts of vengeance fly,
 While none shall dare your cause to own :

23 Who praises me, due honour gives;
 And to the man who justly lives,
 My strong salvation shall be shown.

P S A L M LI.

1 **H**AVE mercy, Lord, on me,
 as thou wert ever kind :
 Let me oppress'd with loads of guilt,
 thy wonted mercy find.

2, 3 Wash off my foul offence,
 and cleanse me from my sin :
 For I confess my crime, and see
 how great my guilt has been.

4 Against thee, Lord, alone,
and only in thy sight,
Have I transgress'd; and tho' condemn'd,
in thy own thy judgments right.
5 In guilt each part was form'd
of all this sinful frame;
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
the heir of sin and shame.

6 Yet thou, whose searching eye
does inward truth require,
In secret didst with wisdom's laws
my tender soul inspire.
7 With hyssop purge me, Lord;
and so I clean shall be:
I shall with snow in whiteness vie,
when purifi'd by thee.

8 Make me to hear with joy
thy kind forgiving voice;
That so the bones which thou hast broke
may with fresh strength rejoice.
9, 10 Blot out my crying sins,
nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
an upright mind renew.

P A R T II.

11 Withdraw not thou thy help;
nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy holy spirit take
its everlasting flight.
12 The joy thy favour gives,
let me again obtain;
And thy free spirit's firm support
my fainting soul sustain.

13 So I thy righteous ways
to sinners will impart ;
Whilst my advice shall wicked men,
to thy just laws convert.
14 My guilt of blood remove,
my Saviour and my God ;
And my glad tongue shall loudly tell
thy righteous acts abroad.

15 Do thou unlock my lips,
with sorrow clos'd, and shame :
So shall my mouth thy wond'rous praise
to all the world proclaim.
16 Could sacrifice atone,
whole flocks and herds should die ;
But on such off'rings thou disdain'st
to cast a gracious eye.

17 A broken spirit is
by God most highly priz'd ;
By him a broken contrite heart
shall never be despis'd.

18 Let Sion favour find,
of thy good will assur'd ;
And thy own city flourish long,
by lofty walls secur'd.

19 The just shall then attend,
and pleasing tribute pay ;
And sacrifice of choicest kind,
upon thy altar lay.

P S A L M LI.

1 **I**N vain O man of lawless might,
thou boast'st thyself in ill ;
Since God, the God in whom I trust,
vouchsafes his favour still.

- 2 Thy wicked tongue does fland'rous tales
maliciously devise ;
And, sharper than a razor set,
it wounds with treach'rous lyes.
- 3, 4 Thy thoughts are more on ill, than good,
on lyes, than truth employ'd ;
Thy tongue delights in words by which
the guiltless are destroy'd.
- 5 God shall for ever blast thy hopes,
and snatch thee soon away ;
Nor in thy dwelling-place permit,
nor in the world, to stay.
- 6 The just, with pious fear shall see
the downfall of thy pride :
And at thy sudden ruin laugh,
and thus thy fall deride :
- 7 " See there the man that haughty was,
" who proudly God defy'd,
" Who trusted in his wealth, and still
" on wicked arts rely'd."
- 8 But I am like those olive plants
that shade God's temple round ;
And hope with his indulgent grace
to be for ever crown'd.
- 9 So shall my soul with praise, O God,
extol thy wond'rous love ;
And on thy name with patience wait ;
for this thy saints approve.

P S A L M LIII.

THE wicked fools must sure suppose
that God is but a name :
This gross mistake their practice shows,
since virtue all disclaim.

2 The Lord look'd down from heav'n's high
the sons of men to view, (tow'r,
To see if any own'd his pow'r,
or truth or justice knew.

3 But all he saw were backward gone
degen'rate grown and base;
None for religion, car'd, not one
of all the sinful race.

4 But are those workers of deceit
so dull and senseless grown;
That they like bread my people eat,
and God's just pow'r disown?

5 Their causeless fears shall strangely grow;
and they, despis'd of God,
Shall soon be foil'd: his hand shall throw
their shatter'd bones abroad.

6 Would he his saving pow'r employ,
to break our servile band,
Loud shouts of universal joy
should eccho thro' the land.

P S A L M LIV.

1 **L**ORD, save me, for thy glorious name;
2 and in thy strength appear,
To judge my cause; accept my pray'r,
and to my words give ear.

3 Mere strangers whom I never wrong'd,
to ruin me design'd;
And cruel men, that fear no God,
against my soul combin'd.

4 5 But God takes part with all my friends;
and he's the surest guard:
The God of truth shall give my foe
their falshood's just reward; 6 While

- 6 While I my grateful off'rings bring,
and sacrifice with joy ;
And in his praise my time to come
delightfully employ.
- 7 From dreadful danger and distress
the Lord hath set me free :
Thro' him shall I, of all my foes,
the just destruction see.

P S A L M LV.

- 1 **G**IVE ear, thou Judge of all the earth,
and listen when I pray ;
Nor from thy humble suppliant turn
thy glorious face away.
- 2 Attend to this my sad complaint,
and hear my grievous moans ;
Whilst I my mournful case declare
with artless sighs and groans.
- 3 Hark how the foe insults aloud !
how fierce oppressors rage ! (hate,
Whose slanderous tongues with wrathful
against my fame engage.
- 4, 5 My heart is rack'd with pain, my soul
with deadly frights distress'd ;
With fear and trembling compass'd round,
with horror quite oppress'd.
- 6 How often wish'd I then, that I
the dove's swift wings could get ;
That I might take my speedy flight,
and seek a safe retreat !
- 7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence ;
and in wild deserts stray,
Till all this furious storm was spent,
this tempest past away.

P A R T II.

9 Destroy, O Lord, their ill designs,
their counsels soon divide ;

For through the city my griev'd eyes
have strife and rapine spy'd.

10 By day and night on ev'ry wall
they walk their constant round ;

And in the midst of all her strength,
are grief and mischief found.

11 Whoe'er thro' ev'ry part shall roam,
with fresh disorders meet ;

Deceit and guile their constant posts
maintain in ev'ry street.

12 For 'twas not any open foe,
that false reflections made ;

For then I could with ease have borne
the bitter things he said :

'Twas none who hatred had profess'd,
that did against me rise ;

For then I had withdrawn myself
from his malicious eyes.

13, 14 But 'twas ev'n thou, my guide, my
whom tend'rest love did join : (friend,

Whose sweet advice I valu'd most,
whose pray'rs were mix'd with mine.

15 Sure, vengeance equal to their crime,
such traitors must surprise ;

And sudden death requite those ills
they wickedly devise.

16, 17 But I will call on God, who still
shall in my aid appear :

At morn and noon, and night I'll pray,
and he my voice shall hear.

P A R T III.

18 God has releas'd my soul from those,
that did with me contend ;

And made a num'rous host of friends
my righteous cause defend.

19 For he, who was my help of old,
shall now his suppliant hear ;

And punish those, whose prosp'rous state
makes them no God to fear.

20 Whom can I trust, if faithless men
profidiously devise

To ruin me, their peaceful friend,
and break the strongest ties ?

21 Tho' soft and melting are their words,
their hearts with war abound :

Their speeches are more smooth than oil,
and yet like swords they wound.

22 Do thou, my soul, on God depend,
and he shall thee sustain :

He aids the just, whom to supplant
the wicked strive in vain.

23 My foes, that trade in lies and blood,
shall all untimely die ;

Whilst I for health, and length of days,
on thee my God, rely.

P S A L M LVI.

1 **D**O thou, O God, in mercy help :
for man my life pursues :

To crush me with repeated wrongs,
he daily strife renews.

2 Continually my spiteful foes
to ruin me combine :

Thou seest, who sitt'st enthron'd on high,
what mighty numbers join.

3 But

3 But tho' sometimes surpriz'd by fear
(on danger's first alarm)

Yet still for succour I depend
on thy almighty arm.

4 God's faithful promise I shall praise,
on which I now rely :

In God I trust, and trusting him.
the arm of flesh defy.

5 They wrest my words and make 'em speak,
a sense they never meant :

Their thoughts are all, with restless spite,
on my destruction bent.

6 In close assemblies they combine.
and wicked projects lay :

They watch my steps, and lie in wait
to make my soul their prey.

7 Shall such injustice still escape ?
O righteous God, arise ;

Let thy just wrath (too long provok'd)
this impious race chastise.

8 Thou numb'rest all my wand'ring steps
since first compel'd to flee :

My very tears are treasur'd up,
and register'd by thee.

9 When therefore I invoke thy aid,
my foe shall be o'erthrown ;

For I am well assur'd, that God
my righteous cause will own.

10, 11 I'll trust God's word, and so despise
the force that man can raise ;

12 To thee, O God, my vows are due :
to thee I'll render praise.

13 Thou hast retriev'd my soul from death,
 and thou wilt still secure
 The life thou hast so oft preserv'd,
 and make my footsteps sure :
 That thus, protected by thy pow'r,
 I may this light enjoy :
 And in the service of my God,
 my lengthen'd days employ.

P S A L M LVII.

1 **T**HY mercy, Lord, to me extend,
 On thy protection I depend ;
 And to thy wing for shelter haste,
 Till this outrageous storm is past.
 2 To thy tribunal, Lord, I fly,
 Thou sov'reign Judge and God most high,
 Who wonders hast for me begun,
 And wilt not leave thy work undone.
 3 From heav'n protect me by thy arm,
 And shame all those who seek my harm ;
 To my relief thy mercy send,
 And truth on which my hopes depend.
 4 For I with savage men converse,
 Like hungry lions wild and fierce,
 With men whose teeth are spears, their words
 Invenom'd darts, and two edg'd swords.
 5 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
 And, as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth display'd ;
 Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.
 6 To take me, they their net prepar'd,
 And had almost my soul ensnar'd ;
 But fell themselves, by just decree,
 Into the pit they made for me.

7 O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
 Its thankful tribute to present ;
 And, with my heart my voice I'll raise
 To thee, my God, in songs of praise.
 8 Awake, my glory, harp and lute,
 No longer let your strings be mute ;
 And I, my tuneful part to take,
 Will with the early dawn awake.

9 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
 To all the list'ning nations round ;
 10 Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
 11 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
 And, as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth display'd ;
 Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

P S A L M LVIII.

1 **S**PEAK, O ye judges of the earth,
 If just your sentence be ;
 Or must not innocence appeal
 to heav'n, from your decree ?
 2 Your wicked hearts and judgments are
 alike by malice sway'd ;
 Your griping hands by weighty bribes,
 to violence betray'd.
 3 To virtue, strangers from the womb,
 their infant steps went wrong :
 They prattled slander and in lies
 employ'd their lisping tongue.
 4 No serpent of parch'd Afric's breed,
 does ranker poison bear ;
 The drowsy adder will as soon
 unlock his sullen ear.

5 Unmov'd by good advice, and deaf
 as adders they remain;
 From whom the skilful charmer's voice
 can no attention gain.
 6 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning rage,
 and timely break their pow'r :
 Disarm these growing lions jaws,
 e'er practis'd to devour.
 7 Let now their insolence at height,
 like ebbing tides be spent ;
 Their shiver'd darts deceive their aim,
 when they their bow have bent :
 8 Like snails let them dissolve to slime ;
 like hasty births become,
 Unworthy to behold the sun,
 and dead within the womb.
 9 E'er thorns can make the flesh pots boil,
 tempestuous wrath shall come
 from God, and snatch them hence alive
 to their eternal doom.
 10 The righteous shall rejoice to see
 their crimes such vengeance meet ;
 And saints in persecutors blood
 shall dip their harmless feet.
 11 Transgressors then with grief shall see
 just men rewards obtain ;
 And own a God whose justice will
 the guilty earth arraign.

P S A L M LIX.

DELIVER me, O Lord, my God,
 from all my spiteful foes :
 in my defence oppose thy power
 to theirs who me oppose.

- 2 Preserve me from a wicked race,
who make a trade of ill;
Protect me from remorseless men
who seek my blood to spill.
- 3 They lie in wait, and mighty pow'rs
against my life combine,
Implacable; yet, Lord, thou know'st,
for no offence of mine.
- 4 In haste they run about, and watch
my guiltless life to take:
Look down, O Lord, on my distress,
and to my help awake.
- 5 Thou Lord of hosts, and Israel's God,
their heathen rage suppress;
Relentless vengeance take on those,
who stubbornly transgress.
- 6 At evening to beset my house,
like growling dogs they meet;
While others through the city range,
and ransack'd ev'ry street.
- 7 Their throats invenom'd slander breath,
their tongues are sharpen'd swords:
"Who hears (say they) or, hearing, dares
"reprove our lawless words?"
- 8 But for thy throne thou shalt, O Lord,
their baffled plots deride;
And soon to scorn and shame expose
their boasted heathen pride.
- 9 On thee I wait; 'tis on thy strength
for succour I depend:
'Tis thou, O God, art my defence,
who only can defend.

- 10 Thy mercy, Lord, which has so oft
from danger set me free,
Shall crown my wishes, and subdue
my haughty foes to me.
- 11 Destroy them not, O Lord, at once ;
restrain thy vengeful blow ;
Lest we, ingratefully, too soon
forget their overthrow.
Disperse them through the nations round ;
by thy avenging power :
Do thou bring down their haughty pride,
O Lord, our shield and tow'r.
- 12 Now in the height of all their hopes,
their arrogance chastise ;
Whose tongues have sinn'd without restraint,
and curses join'd with lies.
- 13 Nor shalt thou, whilst their race endure,
thine anger, Lord, suppress ;
That distant lands, by their just doom,
may Israel's God confess.
- 14 At evening let them still persist
like growling dogs, to meet ;
Still wander all the city round,
and traverse ev'ry street.
- 15 Then, as for malice now they do,
for hunger let them stray :
And ye'll their vain complaints aloud,
defeated of their prey :
- 16 Whilst early I thy mercy sing,
thy wond'rous pow'r confess :
For thou hast been my sure defence,
my refuge in distress.

17 To thee, with never-ceasing praise,
O God, my strength, I'll sing :
Thou art my God, the rock from whence
my health and safety spring.

P S A L M LX.

1 **O** God, who hast our troops dispers'd,
Forsaking those who left thee first ;
As we thy just displeasure mourn,
To us in mercy, Lord, return.

2 Our strength, that firm as earth did stand
Is rent by thy-avenging hand :
O ! heal the breaches thou hast made :
We shake, we fall, without thy aid.

3 Our folly's sad effects we feel ;
For, drunk with discord's cup we reel,

4 But now, for them who thee rever'd,
Thou hast thy truth's bright banner rear'd

5 Let thy right-hand thy saints protect :
Lord, hear the pray'rs that we direct.

6 The holy God has spoke ; and I,
O'erjoy'd, on his firm word rely,

To thee in portions I'll divide
Fair Sichem's soil, Samaria's pride :
To Sichem, Succoth next I'll join,
And measure out her vale by line.

7 Manasseh, Gilead, both subscribe
To my commands with Ephraim's tribe,
Ephraim by arms supports my cause,
And Judah by religious laws.

8 Moab, my slave and drudge shall be,
Nor Edom from my yoke get free ;
Proud Palastine's imperious state
Shall humbly on our triumph wait.

9 But who shall quell these mighty pow'rs
 And clear my way to Edom's tow'rs?
 Or through her guarded frontiers tread
 The path that does to conquest lead?
 10 Ev'n thou, O God, who hast dispers'd
 Our troops (for we forsook thee first)
 Those, whom thou didst in wrath forsake,
 Aton'd, thou wilt victorious make.

11 Do thou our fainting cause sustain;
 For human succours are but vain.
 12 Fresh strength and courage God bestows:
 'Tis he treads down our proudest foes.

P S A L M LXI.

1 **L**ORD, hear my cry, regard my pray'r
 which I oppress'd with grief;
 2 From earth's remotest parts address
 to thee for kind relief.
 O lodge me safe beyond the reach
 of persecuting pow'r,
 3 Thou, who so oft from spiteful foes
 hast been my shelt'ring tow'r.
 4 So shall I in thy sacred courts
 secure from danger lie;
 Beneath the covert of thy wings,
 all future storms defy.
 5 In sign my vows are heard, once more,
 I o'er thy chosen reign:
 6 O! bless with long and prosp'rous life,
 the king thou did'st ordain.
 7 Confirm his throne, and make his reign
 accepted in thy sight;
 And let thy truth and mercy both
 in his defence unite.

8 So shall I ever sing thy praise,
 thy name for ever blest;
 Devote my prosp'rous days to pay
 the vows of my distress.

P S A L M LXII.

1 **M**Y soul for help on God relies ;
 2 **M** From him alone my safety flows :
 My rock, my health, that strength supplies,
 To bear the shock of all my foes.
 3 How long will ye contrive my fall,
 Which will but hasten on your own !
 You'll totter like a bending wall,
 Or fence of uncemented stone.
 4 To make my envy'd honours less,
 They strive with lies, their chief delight ;
 For they, tho' with their mouth they bless,
 In private curse with inward spite.
 5, 6 But thou, my soul, on God rely ;
 On him alone thy trust repose :
 My rock and health with strength supply,
 To bear the shock of all my foes.
 7 God does his saving health dispense,
 And flowing blessings daily send :
 He is my fortress and defence ;
 On him my soul shall still depend.
 8 In him, ye people, always trust ;
 Before his throne pour out your hearts ;
 For God, the merciful and just,
 His timely aid to us imparts.
 9 The vulgar fickle are and frail ;
 The great dissemble and betray ;
 And laid in truth's impartial scale,
 The lightest things will both outweigh.
 10 Then

10 Then trust not in oppressive ways ;
 By spoil and rapine grow not vain ;
 Nor let your hearts, if wealth encrease,
 Be set too much upon your gain.

11 For God has oft his will express'd,
 And I this truth have fully known ;
 To be of boundless pow'r possess'd,
 Belongs, of right, to God alone.

12 Though mercy is his darling grace,
 In which he chiefly takes delight ;
 Yet will he all the human race
 According to their works requite.

P S A L M LXIII.

1 **O** GOD, my gracious God, to thee,
 My morning pray'rs shall offer'd be ;
 For thee my thirsty soul does pant ;
 My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
 Within this dry and barren place,
 Where I refreshing waters want.

2 O ! to my longing eyes once more
 That view of glorious pow'r restore,
 Which thy majestic house displays ;
 3 Because to me thy wond'rous love
 Than life itself does dearer prove,
 My lips shall always speak thy praise.

4 My life, while I that life enjoy,
 In blessing God I will employ ;
 With lifted hands adore his name ;

5 My soul's content shall be as great
 As theirs, whose choicest dainties eat,
 While I with joy his praise proclaim.

6 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
 Thou, Lord, art present to my mind ;
 And when I wake in dead of night,

7 Because

7 Because thou still dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

8 My soul, when foes would me devour,
Cleaves fast to thee, whose matchless pow'r
In her support is daily shown :

9 But those the righteous Lord shall slay,
That my destruction with ; and they,
That seek my life shall loose their own.

10, 11 They by untimely ends shall die,
Their flesh a prey to foxes lie ;

But God shall fill the king with joy :
Who swears by thee shall still rejoice ;
Whilst the false tongue, and lying voice,
Thou, Lord, shall silence and destroy.

P S A L M LXIV.

1 **L**ORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
to my request give ear ;
Preserve my life from cruel foes,
and free my soul from fear.

2 O ! hide me with thy tender care
in some secure retreat,
From sinners that against me rise ;
and all their plots defeat.

3 See how, intent to work my harm,
they whet their tongues like swords ;
And bend their bows to shoot their darts,
sharp lies and bitter words.

4 Lurking in private, at the just,
they take their secret aim ;
And suddenly at him they shoot,
quite void of fear and shame.

- 5 To carry on their ill designs
they mutually agree ;
They speak of laying private snares,
and think that none shall see.
- 6 With utmost diligence and care
their wicked plots they lay :
The deep designs of all their hearts
are only to betray.
- 7 But God, to anger justly mov'd,
his dreadful bow shall bend,
And on his flying arrow's point
shall swift destruction send.
- 8 Those slanders which their mouths did vent
upon themselves shall fall ;
Their crimes disclos'd shall make them be
despis'd and shunn'd by all.
- 9 The world shall then God's pow'r confess,
and nations trembling stand ;
Convinc'd, that 'tis the mighty work
of his avenging hand :
- 10 Whilst righteous men, by God secur'd,
in him shall gladly trust ;
And all the list'ning earth shall hear
loud triumphs of the just.

P S A L M LXV.

- 1 **F**OR thee, O God, our constant praise
In Sion waits, thy chosen seat :
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.
- 2 O thou, who to my humble pray'r
Didst always bend thy list'ning ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins (tho' numberless) in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try ;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And wafhest out the crimson dye.

4 Blest is the man, who near thee plac'd,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives ;
Whilst we, at humbler distance taste
The vast delight thy temple gives.

5 By wond'rous acts, O God most just,
Have we thy gracious answer found :
In thee remotest nations trust,
And those whom stormy waves surround.

6, 7 God, by his strength, sets fast the hills,
And does his matchless pow'r engage ;
With which the seas loud waves he stills,
And angry crouds tumultuous rage.

P A R T II.

8 Thou, Lord, dost barb'rous lands dismay,
When they thy dreadful tokens view :
With joy they see the night and day
Each other track, by turns, pursue.

9 From out thy unexhausted store
Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground ;
Makes lands that barren where before,
With corn and useful fruits abound.

10 On rising ridges down it pours,
And every furrow'd valley fills :
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle show'rs
In which a blest increase distills.

11 Thy goodness does the circling year,
With fresh returns of plenty crown ;
And where thy glorious paths appear,
Thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

12 They

12 They drop on barren forests, chang'd
 By them to pastures fresh and green :
 The hills about, in order rang'd,
 In beauteous robes of joy are seen.
 13 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
 The chearful downs ; the vallies bring
 A plenteous crop of full ear'd corn,
 And seem, for joy, to shout and sing.

P S A L M LXVI.

1 **L** E T all the lands with shouts of joy,
 2 **L** to God their voices raise ;
 Sing psalms in honour to his name,
 and spread his glorious praise.
 3 And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,
 in all thy works art thou !
 To thy great pow'r thy stubborn foes
 shall all be forc'd to bow.
 4 Thro' all the earth the nations round
 shall thee their God confess ;
 And with glad hymns their awful dread
 of thy great name express.
 5 O ! come, behold the works of God ;
 and then with me you'll own,
 That he to all the sons of men
 has wond'rous judgments shown.
 6 He made the sea become dry land,
 through which our fathers walk'd ;
 Whilst to each other of his might
 with joy his people talk'd.
 7 He by his pow'r for ever rules ;
 his eyes the world survey :
 Let no presumptuous man rebel
 against his sov'reign sway.

P A R T II.

- 8, 9 O! all ye nations, bleſs our God,
and loudly ſpeak his praiſe ;
Who keeps our ſoul alive, and ſtill
confirms our ſtedfaſt ways.
- 10 For thou haſt try'd us, Lord, as fire
does try the precious ore :
11 Thou brot'ſt us into ſtreights, where we
oppreſſing burdens bore.
- 12 Inſulting foes did us, their ſlaves,
thro' fire and water chaſe ;
But yet, at laſt thou brought'ſt us forth
into a wealthy place.
- 13 Burnt-off'rings to thy houſe I'll bring,
and there my vows I'll pay :
14 Which I with ſolemn zeal did make
in trouble's diſmal day.
- 15 Then ſhall the richeſt incenſe ſmoke
the fatteſt rams ſhall fall,
The choiceſt goats from out the fold,
and bullock from the ſtall.
- 16 O! come, all ye that fear the Lord ;
attend with heedful care,
Whiſt I, what God for me has done,
with grateful joy declare.
- 17, 18 As I before, his aid implor'd,
ſo now I praiſe his name ;
Who, if my heart had harbour'd ſin,
would all my pray'rs diſclaim.
- 19 But God to me, whene'er I cry'd,
his gracious ear did bend ;
And to the voice of my requeſt,
with conſtant love attend.

20 Then blest'd for ever be my God,
 who never when I pray,
 With-holds his mercy from my soul,
 nor turns his face away.

P S A L M LXVII.

TO blest thy chosen race,
 in mercy, Lord, incline;
 And cause the brightness of thy face
 on all thy saints to shine;
 2 That so thy wond'rous way
 may through the world be known;
 While distant lands their tribute pay,
 and thy salvation own.

3 Let diff'ring nations join
 to celebrate thy fame;
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 to praise thy glorious name.
 4 O let them shout and sing,
 dissolv'd in pious mirth;
 For thou the righteous Judge and King,
 shalt govern all the earth.

5 Let diff'ring nations join
 to celebrate thy fame;
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 to praise thy glorious name.

6 Then shall the teeming ground
 a large increase disclose;
 And we with plenty shall be crown'd,
 which God, our God, bestows.

7 Then God upon our land
 shall constant blessings show'r;
 And all the world in awe shall stand
 of his resistless pow'r. P S A L M

P S A L M LXVIII.

1 **L**ET God, the God of battle, rise,
And scatter his presumptuous foes :
Let shameful rout their host surprise,
Who spitefully his pow'r oppose.
2 As smoke in tempests rage is lost,
Or wax into the furnace cast ;
So let their sacrilegious host
Before his wrathful presence waste..

3 But let the servants of his will
His favours gentle beams enjoy ;
Their upright hearts let gladness fill,
And chearful songs their tongues employ..
4 To him your voice in anthems raise ;
Jehovah's awful name he bears :
In him rejoice ; extol his praise,
Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.

5 Him, from his empire of the skies,
To this low world compassion draws,
The orphan's claim to patronize,
And judge the injur'd widow's cause.
6 'Tis God, who from a foreign soil
Restores poor exiles to their home ;
Makes captives free ; and fruitless toil,
Their proud oppressors righteous doom.

7 'Twas so of old, when thou did'st lead
In person, Lord, our armies forth ;
Strange terrors through the desert spread,
Convulsions shook the astonish'd earth.
8 The breaking clouds did rain distill,
And heav'n's high arches shook with fear,
How then should Sinai's humble hill
Of Israel's God the presence bear !

9 Thy hand, at famish'd earth's complaint,
 Reliev'd her from celestial stores ;
 And, when thy heritage was faint,
 Asswag'd the drought with plenteous show'rs ;
 10 Where savages had rang'd before,
 At ease thou mad'st our tribes reside ;
 And in the desert for the poor,
 Thy gen'rous bounty did provide.

P A R T II.

11 Thou gav'st the word ; we sallied forth,
 And in that pow'rful word o'ercame ;
 Whilst virgin-troops, with songs of mirth,
 In state our conquest did proclaim.

12 Vast armies, by such gen'rals led,
 As yet had ne'er receiv'd a foil,
 Forsook their camp with sudden dread,
 And to our women left the spoil.

13 Though Egypt's drudges you have been
 Your army's wings shall shine as bright
 As doves in golden sun-shine seen,
 Or silver'd o'er with paler light.

14 'Twas so, when God's almighty hand
 O'er scatter'd kings the conquest won ;
 Our troops, drawn up on Jordan's strand,
 High Salmon's glitt'ring snow outshone.

15 From thence to Jordan's farther coast,
 And Bashan's hill we did advance :
 No more her height shall Bashan boast,
 But that she's God's inheritance.

16 But wherefore (tho' the honour's great)
 Should this, O mountain, swell your pride ?
 For Sion is his chosen seat,
 Where he for ever will reside.

17 His chariots numberless; his pow'rs
Are heav'nly hosts, that wait his will;
His presence now fills Sion's tow'rs,
As once it honour'd Sinai's hill.

18 Ascending high in triumph thou
Captivity hast captive led;
And on thy people didst bestow
The spoil of armies once their dread.

Ev'n rebels shall partake thy grace,
And humble profelytes repair
To worship at thy dwelling place,
And all the world pay homage there.

19 For benefits each day bestow'd,
Be daily his great name ador'd;

20 Who is our Saviour, and our God,
Of life and death the sov'reign Lord.

21 But justice for his harden'd foes
Proportion'd vengeance hath decreed,
To wound the heary head of those,
Who in presumptuous crimes proceed.

22 The Lord has thus in thunder spoke:

“As I subdu'd proud Babel's king,

“Once more I'll break my people's yoke,

“And from the deep my servants bring

23 “Their feet shall with a crimson flood

“Of slaughter'd foes be cover'd o'er;

“Nor earth receive such impious blood,

“But leave for dogs th' unhallow'd gore.”

P. A R T. III.

24 When, marching to thy blest abode,
The wond'ring multitude survey'd
The pompous state of thee, our God,
In robes of majesty array'd;

25 Sweet singing Levites led the van :
Loud instruments brought up the rear ;
Between both troops a virgin train
With voice and timbrel charm'd the ear .
26 This was the burden of their song :
“ In full assemblies bless the Lord :
“ All who to Israel's tribes belong,
“ The God of Israel's praise record .”

27 Nor little Benjamin alone
From neighb'ring bounds did there attend ,
Nor only Judah's nearer throne .
Her counsellors in state did send ;
But Zebulon's remoter seat,
And Napthali's more distant coast,
(The grand procession to complete)
Sent up their tribes a princely host .

28 Thus God to strength and union brought
Our tribes, at strife till that blest hour :
This work, which thou, O God, hast wrought
Confirm with fresh recruits of pow'r .
29 To visit Salem, Lord, descend,
And Sion thy terrestrial throne ;
Where kings with presents shall attend,
And thee with offer'd crowns atone .

30 Break down the spearmans ranks, who
Like pamper'd herds of savage might : (threat
'Their silver armour'd chiefs defeat,
Who in destructive war delight .
31 Egypt shall then to God stretch forth
Her hands, and Afric homage bring :
32 The scatter'd kingdoms of the earth
Their common sov'reign's praises sing :

33 Who, mounted on the loftiest sphere
Of ancient heav'n sublimely rides ;
From whence his dreadful voice we hear,
Like that of warring winds and tides.

34 Ascribe ye pow'r to God most high
Of humble Israel he takes care ;
Whose strength, from out the dusky sky,
Darts shining terrors through the air.

35 How dreadful are the sacred courts,
Where God has fix'd his earthly throne !
His strength his feeble saints supports !
To God give praise, to him alone.

P S A L M LXIX.

1 **S** AVE me, O God, from waves that roll,
And press to overwhelm my soul,
2 With painful steps in mire I tread,
And deluges o'erflow my head.
3 With restless cries my spirits faint ;
My voice is hoarse with long complaint ;
My sight decays with tedious pain,
Whilst for my God I wait in vain.

4 My hairs, tho' num'rous, are but few,
Compar'd with foes that me pursue
With groundless hate, grown now of might,
To execute their lawless spite ;
They force me, guiltless, to resign,
As rapine, what by right was mine.

5 Thou, Lord, my foolishness dost see,
Nor are my sins conceal'd from thee.

6 Lord God of hosts, take timely care,
Lest, for my sake thy saints despair :

7 Since I have suffer'd for thy name
Reproach, and hidē my face in shame ;

3 A stranger to my country grown,
Nor to my nearest kindred known;
A foreigner, expos'd to scorn
By brethren of my mother born.

9 For zeal to thy lov'd house and name,
Consumes me like devouring flame;
Concern'd at their affronts to thee,
More than at slanders cast on me.

10 My very tears and abstinence,
They construe in a spiteful sense. (sake

11 When cloath'd with sackcloth for their
They me their common proverb make.

12 Their judges make my wrongs their jest,
Those wrongs they ought to have redress'd.
How should I then expect to be
From libels of lewd drunkards free?

13 But, Lord, to thee I will repair
For help, with humble, timely pray'r:
Relieve me from thy mercy's store:
Display thy truth's preserving pow'r.

14 From threat'ning dangers me relieve,
And from the mire my feet retrieve;
From spiteful foes in safety keep,
And snatch me from the raging deep.

15 Controul the deluge, e'er it spread,
And roll it's waves above my head;
Nor deep destruction's yawning pit
To close her jaws on me permit.

16 Lord, hear the humble pray'r I make,
For thy transcending goodness sake;
Relieve thy suppliant once more
From thy abounding mercy's store.

17 Nor

17 Nor from thy servant hide thy face :
Make haste, for desp'rate is my case :

18 Thy timely succour interpose,
And shield me from remorseless foes.

19 Thou know'st what infamy and scorn
I from my enemies have borne ;
Nor can their close-dissembled spite,
Or darkest plots escape thy sight.

20 Reproach and grief have broke my heart,
I look'd for some to take my part,
To pity or relieve my pain ;
But look'd alas ! for both in vain.

21 With hunger pin'd for food I call :
Instead of food, they give me gall :
And when with thirst my spirits sink,
They give me vinegar to drink.

22 Their table therefore to their health
Shall prove a snare, a trap their wealth ;

23 Perpetual darkness seize their eyes ;
And sudden blasts their hopes surprize.

24 On them thou shalt thy fury pour,
Till thy fierce wrath their race devour ;
25 And make their house a dismal cell,
Where none will e'er vouchsafe to dwell.

26 For new afflictions they procur'd
For him who had thy stripes endur'd ;
And made the wounds thy scourge had torn,
To bleed afresh with sharper scorn.

27 Sin shall to sin their steps betray,
Till they to truth have lost the way.
From life thou shalt exclude their soul,
Nor with the just their names inroll.

29 But

29 But me, howe'er distress'd and poor,
Thy strong salvation shall restore :
30 Thy pow'r with songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with thanks thy name.

31 Our God shall this more highly prize,
Than herds and flocks in sacrifice :
32 Which humble saints with joy shall see,
And hope with like redress with me.
33 For God regards the poor's complaint ;
Sets pris'ners free from close restraint.
34 Let heav'n, earth, sea, their voices raise,
And all the world resound his praise.

35 For God will Sion's walls erect ;
Fair Judah's cities he'll protect ;
Till all her scatter'd sons repair
To undisturb'd possession there.
36 This blessing they shall, at their death,
To their religious heirs bequeath ;
And they to endless ages more,
Of such as his blest name adore.

P S A L M LXX.

1 **O** LORD, to my relief draw near ;
For never was more pressing need ;
For my deliv'rance, Lord, appear
And add to that deliv'rance speed.

2 Confusion on their heads return ;
Who to destroy my soul combine :
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,
Ensnar'd in their own vile design.

3 Their doom let desolation be ;
With shame their malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my confidence in thee,
And sport of my affliction made ;

4 While

4 While those who humbly seek thy face,
 To joyful triumphs shall be rais'd ;
 And all, who prize thy saving grace,
 With me shall sing, the Lord be prais'd.
 5 Thus wretched though I am, and poor,
 The mighty Lord of me takes care :
 Thou, God, who only can'st restore,
 To my relief with speed repair.

P S A L M LXXI.

1 **I**N thee I put my stedfast trust ;
 2 **I** defend me, Lord, from shame :
 Incline thine ear, and save my soul ;
 for righteous is thy name.
 3 Be thou my strong abiding-place,
 to which I may resort :
 'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe ;
 Thou art my rock and fort.
 4, 5 From cruel and ungodly men
 protect and set me free ;
 For from my earliest youth till now,
 my hope has been in thee.
 6 Thy constant care did safely guard
 my tender infant days ;
 Thou took'st me from my mother's womb,
 to sing thy constant praise.
 7, 8 While some on me with wonder gaze
 thy hand supports me still :
 Thy honour therefore, and thy praise,
 my mouth shall always fill.
 9 Reject not then thy servant, Lord,
 when I with age decay :
 Forsake me not, when worn with years,
 my vigour fades away.

- 10 My foes, against my fame and me,
 with crafty malice speak ;
 Against my soul they lay their snares,
 and mutual counsel take.
- 11 " His God, say they, forsakes him now,
 " on whom he did rely :
 " Pursue and take him, whilst no hope
 " of timely aid is nigh."
- 12 But thou, my God, withdraw not far,
 for speedy help I call ;
- 13 To shame and ruin bring my foes,
 that seek to work my fall.
- 14 But as for me, my stedfast hope
 shall on thy pow'r depend ;
 And I in grateful songs of praise,
 my time to come will spend.

P A R T II.

- 15 Thy righteous acts and saving health
 my mouth shall still declare ;
 Unable yet to count them all,
 tho' sum'd with utmost care.
- 16 While God vouchsafes me his support,
 I'll in his strength go on ;
 All other righteousness disclaim,
 and mention his alone.
- 17 Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my
 to praise thy glorious name : (youth
 And ever since thy wond'rous works
 have been my constant theme.
- 18 Then now forsake me not, when I
 am grey and feeble grown :
 Till I to these, and future times,
 thy strength and pow'r have shown.

19 How high thy justice soars, O God ;
 how great and wond'rous are
 The mighty works which thou hast done !
 who may with thee compare !

20 Me, whom thy hand has sorely press'd,
 thy grace shall yet relieve :
 And from the lowest depth of woe
 with tender care retrieve.

21 Through thee, my time to come shall be
 with pow'r and greatness crown'd ;
 And me, who dismal years have pass'd,
 thy comforts shall surround :

22 Therefore with psaltery and harp,
 thy truth, O Lord, I'll praise ;
 To thee, the God of Jacob's race,
 my voice in anthems raise.

23 Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs
 employ my chearful voice ;

My grateful soul, by thee redeem'd,
 shall in thy strength rejoice,

24 My tongue thy just and righteous acts
 shall all the day proclaim ;

Because thou did'st confound my foes,
 and brought'st them all to shame.

P S A L M LXXII.

LORD, let thy just decrees the king
 in all his ways direct ;

And let his son, throughout his reign,
 thy righteous laws respect.

2 So shall he still thy people judge
 with pure and upright mind,

Whilst all the helpless poor shall him
 their just protector find.

- 3 Then hills and mountains shall bring forth
the happy fruits of peace ;
Which all the land shall own to be
the work of righteousness :
- 4 Whilst he the poor and needy race
shall rule with gentle sway,
And from their humble neck shall take
oppressive yokes away.
- 5 In ev'ry heart, thy awful fear
shall then be rooted fast,
As long as sun and moon endure,
or time itself shall last.
- 6 He shall descend like rain that cheers
the meadows second birth ;
Or like warm show'rs whose gentle drops
refresh the thirsty earth.
- 7 In his blest days the just and good
shall be with favour crown'd ;
The happy land shall ev'ry-where
with endless peace abound.
- 8 His uncontroul'd dominion shall
from sea to sea extend ;
Begin at proud Euphrates' streams,
at nature's limits end.
- 9 To him the savage nations round
shall bow their servile heads :
His vanquish'd foes shall lick the dust,
where he his conquest spreads :
- 10 The kings of Tarshish, and the isles,
shall costly presents bring ;
From spicy Sheba gifts shall come,
and wealthy Saba's king.

- 11 To him shall every king on earth
his humble homage pay ;
And diff'ring nations gladly join
to own his righteous sway.
12 For he shall set the needy free,
when they for succour cry ;
Shall save the helpless, and the poor,
and all their wants supply.

P A R T II.

- 13 His providence for needy souls,
shall due supplies prepare :
And over their defenceless lives
shall watch with tender care.
14 He shall preserve and keep their souls
from fraud and rapine free ;
And in his sight their guiltless blood
of mighty price shall be.
15 Therefore shall God his life and reign
to many years extend ;
Whilst eastern princes tribute pay,
and golden presents send.
For him shall constant pray'rs be made
through all his prosp'rous days :
His just dominion shall afford
a lasting theme of praise.
16 Of useful grain, through all the land,
great plenty shall appear ;
A handful sown on mountain tops
a mighty crop shall bear :
Its fruit, like cedars shook by winds,
a rattling noise shall yield :
The city too shall thrive, and vie,
for plenty, with the field.

17 The

17 The mem'ry of his glorious name
through endless years shall run ;
His spotless fame shall shine as bright
and lasting as the sun.

In him the nations of the world
shall be completely blest'd,
And his unbounded happiness
by ev'ry tongue confess'd.

18 Then blest'd be God, the mighty Lord,
the God whom Israel fears ;
Who only wond'rous in his works,
beyond compare, appears.

19 Let earth be with his glory fill'd ;
for ever blest his name ;
Whilst to his praise the list'ning world
their glad assent proclaim.

P S A L M LXXIII.

AT length by certain proofs, 'tis plain
That God will to his saints be kind ;
That all whose hearts are pure and clean,
Shall his protecting favour find.

2, 3 Till this sustaining truth I knew,
My stagg'ring feet had almost fail'd :
I griev'd, the finners wealth to view,
And envy'd when the fools prevail'd.

4, 5 They to the grave in peace descend,
And, whilst they live, are hale and strong ;
No plague or trouble them offend,
Which oft to other men belong.

6, 7 With pride, as with a chain, they're held,
And rapine seems their robe of state ;
Their eyes stand out, with fatness swell'd ;
They grow, beyond their wishes great.

8, 9 With hearts corrupt, and lofty talk,
 Oppressive methods they defend;
 Their tongue thro' all the earth does walk,
 Their blasphemies to heav'n ascend.
 10 And yet admiring crouds are found,
 Who servile visits duely make;
 Because with plenty they abound,
 Of which their flatt'ring slaves partake.

11 Their fond opinion these pursue,
 Till they with them profanely cry,
 "How should the Lord our actions view?"
 "Can he perceive who dwells so high?"
 12 Behold the wicked! these are they
 Who openly their sins profess;
 And yet their wealth's increas'd each day,
 And all their actions meet success.

13, 14 "Then have I cleans'd my heart (said I),
 "And wash'd my hands from guilt, in vain,
 "If all the day oppress'd I lie,
 "And ev'ry morning suffer pain."
 15 Thus did I once to speak intend:
 But if such things I rashly say,
 Thy children, Lord, I must offend,
 And basely should their cause betray.

P A R T II.

16, 17 To fathom this, my thoughts I bent
 But found the case too hard for me;
 'Till to the house of God I went:
 Then I their end did plainly see.
 18 How high soe'er advanc'd, they all
 On slipp'ry places loosely stand;
 Thence into ruin headlong fall,
 Cast down by thy avenging hand.

19, 20 How

19, 20 How dreadful and how quick their fate!
Despis'd by thee, when they're destroy'd
As waking men with scorn do treat
The fancies that their dreams employ'd.

21, 22 Thus was my heart with grief oppress'd
My reins were rack'd with restless pains;
So stupid was I like a beast,
Who no reflecting thought retains.

23, 24 Yet still thy presence me supply'd,
And thy right-hand assistance gave;
Thou first shalt with thy counsel guide,
And then to glory me receive.

25 Whom then in heav'n but thee alone
Have I, whose favour I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there's none,
That I besides thee can desire.

26 My trembling flesh, and aching heart,
May often fail to succour me;
But God shall inward strength impart:
And my eternal portion be.

27 For they that far from thee remove,
Shall into sudden ruin fall:
If after other gods they rove,
Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.

28 But as for me, 'tis good and just,
'That I should still to God repair;
In him I always put my trust,
And will his wond'rous works declare.

P S A L M LXXIV.

1 **W**H Y hast thou cast us off, O God?
wilt thou no more return?
O! why against thy chosen flock
does thy fierce anger burn?

2 Think

2 Think on thy ancient purchase, Lord,
the land that is thy own,
By the redeem'd; and Sion's mount,
where once thy glory shone.

3 Oh, come and view our ruin'd state !
how long our troubles last !
See how the foe with wicked rage
has laid thy temple waste !

4 Thy foes blaspheme thy name ; where late
thy zealous servants pray'd,
The heathen there, with haughty pomp,
their banners have display'd.

5, 6 Those curious carvings, which did once
advance the artist fame,

With ax and hammer they destroy,
like works of vulgar frame,

7 Thy holy temple they have burnt ;
and what escap'd the flame,

Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd,
though sacred to thy name.

8 Thy worship wholly to destroy
maliciously they aim'd ;

And all the sacred places burn'd,
where we thy praise proclaim'd.

9 Yet of thy presence thou vouchsaf'st
no tender signs to send :

We have no prophet now, that knows
when this sad state shall end.

P A R T II.

10 But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit
the' insulting foe to boast ?

Shall all the honour of thy name
for evermore be lost ?

11 Why

11 Why hold'st thou back thy strong right-
 and on thy patient breast, (hand,
 When vengeance calls to stretch it forth,
 so calmly lett'st it rest ?

12 Thou heretofore with kingly pow'r
 in our defence hast fought ;
 For us, throughout the wond'ring world,
 hast great salvation wrought.

13 'Twas thou, O God, that didst the sea,
 by thy own strength divide :
 Thou brak'st the wat'ry monsters head,
 the waves o'erwhelm'd their pride.

14 The greatest, fiercest of them all
 that seem'd the deep to sway,
 Was by thy pow'r destroy'd, and made
 to savage beasts a prey.

15 Thou clav'st the solid rock, and mad'st
 the waters largely flow :
 Again, thou mad'st, thro' parting streams,
 thy wand'ring people go.

16 Thine is the chearful day, and thine
 the black return of night ;
 Thou hast prepar'd the glorious sun,
 and ev'ry feebl' light.

17 By thee the borders of the earth
 in perfect order stand :
 The summer's warmth, and winter's cold,
 attend on thy command.

P A R T III.

18 Remember, Lord, how scornful foes
 have daily urg'd our shame ;
 And how the foolish people have
 blasphem'd thy holy name.

19 O, free thy mourning turtle-dove,
by sinful crouds beset ;
Nor the assembly of thy poor
for evermore forget.

20 Thy ancient cov'nant, Lord, regard;
and make thy promise good ;
For now each corner of the land
is fill'd with men of blood.

21 O let not the oppress'd return,
with sorrow cloath'd, and shame ;
But let the helpless and the poor
for ever praise thy name.

22 Arise, O God, in our behalf :
thy cause and ours maintain :
Remember how insulting fools
each day thy name profane !

23 Make thou the boastings of thy foes
for ever, Lord, to cease ;
Whose insolence, if unchastiz'd,
will more and more increase.

P S A L M LXXV.

1 **T**O thee, O God, we render praise,
to thee with thanks repair ;
For, that thy name to us is nigh,
thy wond'rous works declare.

2 In Israel when my throne is fix'd,
with me shall justice reign.

3 The land with discord shakes ; but I
tht sinking frame sustain.

4 Deluded wretches I advis'd
their errors to redress !

And warn'd bold sinners, that they should
their swelling pride suppress.

5 Bear not yourselves so high, as if
no pow'r could your's restrain :
Submit your stubborn necks, and learn
to speak with less disdain :

6 For that promotion, which to gain,
your vain ambition strives,
From neither east, nor west, nor yet
from southern climes arrives.

7 For God the great disposer is,
and sov'reign Judge alone,
Who casts the proud to earth, and lifts
the humble to a throne.

8 His hand holds forth a dreadful cup ;
with purple wine 'tis crown'd ;
The deadly mixture, which his wrath
deals out to nations round.
Of this his saints sometimes may taste ;
but wicked men shall squeeze
Their bitter dregs, and be condemn'd
to drink the very lees.

9 His prophet I, to all the world
this message will relate :
The justice then of Jacob's God
my song shall celebrate.

10 The wicked's pride I will reduce,
their cruelty disarm ;
Exalt the just, and seat him high,
above the reach of harm.

P S A L M LXXVI.

1 **I**N Judah the Almighty's known
(Almighty, there, by wonders shown :)
His name in Jacob does excel :

2 His sanctuary in Salem stands :
The majesty that heaven commands,
In Sion condescends to dwell.

3 He brake the bows and arrows there,
The shield, the temper'd sword and spear ;
There slain the mighty army lay :

4 Whence Sion's fame thro' earth is spread,
Of greater glory, greater dread.
Than hills where robbers lodge their prey.

5 Their valiant chiefs, who came for spoil,
Themselves met there a shameful foil :
Securely down to sleep they lay ;
But wak'd no more ; their stoutest band
Ne'er lifted one resisting hand -
'Gainst his that did their legions slay.

6 When Jacob's God began to frown,
Both horse and charioteers o'erthrown,
Together slept in endless night.

7 When thou, whom earth and heav'n revere
Dost once with wrathful look appear,
What mortal pow'r can stand thy fight ?

8 Pronounc'd from heav'n, earth heard its
(doom ;
Grew hush'd with fear when thou did'st come,

9 The meek with justice to restore.

10 The wrath of man shall yield thee praise ;
Its last attempts but serve to raise
The triumphs of almighty pow'r.

11 Vow to the Lord ; ye nations, bring
Vow'd presents to th' eternal king :

Thus to his name due rev'rence pay,

12 Who

12 Who proudest potentates can quell,
To earthly kings more terrible,
Than, to their trembling subjects, they.

P S A L M LXXVII.

1 **T**O God I cry'd, who to my help
did graciously repair ;
2 In trouble's dismal day I sought
my God with humble pray'r.
All night my fest'ring wound did run ;
no med'cine gave relief :
My soul no comfort would admit,
my soul indulg'd her grief.
3 I thought on God, and favours pass'd ;
but that increas'd my pain :
I found my spirit more oppress'd,
the more I did complain.
4 Thro' ev'ry watch of tedious night
thou keep'st my eyes awake ;
My grief is swell'd to that excess,
I sigh, but cannot speak.
5 I call'd to mind the days of old,
with signal mercy crown'd ;
Those famous years of ancient times,
for miracles renown'd.
6 By night I recollect my songs,
on former triumphs made ;
Then search, consult, and ask my heart,
where's now that wond'rous aid ?
7 Has God for ever cast us off ?
withdrawn his favour quite ?
8 Are both his mercy and his truth
retir'd to endless night ?

9 Can his long-practis'd love forget
its wonted aids to bring ?

Has he in wrath shut up and seal'd
his mercy's healing spring ?

10 I said, my weakness hints these fears ;
but I'll my fears disband ;

I'll yet remember the Most High,
and years of his right-hand.

11 I'll call to mind his works of old,
the wonders of his might ;

12 On them my heart shall meditate,
my tongue shall them recite.

13 Safe lodg'd from human search on high
O God, thy counsels are !

Who is so great a God as ours ?
who can with him compare ?

14 Long since a God of wonders thee
thy rescu'd people found :

15 Long since hast thou thy chosen seed
with strong deliv'rance crown'd.

16 When thee O God, the waters saw,
the frighted billows shrunk :

The troubled depths themselves, for fear
beneath their channels sunk.

17 The clouds pour'd down, while rending
did with their noise conspire (skies

Thy arrows all abroad were sent,
wing'd with avenging fire.

18 Heav'n with thy thunder's voice was torn
whilst all the lower world (seem'd

With lightning blaz'd, earth shook and
from her foundations hurl'd.

19 Thro'

Thro' rolling streams thou find'st thy
 thy paths in waters lie ; (way
 Thy wond'rous passage, where no fight
 thy footsteps can descry.

Thou led'st thy people like a flock ;
 safe thro' the desert land,
 By Moses, their meek skilful guide,
 and Aaron's sacred hand.

P S A L M LXXVIII.

HEAR, O my people, to my law,
 devout attention lend ;
 let the instruction of my mouth
 deep in your hearts descend.
 My tongue, by inspiration taught,
 shall parables unfold,
 Dark oracles, but understood,
 and own'd for truths of old ;
 Which we from sacred registers
 of ancient times have known,
 And our forefathers pious care
 to us has handed down.
 We will not hide them from our sons ;
 our offspring shall be taught
 the praises of the Lord, whose strength
 has works of wonders wrought.

For Jacob he this law ordain'd,
 this league with Israel made ;
 With charge, to be from age to age,
 from race to race convey'd.
 That generations yet to come,
 should to their unborn heirs
 religiously transmit the same,
 and they again to theirs.

- 7 To teach them that in God alone
their hope securely stands ;
That they should ne'er his works forget,
but keep his just commands.
- 8 Lest, like their fathers, they might prove
a stiff rebellious race,
False-hearted, fickle to their God,
unstedfast in his grace.
- 9 Such were, revolting Ephraim's sons,
who tho' to warfare bred,
And skilful archers arm'd with bows,
from field ignobly fled.
- 10, 11 They falsify'd their league with God
his orders disobey'd,
Forgot his works and miracles
before their eyes display'd.
- 12 Nor wonders, which their fathers saw,
did they in mind retain ;
Prodigious things in Egypt done,
and Zoan's fertile plain.
- 13 He cut the seas to let them pass,
restrain'd the pressing flood ;
While pil'd on heaps, on either side,
the solid water stood.
- 14 A wond'rous pillar led them on,
compos'd of shade and light ;
A shelt'ring cloud it prov'd by day,
a leading fire by night. (stream
- 15 When drought oppress'd them, where n
the wilderness supply'd.
He cleft the rock, whose flinty breast
dissolv'd into a tide.

- 16 Streams from the solid rock he brought
which down in rivers fell,
That trav'ling with their camps each day
renew'd the miracle.
- 17 Yet there they sinn'd against him more,
provoking the Most High ;
In the same desert where he did
their fainting souls supply.
- 18 They first incens'd him in their hearts,
that did his pow'r distrust,
And long'd for meat, not urg'd by want ;
but to indulge their lust.
- 19 Then utter'd their blaspheming doubts,
“ Can God, say they, prepare
“ A table in the wilderness,
“ set out with various fare ?”
- 20 “ He smote the flinty rock (tis true)
“ and gushing streams ensu'd ;
“ But can he corn and flesh provide
“ for such a multitude ?”
- 21 The Lord with indignation heard :
from heav'n avenging flame
On Jacob fell, consuming wrath
on thankless Isr'el came.
- 22 Because their unbelieving hearts
in God would not confide,
Nor trust his care, who had from heav'n
their wants so oft supply'd :
- 23 Tho' he had made his clouds discharge
provisions down in show'rs ;
And when earth fail'd, reliev'd their needs
from his cœlestial stores.

24. Tho' tasteful manna was rain'd down
their hunger to relieve;

Tho' from the stores of heav'n they did
sustaining corn receive.

25. Thus man with angels sacred food,
ungrateful man, was fed ;

Not sparingly, for still they found
a plenteous table spread.

26. From heav'n he made an east wind blow,
then did the south command,

27. To rain down flesh like dust, and fowls
like sea's unnumber'd sand.

28. Within their trenches he let fall
the luscious easy prey,

And all around their spreading camp
the feather'd booty lay.

29. They fed, were fill'd, he gave them leave
their appetites to feast ;

30, 31. Yet still their wonted lust crav'd on,
nor with their hunger ceas'd :

But whilst, in their luxurious mouths,
they did their dainties chew,

The wrath of God smote down their chiefs,
and Israel's chosen flew.

P A R T II.

32. Yet still they stand, nor would afford
his miracles belief ;

33. Therefore thro' fruitless travels he
consum'd their lives in grief.

34. When some were slain, the rest return'd
to God with early cry ;

35. Own'd him the rock of their defence,
their Saviour God most high.

36 But

- 36 But this was feign'd submission all,
their heart their tongue bely'd ;
37 Their heart was still perverse, nor would
firm in his league abide.
38 Yet, full of mercy he forgave,
nor did with death chastise !
But turn'd his kindled wrath aside,
or would not let it rise.
39 For he remember'd they were flesh,
that could not long remain ;
A murmur'ing wind that's quickly past,
and ne'er returns again.
40 How oft did they provoke him there,
How oft his patience grieve,
In that same desert where he did
their fainting souls relieve !
41 They tempted him by turning back,
and wickedly repin'd ;
When Israel's God refus'd to be
by their desires confin'd.
42 Nor call'd to mind the hand and day
that their redemption brought ;
43 His signs in Egypt, wond'rous works
in Zoan's valley wrought.
44 He turn'd the rivers into blood,
that man and beast forbore ;
And rather chose to die of thirst,
than drink the putrid gore.
45 He sent devouring swarms of flies,
hoarse frogs annoy'd their soil,
46 Locusts and caterpillars reap'd
the harvest of their toil.

47 Their vines with batt'ring hail were broke,
with frost the fig-tree dies ;

48 Lightning and hail made flocks and herds
one general sacrifice.

49 He turn'd his anger loose and set
no time for it to cease ;

And with their plagues bad angels sent
their torments to increase.

50 He clear'd a passage for his wrath
to ravage uncontroll'd ;

The murrain on their firstlings seiz'd
in ev'ry field and fold :

51 The deadly pest from beast to man,
from field to city came ;

It slew their heirs, their eldest hopes,
through all the tents of Ham.

52 But his own tribe, like folded sheep,
he brought from their distress ;

And them conducted like a flock,
throughout the wilderness.

53 He led them on, and in their way
no cause of fear they found ;

But march'd securely through those deeps,
in which their foes were drown'd.

54 Nor ceas'd his care till them he brought
safe to his promis'd land,

And to his holy mount, the prize
of his victorious hand.

55 To them the out-cast heathen's land
He did by lot divide ;

And in their foes abandon'd tents,
made Isr'el's tribes reside.

P A R T III.

56 Yet still they tempted, still provok'd
the wrath of God most high ;

Nor would to practise his commands
their stubborn hearts apply :

57 But in their father's faithless steps
perversely chose to go :

They turn'd aside, like arrows shot,
from some deceitful bow.

58 For him to fury they provok'd
with altars set on high ;

And with their graven images
inflam'd his jealousy.

59 When God heard this, on Isr'el's tribes
his wrath and hatred fell ;

60 He quitted Shiloh, and the tents
where once he chose to dwell.

61 To vile captivity his ark,
his glory to disdain,

62 His people to the sword he gave,
nor would his wrath restrain.

63 Destructive war their ablest youth
untimely did confound ;

No virgin was to th' altar led,
with nuptial garlands crown'd.

64 In fight the sacrificer fell,
the priest a victim bled ;

And widows, who their death should mourn,
themselves of grief were dead.

65 Then as a giant rous'd from sleep,
whom wine had throughly warm'd,
Shouts out aloud ; the Lord awak'd,
and his proud foe alarm'd.

66 He smote their host, that from the field
a scatter'd remnant came,
With wounds imprinted on their backs
of everlasting shame.

67 With conquests crown'd by Joseph's tents
and Ephraim's tribe forsook;

68 But Judah chose, and Sion's mount
for his lov'd dwelling took.

69 His temple he erected there,
with spires exalted high:

While deep and fix'd as that of earth
the strong foundations lie.

70 His faithful servant David too,
he for his choice did own,

And from the sheepfolds him advanc'd
to sit on Judah's throne.

71 From tending on the teeming ewes,
he brought him forth to feed,

His own inheritance, the tribes
of Israel's chosen feed.

72 Exalted thus the monarch prov'd
a faithful shepherd still;

He fed them with an upright heart,
and guided them with skill.

P S A L M LXXIX.

1 **B**EHOLD, O God, how heathen hoſts
have thy poſſeſſion ſeiz'd !
Thy ſacred houſe they have deſil'd,
thy holy city raz'd.

2 The mangled bodies of thy ſaints,
abroad unburied lay ;

Their fleſh expos'd to ſavage beaſts,
and rav'nous birds of prey.

- 3 Quite thro' Jerus'lem was their blood
like common water shed ;
And none were left alive to pay
last duties to the dead.
- 4 The neighb'ring lands our small remains
with loud reproaches wound ;
And we a laughing stock are made
to all the nations round.
- 5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord,
must we for ever mourn ?
Shall thy devouring jealous rage,
like fire for ever burn ?
- 6 On foreign lands that know not thee,
thy heavy vengeance show'r ;
Those sinful kingdoms let it crush,
that have not own'd thy pow'r.
- 7 For their devouring jaws have prey'd
on Jacob's chosen race ;
And to a barren desert turn'd
their fruitful dwelling-place.
- 8 O think not on our former sins,
but speedily prevent
The utter ruin of thy saints,
almost with sorrow spent !
- 9 Thou God of our salvation, help,
and free our souls from blame ;
So shall our pardon and defence
exalt thy glorious name.
- 10 Let infidels, that scoffing say,
“ where is the God they boast ? ”
In vengeance for thy slaughter'd saints,
perceive thee to their cost.

11 Lord, hear the sighing pris'ners moans,
thy saving pow'r extend ;
Preserve the wretches doom'd to die,
from that untimely end.

12 On them, who us oppress, let all
our suff'rings be repaid :
Make their confusion seven times more
than what on us they laid.

13 So we thy people and thy flock,
shall ever praise thy name ;
And with glad hearts our grateful thanks
from age to age proclaim.

P S A L M LXXX.

1 **O** Isr'el's shepherd, Joseph's guide,
Our pray'rs to thee vouchsafe to hear ;
Thou that dost on the cherubs ride,
Again in solemn state appear.

2 Behold how Benjamin expects,
With Ephraim and Manassah join'd,
In our deliv'rance, the effects
Of thy resistless strength to find.

3 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The lustre of thy face display ;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

4 O thou, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?
How long thy suff'ring people pray,
And to their pray'rs have no return ?

5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench
Our scanty food in floods of woe :
When dry, our raging thirst we quench
With streams of tears that largely flow.

6 For us the heathen nations round,
As for a common prey, contest :
Our foes with spiteful joy abound,
And at our lost condition jest.

7 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The lustre of thy face display,
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

P A R T II.

8 Thou brought'st a vine from Egypt's land,
And casting out the heathen race,
Did'st plant it with thine own right hand,
And firmly fix'd it in their place.

9 Before it thou prepar'dst the way,
And mad'st it take a lasting root,
Which, bless'd with thy indulgent ray,
O'er all the land did widely shoot.

10, 11 The hills were cover'd with its shade,
Its goodly boughs did cedars seem :
Its branches to the sea were spread,
And reach'd to proud Euphrate's stream.

12 Why then hast thou its hedge o'erthrown,
Which thou hast made so firm and strong ?
Whilst all its grapes, defenceless grown,
Are pluck'd by those that pass along.

13 See how the bristling forest boar
With dreadful fury lays it waste :
Lark ! how the savage monsters roar,
And to their helpless prey make haste.

P A R T III.

14 To thee, O God of hosts, we pray
Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew ;

N

From

From heav'n thy throne this vine survey,
And her sad state with pity view.

15 Behold the vineyard, made by thee,
Which thy right hand did guard so long ;
And keep that branch from danger free,
Which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.

16 To wasting flames 'tis made a prey,
And all its spreading boughs cut down ;
At thy rebuke they soon decay,
And perish at thy dreadful frown.

17 Crown thou the king with good success
By thy right hand secur'd from wrong :
The son of man in mercy blest,
Whom for thyself thou mad'st so strong.

18 So shall we still continue free,
From whatsoe'er deserves thy blame ;
And if once more reviv'd by thee,
Will always praise thy holy name.

19 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
Thè lustre of thy face display,
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

P S A L M LXXXI.

TO God, our never failing strength,
with loud applauses sing :
And jointly make a chearful noise
to Jacob's awful King.

2 Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
your instruments of joy ;
Let psalteries and pleasant harps,
your grateful skill employ.

- 3 Let trumpets at the great new moon
their joyful voices raise,
To celebrate th' appointed time,
the solemn day of praise.
- 4 For this a statute was of old,
which Jacob's God decreed,
To be with pious care observ'd
by Isr'el's chosen seed.
- 5 This, he for a memorial fix'd,
when freed from Egypt's land ;
Strange nations barb'rous speech we heard,
but could not understand.
- 6 Your burthen'd shoulders I reliev'd,
(thus seem'd our God to say)
Your servile hands by me were freed
from lab'ring in the clay.
- 7 Your ancestors, with wrongs oppress'd,
to me for aid did call :
With pity I their suff'rings saw,
and set them free from all.
They sought for me, and from the cloud
in thunder I reply'd :
At Meribah's contentious stream
their faith and duty try'd.

P A R T II.

- 8 While I my solemn will declare,
my chosen people hear :
If thou, O Isr'el, to my words
wilt lend thy list'ning ear ;
Then shall no God besides myself
within thy coasts be found :
Nor shalt thou worship any God
of all the nations round.

10 The Lord thy God am I, who thee
brought forth from Egypt's land :
Tis I, that all thy just desires
supply with lib'ral hand.

11 But they, my chosen race refus'd
to hearken to my voice ;
Nor would rebellious Iſr'el's ſons
make me their happy choice.

12 So I provok'd, resign'd them up,
to ev'ry luſt a prey ;
And in their own perverſe deſigns
permitted them to ſtray.

13 O that my people wiſely would
my juſt commandments heed !
And Iſr'el in my righteous ways
with pious care proceed.

14 Then ſhould my heavy judgments fall
on all that them oppoſe ;
And my avenging hand be turn'd
againſt their num'rous foes.

15 Their enemies and mine ſhould all
before my footſtool bend :
But as for them, their happy ſtate
ſhould never know an end.

16 All parts with plenty ſhould abound !
with fineſt wheat their field :
The barren rocks, to pleaſe their taſte,
ſhould richeſt honey yield.

P S A L M LXXXII.

1 **G**OD in the great aſſembly ſtands,
where his impartial eye
In ſtate ſurveys the earthly gods,
and does their judgments try.

- 2, 3 How dare ye then unjustly judge,
or be to sinners kind ?
Defend the orphans, and the poor,
let such your justice find.
- 4 Protect the humble, helpless man,
reduc'd to deep distress,
And let not him become a prey
to such as would oppress.
- 5 They neither know, nor will they learn,
but blindly rove and stray :
Justice and truth, the world's support,
thro' all the land decay.
- 6 Well then might God in anger say,
" I've call'd you by my name :
" I've said y' are God's, the sons and heirs,
" of my immortal fame ;
- 7 " But ne'ertheless your unjust deeds
to strict account I'll call :
" You all shall die like common men,
" like other tyrants fall."
- 8 Arise, and thy just judgments, Lord,
throughout the earth display ;
And all the nations of the world
shall own thy righteous sway.

P S A L M LXXXIII.

- 1 **H**OLD not thy peace, O Lord our God,
no longer silent be ;
Nor with consenting quiet looks
our ruin calmly see !
- 2 For lo ! the tumults of thy foes
o'er all the land are spread ;
And they, which hate thy saints and thee,
lift up their threat'ning head.

3 Against thy zealous people, Lord,
they craftily combine :

And to destroy thy chosen saints
have laid their close design.

4 " Come let us cut them off, say they,
" their nation quite deface ;

" That no remembrance may remain
" of Isr'el's hated race."

5 Thus they against thy people's peace,
consult with one consent :

And diff'ring nations jointly leagu'd
their common malice vent.

6 The Ishm'elites that dwell in tents,
with warlike Edom join'd ;

And Moab's sons our ruin vow,
with Hagar's race combin'd.

7 Proud Ammon's off-spring, Gebal too
with Amalek conspire :

The Lords of Palestine, and all
the wealthy sons of Tyre.

8 All these the strong Assyrian king
their firm ally have got ;

Who, with a pow'rful army aids
th' incestuous race of Lot.

P. A R T II.

9 But let such vengeance come to them,
as once to Midian came ;

To Jabin and proud Sisera,
at Kishon's fatal stream.

10 When thy right hand their num'rous
near Endor did confound, [hosts

And left their carcasses for dung
to feed the hungry ground.

- 11 Let all their mighty men the fate
of Zeb and Oreb share :
As Zeba and Zalmunnah, so
let all their princes fare.
- 12 Who, with the same design inspir'd,
thus vainly boasting spake.
“ In firm possession for ourselves
“ let us God's houses take.
- 13 To ruin let them haste, like wheels
which downward swiftly move :
Like chaff before the wind, let all
their scatter'd forces prove.
- 14, 15 As flames consume dry wood or heath
that on parch'd mountains grows,
So let thy fierce pursuing wrath
with terror strike thy foes.
- 16, 17 Lord, shroud their faces with disgrace,
that they may own thy name :
Or them confound, whose harden'd hearts
thy gentler means disclaim.
- 18 So shall the wond'ring world confess
that thou who claim'st alone
Jehovah's name, o'er all the earth
hast rais'd thy lofty throne.

P S A L M LXXXIV.

- 1 **O** God of hosts, the mighty Lord,
how lovely is the place,
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
the brightness of thy face !
- 2 My longing soul faints with desire,
to view thy blest abode :
My panting heart and flesh cry out
for thee, the living God.

- 3 The birds, more happy far than I,
around thy temple throng ;
Securely there they build, and there
securely hatch their young.
- 4 O Lord of hosts, my king and God,
how highly blest are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
and there thy praise display !
- 5 Thrice happy they whose choice has thee
their sure protection made,
Who long to tread the sacred ways
that to thy dwelling lead !
- 6 Who pass thro' Baco's thirfty vale,
yet no refreshment want :
Their pools are fill'd with rain, which thou
at their request do'st grant.
- 7 Thus they proceed from strength to strength,
and still approach more near ;
'Till all on Sion's holy mount
before their God appear.
- 8 O Lord, the mighty God of hosts,
my just requests regard ;
Thou God of Jacob, let my pray'r
be still with favour heard.
- 9 Behold, O God, for thou alone
can'st timely aid dispense :
On thy anointed servant look,
be thou his strong defence.
- 10 For in thy courts one single day-
'tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

Much rather in God's house will I
 the meanest office take,
 Than in the wealthy tents of sin
 my pompous dwelling make.
 11 For God, who is our sun and shield,
 will grace and glory give ;
 And no good thing will he withhold
 from them that justly live.

12 Thou God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
 how highly blest is he,
 Whose hope and trust securely plac'd,
 is still repos'd on thee !

P S A L M LXXXV.

1 **L**ORD, thou hast granted to thy land,
 the favours we implor'd,
 And faithful Jacob's captive race
 most graciously restor'd.
 2, 3 Thy people's sins thou hast absolv'd,
 and all their guilt defac'd :
 Thou hast not let thy wrath flame on,
 Nor thy fierce anger last.
 4 O God our Saviour, all our hearts
 to thy obedience turn ;
 That, kindled by our former sins,
 thy wrath no more may burn ?
 5, 6 For why should'st thou be angry still,
 and wrath so long retain ?
 Revive us, Lord, and let thy saints
 thy wonted comfort gain.
 7 Thy gracious favour, Lord, display,
 which we have long implor'd ;
 And for thy wond'rous mercy's sake,
 thy wonted aid afford.

- 8 God's answer patiently I'll wait;
for he with glad success,
(If they no more to folly turn)
his mourning saints will bless.
- 9 To all that fear his holy name,
his sure salvation's near;
And in its former happy state
our nation shall appear.
- 10 For mercy now with truth is join'd;
and righteousness with peace,
Like kind companions absent long,
with friendly arms embrace.
- 11, 12 Truth from the earth shall spring whilst
shall streams of justice pour, [heav'n
And God from whom all goodness flows,
shall endless plenty show'r.
- 13 Before him righteousness shall march,
and his just paths prepare;
Whilst we his holy steps pursue
with constant zeal and care.

P S A L M LXXXVI.

- 1 **T**O my complaint, O Lord my God,
thy gracious ear incline:
Hear me distress'd and destitute
of all relief but thine;
- 2 Do thou, O God, preserve my soul,
that does thy name adore:
Thy servant keep, and him, whose trust
relies on thee, restore.
- 3 To me, who daily thee invoke,
thy mercy, Lord, extend:
- 4 Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
on thee alone depend.

5. Thou,

- 5 Thou, Lord, art good, not only good,
but prompt to pardon too,
Of plenteous mercy to all those,
who for thy mercy sue.
- 6 To my repeated humble pray'r,
O Lord, attentive be :
- 7 When troubled, I on thee will call,
for thou wilt answer me.
- 8 Among the god's there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine !
To thee as much inferior they,
as are their works to thine.
- 9 Therefore their great Creator, thee,
the nations shall adore ;
Their long misguided pray'rs and praise
to thy blest name restore.
- 10 All shall confess thee great, and great
the wonders thou hast done !
Confess thee God, thee God supreme,
confess thee God alone.

P A R T II.

- 11 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I
from truth shall ne'er depart ;
In rev'rance to thy sacred name
devoutly fix my heart.
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
praise thee with heart sincere :
And to thy everlasting name
eternal trophies rear.
- 13 Thy boundless mercy shewn to me,
transcends my pow'r to tell,
For thou hast oft redeem'd my soul
from lowest depths of hell.

14 O God the sons of pride and strife
have my destruction sought,
Regardless of thy pow'r that oft
has my deliv'rance wrought :

15 But thou thy constant goodness did'st
to my assistance bring ;

O patience, mercy, and of truth,
thou everlasting spring !

16 O bounteous Lord, thy grace and strength,
to me thy servant show ;

Thy kind protection, Lord, on me,
thine handmaid's son bestow.

17 Some signal give, which my proud foe
may see with shame and rage,

When thou, O Lord, for my relief
and comfort dost engage.

P S A L M LXXXVII.

1 **G**OD's temple crowns the holy mount;
the Lord there condescends to dwell;

2 His Sion's gates in his account
Our Isr'el's fairest tents excell.

3 Fame glorious things of thee shall sing,
O city of th' almighty King !

4 I'll mention Rahab with due praise,
In Babylon's applauses join,

The fame of Ethiopia raise,

With that of Tyre and Palestine ;

And grant that some, amongst them born,
Their age and country did adorn.

5 But still of Sion I'll aver,

That many such from her proceed :

Th' almighty shall establish her.

6 His gen'ral list shall shew, when read,

That

That such a person there was born,
And such did such an age adorn.

7 He'll Sion find with numbers fill'd
Of such as merit high renown ;
For hand and voice musicians skill'd.
And (her transcending fame to crown)
Of such she shall successions bring
Like waters from a living spring.

P S A L M LXXXVIII.

1 **T**O thee, my God and Saviour, I
By day and night address my cry ;
2 Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear,
To my distress incline thine ear :
3 For seas of trouble me invade,
My soul draws nigh to death's cold shade.
4 Like one whose strength and hopes are fled,
They number me among the dead.

5 Like those, who shrouded in the grave,
From thee no more remembrance have ;
6 Cast off from thy sustaining care,
Down to the confines of despair.
7 Thy wrath has hard upon me lain,
Afflicting me with restless pain :
Me all thy mountain waves have prest,
Too weak, alas ! to bear the least.

8 Remov'd from friends I sigh alone,
In a loath'd dungeon laid, where none
A visit will vouchsafe to me,
Confin'd, past hopes of liberty.

9 My eyes from weeping never cease,
They waste, but still my griefs increase ;
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I've pray'd,
With out-stretch'd hands invok'd thy aid.

O

10 Wilt

10 Wilt thou by miracle revive
 The dead, whom thou forsook'st alive ?
 From death restore thy praise to sing,
 Whom thou from prison would'st not bring:
 11 Shall the mute grave thy love confess ?
 A mould'ring tomb thy faithfulness ?
 12 Thy truth and power renown obtain,
 Where darkness and oblivion reign ?

13 To thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn ;
 My pray'r prevents the early morn.
 14 Why hast thou, Lord, my soul forsook,
 Nor once vouchsaf'd a gracious look ?
 15 Prevailing sorrows bear me down,
 Which from my youth with me have grown ;
 Thy terrors past distract my mind,
 And fears of blacker days behind.

16 Thy wrath hath burst upon my head,
 Thy terrors fill my soul with dread ;
 17 Environ'd as with waves combin'd,
 And for a gen'ral deluge join'd.
 18 My lovers, friends, familiars, all
 Remov'd from sight, and out of call ;
 To dark oblivion all retir'd,
 Dead, or at least to me expir'd.

P S A L M LXXXIX.

1 **T**HY mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
 My song on them shall ever dwell :
 To ages yet unborn, my tongue
 Thy never-failing truth shall tell.
 2 I have affirm'd and still maintain,
 Thy mercy shall for ever last ;
 Thy truth that does the heav'ns sustain,
 Like them shall stand for ever fast.

3 Thou

3 Thus spak'st thou by thy prophet's voice,
" With David I a league have made ;
" To him, my servant, and my choice,
" By solemn oath this grant convey'd ;
4 " While earth and seas, and skies endure,
" Thy seed shall in my sight remain ;
" To them thy throne I will ensure,
" They shall to endless ages reign."

5 For such stupendous truth and love,
Both heav'n and earth just praises owe,
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.

6 What seraph of celestial birth
To vie with Isr'el's God shall dare ?
Or who among the gods of earth,
With our almighty Lord compare ?

7 With rev'rence and religious dread,
His saints should to his temple press ;
His fear thro' all their hearts should spread,
Who his almighty name confess.

8 Lord God of armies, who can boast
Of strength or pow'r, like thine renown'd ?
Of such a num'rous faithful host,
As that which does thy throne surround.

9 Thou dost the lawless sea controul,
And change the prospect of the deep ;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.

10 Thou break'st in pieces Rahab's pride,
And did'st oppressing pow'r disarm :
Thy scatter'd foes have dearly try'd
The force of thy resistless arm.

11 In thee the sov'reign right remains
Of earth and heav'n ; thee, Lord alone
The world and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preserver own.

12 The poles on which the globe does rest,
Were form'd by thy creating voice ;
Tabor and Hermon, east and west,
In thy sustaining pow'r rejoice.

13 Thy arm is mighty, strong thy hand,
Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign ;

14 Possess'd of absolute command,
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain.

15 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
Thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound ;
Who may at festivals appear,
With thy most glorious presence crown'd.

16 Thy saints shall always be o'erjoy'd,
Who on thy sacred name rely ;

And in thy righteousness employ'd,
Above their foes be rais'd on high ;

17 For in thy strength they shall advance,
Whose conquest from thy favour spring.

18 The Lord of host is our defence,
And Isr'el's God our Isr'el's King.

19 Thus spak'st thou by thy prophet's voice,
“ A mighty champion I will send.

“ From Judah's tribe have I made choice
“ Of one who shall the rest defend.

20 “ My servant David I have found,
“ With holy oil anointed him ;

21 “ Him shall the hand support that crown'd,
“ And guard that gave the diadem.

22 “ No

22 " No prince from him shall tribute force,
 " No sons of strife shall him annoy ;
 23 " His spiteful foes I will disperse,
 " And them before his face destroy.
 24 " My truth and grace shall him sustain ;
 His armies in well order'd ranks,
 25 " Shall conquer from the Tyrian main
 " To Tygris and Euphrates banks.

26 " Me for his father he shall take,
 " His God and rock of safety call ;
 27 " Him I my first-born son will make,
 " And earthly kings his subjects all.
 28 To him my mercy I'll secure,
 " My cov'nant make for ever fast.
 29 " His seed for ever shall endure,
 " His throne, till heav'n dissolves shall last ;

P A R T II.

30 " But if his heirs my law forsake ;
 " And from my sacred precepts stray ;
 31 " If they my righteous statutes break,
 " Nor strictly my commands obey ;
 32 " Their sins I'll visit with a rod,
 " And for their folly make them smart ;
 33 " Yet will not cease to be their God,
 " Nor from my truth, like them, depart.

34 " My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
 " But in remembrance fast retain ;
 " The thing that once my lips have spoke
 " Shall in eternal force remain.

35 Once have I sworn, but once for all,
 " And made my holiness the tie,
 " That I my grant will ne'er recall,
 " Nor to my servant David lie.

36 "Whose throne and race the constant sun
 "Shall, like his course, establish'd see :

37 "Of this my oath, thou conscious moon,
 "In heav'n my faithful witness be."

38 Such was thy gracious promise, Lord,
 But thou hast now our tribes forsook,
 Thy own anointed hast abhor'd,
 And turn'd on him thy wrathful look.

39 Thou seemest to have render'd void
 The cov'nant with thy servant made,
 Thou hast his dignity destroy'd,
 And in the dust his honor laid.

40 Of strong holds thou hast him bereft,
 And brought his bulwarks to decay ;

41 His frontier coasts defenceless left,
 A public scorn and common prey.

42 His ruin does glad triumphs yield
 To foes advanc'd by thee to might ;

43 Thou hast his conqu'ring sword unsteel'd,
 His valour turn'd to shameful flight.

44 His glory is to darkness fled,
 His throne is levell'd with the ground :

45 His youth to wretched bondage led,
 With shame o'erwhelm'd and sorrow drown'd.

46 How long shall we thy absence mourn ?
 Wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire ?

Shall thy consuming anger burn
 'Till that and we at once expire ?

47 Consider, Lord, how short a space
 Thou dost for mortal life ordain ;

No method to prolong the race,
 But loading it with grief and pain.

48 What

- 48 What man is he that can controul
 Death's strict unalterable doom ?
 Or rescue from the grave his soul,
 The grave that must mankind entomb ?
- 49 Lord, where's thy love, thy boundless
 The oath to which thy truth did seal, [grace
 Consign'd to David and his race,
 The grant which time should ne'er repeal ?
- 50 See how thy servants treated are
 With infamy, reproach and spite ;
 Which in my silent breast I bear ;
 From nations of licentious might.
- 51 How they, reproaching thy great name,
 Have made thy servant's hope their jest :
- 52 Yet thy just praises we'll proclaim,
 And ever sing, the Lord be blest.

Amen, Amen.

P S A L M XC.

- 1 **O** LORD, the Saviour and defence
 of us thy chosen race,
 From age to age thou still has been
 our sure abiding place.
- 2 Before thou brought'st the mountains forth
 or th' earth or world did'st frame,
 Thou always wert the mighty God,
 and ever art the same :
- 3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
 of which he first was made ;
 And when thou speak'st the word, return,
 'tis instantly obey'd.
- 4 For in thy sight a thousand years
 are like a day that's past,
 Or like a watch in dead of night,
 whose hours unminded waste.

5 Thou

5 Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
we vanish hence like dreams :

At first we grow like grafs that feels
the fun's reviving beams :

6 But howsoever fresh and fair,
its morning beauty shows ;

'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite,
before the evening close.

7, 8 We by thine anger are consum'd,
and by thy wrath dismay'd ;

Our public crimes and secret fins
before thy sight are laid.

9 Beneath thy anger's sad effects
our drooping days we spend ;

Our unregarded years break off,
like tales that quickly end.

10 Our term of time is seventy years,
an age that few survive :

But if, with more than common strength,
to eighty we arrive ;

Yet then our boasted strength decays,
to sorrow turn'd and pain :

So soon the slender thread is cut,
and we no more remain.

P A R T II.

11 But who thy anger's dread effects
does, as he ought, revere ?

And yet thy wrath does fall or rise,
as more or less we fear.

12 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum
of our short days to mind,

That to true wisdom all our hearts
may ever be inclin'd.

13 O to thy servants, Lord, return,
and speedily relent !

As we of our misdeeds, do thou
of our just doom repent.

14 To satisfy and cheer our souls,
thy early mercy send ;

That we may all our days to come,
in joy and comfort spend.

15 Let happy times with large amends
dry up our former tears,

Or equal at the least the term
of our afflicted years.

16 To all thy servants, Lord, let this
thy wond'rous work be known,

And to our offspring yet unborn,
thy glorious pow'r be shown.

17 Let thy bright rays upon us shine,
give thou our work success ;

The glorious work we have in hand
do thou vouchsafe to bless.

P S A L M XCI.

1 **H**E that has God his guardian made,
Shall, under the Almighty's shade,
Secure and undisturb'd abide.

2 Thus to my soul, of him I'll say,
He is my fortress and my stay,
My God in whom I will confide.

3 His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisome pestilence :

4 He over thee his wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head ;
His truth shall be thy strong defence.

- 5 No terrors that surprize by night,
Shall thy undaunted courage fright,
Nor deadly shafts that fly by day ;
6 Nor plague, of unknown rise, that kills
In darkness, nor infectious ills
That in the hottest season slay.
- 7 A thousand at thy side shall die,
At thy right hand ten thousand lie,
While thy firm health untouch'd remains.
8 Thou only shalt look on and see
The wicked's sad catastrophe,
And count the sinner's mournful gains.
- 9 Because (with well-plac'd confidence)
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,
And on the highest dost rely ;
10 Therefore no ill shall thee befall,
Nor to thy healthful dwelling shall
Any infectious plague draw nigh.
- 11 For he throughout thy happy days
To keep thee safe in all thy ways,
Shall give his angels strict commands ;
12 And they, lest thou should'st chance
to meet
With some rough stone to wound thy feet,
Shall bear thee safely in their hands.
- 13 Dragons and asps that thirst for blood,
And lions roaring for their food,
Beneath his conqu'ring feet shall lie.
14 Because he lov'd and honour'd me,
Therefore (says God) I'll set him free,
And fix his glorious throne on high.
- 15 He'll call ; I'll answer when he calls,
And rescue him when ill befalls ;

Increase his honour and his wealth :
 16 And when, with undisturb'd content,
 His long and happy life is spent,
 His end I'll crown with saving health.

P S A L M XCII.

1 **H**OW good and pleasant must it be
 to thank the Lord most high ;
 And with repeated hymns of praise,
 his name to magnify.
 2 With ev'ry morning's early dawn,
 his goodness to relate ;
 And of his constant truth each night
 the glad effects repeat.
 3 To ten string'd instruments we'll sing,
 with tuneful psalteries join'd,
 And to the harp, with solemn sounds,
 for sacred use design'd.
 4 For thro' thy wond'rous works, O Lord,
 thou mak'st my heart rejoice ;
 The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
 and shout with chearful voice.
 5, 6 How wond'rous are thy works, O Lord !
 how deep are thy decrees !
 Whose winding tracts in secret laid,
 no stupid sinner sees.
 7 He little thinks, when wicked men,
 like grafs look fresh and gay ;
 How soon their short-liv'd splendor must
 for ever pass away.
 8, 9 But thou, my God, art still most high ;
 and all thy lofty foes,
 Who thought they might securely sin,
 shall be o'erwhelm'd with woes.

10 Whilst thou exalt'st my sov'reign pow'r,
and mak'st it largely spread ;
And with refreshing oil anoint'st
my consecrated head.

11 I soon shall see my stubborn foes
to utter ruin brought ;
And hear the dismal end of those,
who have against me fought.

12 But righteous men, like fruitful palms,
shall make a glorious show ;
As cedars that on Lebanon
in stately order grow.

13, 14 These, planted in the house of God,
within his courts shall thrive :
Their vigour and their lustre both
shall in old age revive :
15 Thus will the Lord his justice shew ;
and God, my strong defence,
Shall due reward to all the world
impartially dispense.

P S A L M XCIII.

With glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2 How surely stablish'd is thy throne !
Which shall no change or period see ;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone
Art God from all eternity.

3, 4 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voices,
And toss the troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

5 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they, that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

P S A L M XCIV.

1, 2 **O** GOD, to whom revenge belongs,
thy vengeance now disclose;
Arise, thou judge of all the earth,
and crush thy haughty foes.

3, 4 How long, O Lord, shall sinful men
their solemn triumphs make;
How long their wicked actions boast,
and insolently speak?

5, 6 Not only they thy saints oppress,
but unprovok'd they spill
The widow's and the stranger's blood,
and helpless orphans kill.

7 " And yet the Lord shall ne'er perceive,
(prophanely thus they speak)
" Nor any notice of our deeds
" the God of Jacob take."

8 At length, ye stupid fools, your wants
endeavour to discern:
In folly will you still proceed,
and wisdom never learn?

9, 10 Can he be deaf who form'd the ear,
or blind who fram'd the eye?
Shall earth's great judge not punish those,
who his known will defy?

11 He fathoms all the thoughts of men,
to him their hearts lie bare;
His eye surveys them all, and sees
how vain their counsels are.

P A R T II.

12 Blest is the man whom thou, O Lord,
in kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred rules to walk
do'st lovingly advise.

13 This man shall rest and safety find
in seasons of distress ;

Whilst God prepares a pit for those,
that stubbornly transgress.

14 For God will never from his saints
his favour wholly take :

His own possession and his lot,
he will not quite forsake.

15 The world shall then confess thee just,
in all that thou hast done :

And those that choose thy upright ways,
shall in those paths go on.

16 Who will appear in my behalf,
(when wicked men invade)

Or who, when sinners would oppress,
my righteous cause shall plead ?

17, 18, 19 Long since had I in silence slept,
but that the Lord was near,

To stay me when I slipt ; when sad,
my troubled heart to cheer.

20 Wilt thou, who art a God most just,
their sinful throne sustain,

Who make the law a fair pretence
their wicked ends to gain ?

21 Against the lives of righteous men
they form their close design ;

And blood of innocents to spill,
in solemn league combine.

- 22 But my defence is firmly plac'd
in God the Lord most high :
He is my rock, to which I may
for refuge always fly.
- 23 The Lord shall cause their ill designs
on their own heads to fall :
He in their sins shall cut them off,
our God shall slay them all.

P S A L M XCV.

- 1 **O** Come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King,
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.
- 2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past ;
To him address in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.
- 3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is, with unrival'd glory, great :
A King superior far to all,
Whom by his title God we call.
- 4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command ;
The strength of hills, that threat the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.
- 5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sov'reign right is his :
'Tis mov'd by his almighty hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid land.
- 6 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there :
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our maker fall.

7 For he's our God, our shepherd he,
His flock and pasture sheep are we.
If then you'll (like his flock) draw near,
To-day if you his voice will hear ;

8 Let not your harden'd hearts renew
Your father's crimes and judgments too ;
Nor here provoke my wrath, as they
In desert plains of Meribah.

9 When thro' the wilderness they mov'd,
And me with fresh temptations prov'd :
They still through unbelief, rebell'd,
While they my wond'rous works beheld.

10, 11 They forty years my patience griev'd,
Tho' daily I their wants reliev'd.

Then——'tis a faithless race I said,
Whose heart from me has always stray'd ;

They ne'er will tread my righteous path :
Therefore to them in settled wrath,
Since they despis'd my rest I swear
That they should never enter there.

P S A L M XCVI.

1 **S**ING to the Lord a new-made song ;
Let earth in one assembled throng,
Her common patron's praise resound.

2 Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us has with salvation crown'd.

3 To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.

4 He's great and greatly to be prais'd ;
In majesty and glory rais'd
Above all other deities.

5 For pageantry and idols all.

Are they whom gods the heathen call ;
 He only rules who made the skies.
 6 With majesty and honour crown'd,
 Beauty and strength his throne surround :

7 Be therefore both to him restor'd
 By you, who have false Gods ador'd,
 Ascribe due honour to his name ;

8 Peace-off'rings on his altar lay,
 Before his throne your homage pay,
 Which he and he alone can claim.

9 To worship at his sacred court,
 Let all the trembling world resort.

10 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
 Whose power the universe sustains,
 And banish'd justice will restore.

11 Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,
 And heav'nly mirth let earth express ;
 Its loud applause the ocean roar,
 Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
 And for this triumph find a voice.

12 For joy let fertile vallies sing,
 The chearful groves their tribute bring ;
 The tuneful choir of birds awake,

13 The Lord's approach to celebrate,
 Who now sets out with awful state,
 His circuit through the earth to take.
 From heav'n to judge the world he's come,
 With justice to reward and doom.

P S A L M XCVII.

1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
 In his just government rejoice ;
 Let all the isles with sacred mirth,
 In his applause unite their voice.

2 Darkneſs and clouds of awful ſhade
His dazzling glory ſhroud in ſtate ;
Juſtice and truth his guards are made,
And fix'd by his pavilion wait.

3 Devouring fire before his face
His foes around with vengeance ſtruck ;
4 His lightnings ſet the world on blaze ;
Earth ſaw it, and with terror ſhook.
5 The proudeſt hills his preſence felt,
Their height nor ſtrength could help afford,
The proudeſt hills like wax did melt
In preſence of th' almighty Lord.

6 The heav'ns his righteouſneſs to ſhow,
With ſtorms of fire our foes purſu'd ;
And all the trembling world below,
Have his deſcending glory view'd.
7 Confounded be their impious hoſt,
Who make the gods, to whom they pray :
All who of pageant idols boaſt ;
To him, ye gods, your worſhip pay.

8 Glad Sion of thy triumph heard,
And Judah's daughters were o'erjoy'd ;
Be cauſe thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Have pagan pride and pow'r deſtroy'd.
9 For thou, O God, art ſeated high,
Above earth's potentates enthron'd :
Thou, Lord, unrival'd in the ſky,
Supreme by all the gods art own'd.

10 You, who to ſerve this Lord aſpire,
Abhor what's ill, and truth eſteem :
He'll keep his ſervants ſouls entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.

- 11 For seeds are sown of glorious light,
 And future harvest for the just ;
 And gladness for the heart upright,
 To recompence its pious trust.
- 12 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord ;
 Memorials of his holiness,
 Deep in your faithful breasts record,
 And with your thankful tongues confess.

P S A L M XCVIII.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord a new-made song,
 Who wond'rous things has done :
 With his right hand and holy arm,
 the conquest he has won.
- 2 The Lord has through th' astonish'd world
 display'd his saving might,
 And made his righteous acts appear
 in all the heathen's sight.
- 3 Of Isr'el's house his love and truth
 have ever mindful been ;
 Wide earth's remotest parts the pow'r
 of Isr'el's God have seen.
- 4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
 their chearful voices raise,
 And all with universal joy,
 resound their Maker's praise.
- 5 With harps and hymns soft melody,
 into the concert bring,
- 6 The trumpet and shrill cornet's sound
 before th' almighty King.
- 7 Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
 with all that seas contain ;
 The earth and her inhabitants
 join concert with the main.

8 With joy let riv'lets swell to streams,
 to spreading torrents they ;
 And ecchoing vales, from hill to hill,
 redoubled shouts convey ;
 9 To welcome down the world's great Judge,
 who does with justice come,
 And with impartial equity,
 both to reward and doom.

P S A L M XCIX.

1 **J**ehovah reigns, let therefore all
 the guilty nations quake ;
 On Cherub's wings he sits enthron'd ;
 let earth's foundations shake.
 2 On Sion's hill he keeps his court,
 his palace makes her tow'rs :
 Yet thence his sov'reignty extends
 supreme o'er earthly pow'rs.
 3 Let therefore all with praise address
 his great and dreadful name,
 And with his unresisted might
 his holiness proclaim.
 4 For truth and justice in his reign,
 of strength and pow'r take place :
 His judgments are with righteousness
 dispens'd to Jacob's race.
 5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God,
 before his footstool fall ;
 And with his unresisted might
 his holiness extol.
 6 Moses and Aaron thus of old,
 amongst his priests ador'd ;
 Amongst his prophets Samuel thus
 his sacred name implor'd :

Distress'd

Distress'd, upon the Lord they call'd,
who ne'er their suit deny'd ;

But, as with rev'rence they implor'd,
He graciously reply'd.

7 For with their camp, to guide their march
the cloudy pillar mov'd :

They kept his laws, and to his will
obedient servants prov'd.

8 He answer'd them, forgiving oft
his people for their sake ;

And those, who rashly them oppos'd,
did sad examples make.

9 With worship at his sacred courts
exalt our God and Lord ;

For he, who only holy is,
alone should be ador'd.

P S A L M C.

1 **W**ITH one consent let all the earth
2 To God their chearful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

3 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
'The flock which he vouchsafes to feed.

4 O enter then his temple gate,
'Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

5 For he's the Lord supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which all times firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

P S A L M CI.

- 1 **O**F mercy's never-failing spring,
And stedfast judgment I will sing ;
And since they both to thee belong,
To thee, O Lord, address my song.
- 2 When, Lord, thou shalt with me reside,
Wise discipline my reign shall guide ;
With blameless life myself I'll make
A pattern for my court to take.
- 3 No ill design will I pursue,
Nor those my fav'rites make that do.
- 4 Who to reproof has no regard,
Him will I totally discard.
- 5 The private slanderer shall be
In public justice doom'd by me :
From haughty looks I'll turn aside,
And mortify the heart of pride.
- 6 But honesty, call'd from her cell,
In splendor at my court shall dwell :
Who virtue's practice make their care,
Shall have the first preferments there.
- 7 No politicks shall recommend
His country's foe to be my friend :
None e'er shall to my favor rise
By flatt'ring and malicious lies.
- 8 All those who wicked courses take,
An early sacrifice I'll make ;
Cut off, destroy, 'till none remain-
God's holy city to profane.

P S A L M CII.

- 1 **W**HEN I pour out my soul in pray'r,
do thou, O Lord, attend ;
To thy eternal throne of grace
let my sad cry ascend.
- 2 O

- 2 O hide not thou thy glorious face
in times of deep distress :
Incline thine ear, and when I call,
my sorrow soon redress.
- 3 Each cloudy portion of my life
like scatter'd smoke expires ;
My shrivel'd bones are like a hearth,
that's parch'd with constant fires.
- 4 My heart like grass that feels the blast
of some infectious wind,
Does languish so with grief, that scarce
my needful food I mind.
- 5 By reason of my sad estate
I spend my breath in groans ;
My flesh is worn away, my skin
scarce hides my starting bones.
- 6 I'm like a pelican become,
that does in desarts mourn :
Or like an owl that sits all day
on barren trees forlorn.
- 7 In watchings or in restless dreams
the night by me is spent,
As by those solitary birds,
that lonesome roofs frequent.
- 8 All day by railing foes I'm made
the subject of their scorn ;
Who all possess'd with furious rage,
have my destruction sworn.
- 9 When grov'ling on the ground I lie,
oppress'd with grief and fears,
My bread it strew'd with ashes o'er,
my drink is mix'd with tears.
- 10 Because

10 Because on me with double weight
thy heavy wrath doth lie :

For thou to make my fall more great,
didst lift me up on high.

11 My days just hast'ning to their end,
are like an ev'ning shade :

My beauty does, like wither'd grass,
with waning lustre fade.

12 But thy eternal state, O Lord,
no length of time shall waste :

The mem'ry of thy wond'rous works,
from age to age shall last.

13 Thou shalt arise, and Sion view
with an unclouded face :

For now her time, is come, thy own
appointed day of grace.

14 Her scatter'd ruins by thy saints
with pity are survey'd :

They grieve to see her lofty spires
in dust and rubbish laid.

15, 16 The name and glory of the Lord
all heathen kings shall fear ;

When he shall Sion build again,
and in full state appear.

17, 18 When he regards the poor's request,
nor flights their earnest pray'r ;

Our sons for this recorded grace,
shall his just praise declare.

19 For God from his abode on high,
his gracious beams display'd ;

The Lord, from heav'n, his lofty throne,
hath all the earth survey'd.

20 He listen'd to the captives moans,
he heard their mournful cry,
And freed by his resistless pow'r,
the wretches doom'd to die.

21 That they in Sion, where he dwells,
might celebrate his fame,
And through the holy city sing
loud praises to his name.

22 When all the tribes assembling there,
their solemn vows address,
And neighb'ring lands with glad consent
the Lord their God confess.

23 But e'er my race is run, my strength
through his fierce wrath decays ;
He has, when all my wishes bloom'd,
cut short my hopeful days.

24 Lord, end not thou my life, said I,
When half is scarcely past :
Thy years from worldly changes free,
to endless ages last.

25 The strong foundations of the earth
of old by thee were laid ;
Thy hands, the beautiful arch of heav'n
with wond'rous skill have made :

26, 27 Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
they soon shall pass away ;
And like a garment often worn,
shall tarnish and decay.

Like that, when thou ordain'st their change,
to thy command they bend ;
But thou continu'st still the same,
nor have thy years an end.

28 Thou to the children of thy saints,
 shall lasting quiet give ;
 Whose happy race securely fix'd,
 shall in thy presence live.

P S A L M CIII.

1 **M**Y soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
 2 God's holy name for ever bless :
 Of all his favours mindful prove,
 And still thy grateful thanks express.
 3, 4 'Tis he that all my sins forgives,
 And after sickness makes me sound ;
 From danger he my life retrieves,
 By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

5, 6 He with good things my mouth supplies
 My vigour, eagle-like, renews :
 He, when the guiltless suff'rer cries,
 His foe with just revenge pursues.
 7 God made of old his righteous ways
 To Moses and our fathers known ;
 His works to his eternal praise,
 Were to the sons of Jacob shown.

8 The Lord abounds with tender love,
 And unexampled acts of grace ;
 His waken'd wrath does slowly move,
 His willing mercy flows apace.

9, 10 God will not always harshly chide,
 But with his anger quickly part ;
 And loves his punishments to guide,
 More by his love than our desert.

11 As high as heav'n its arch extends
 Above this little spot of clay ;
 So much his boundless love transcends
 The small respects that we can pay.

12, 13 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has he our sins remov'd,
Who with a father's tender breast
Has such as fear'd him always lov'd.

14, 15 For God, who all our frame surveys,
Considers that we are but clay :
How fresh soe'er we seem, our days
Like grass or flowers must fade away :
16, 17 Whilst they are nipt with sudden blasts,
Nor can we find their former place ;
God's faithful mercy ever lasts,
To those that fear him, and their race.

18 This shall attend on such as still
Proceed in his appointed way ;
And who not only know his will,
But to it just obedience pay.

19, 20 The Lord, the universal King,
In heav'n has fix'd his lofty throne :
To him, ye angels, praises sing,
In whose great strength his pow'r is shown.

Ye that his just commands obey,
And hear and do his sacred will ;

21 Ye hosts of his this tribute pay,
Who still what he ordains fulfil.

22 Let ev'ry creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord ; and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express,
And in this concert bear thy part.

P S A L M CIV.

Bless God, my soul ; thou, Lord, alone
Possessest empire without bounds,
With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne
Eternal majesty surrounds.

2 With light thou do'st thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take :
Heaven's curtains stretch beyond the globe
Thy canopy of state to make.

3 God builds on liquid air and forms
His palace chambers in the skies ;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms
The swift-wing'd steeds with which he flies

4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heav'n's palace fill,
To have their sundry tasks assign'd :
All proud to serve their Sov'reign's will.

5, 6 Earth on her centre fix'd he set,
Her face with waters overspread ;
Nor proudest mountains dar'd as yet,
To lift above the waves their head.

7 But when thy awful face appear'd,
Th' insulting waves dispers'd ; they fled,
When once thy thunder's voice they heard,
And by their haste confess'd their dread.

8 Thence up by secret tracks they creep,
And gushing from the mountain's side,
Thro' vallies travel to the deep,
Appointed to receive their tide.

9 There hast thou fix'd the ocean's bounds
The threatening surges to repel ;
That they no more o'erpass their bounds,
Nor to a second deluge swell.

P A R T II.

10 Yet thence in smaller parties drawn,
The sea recovers her lost hills ;
And starting springs from ev'ry lawn,
Surprize the vales with plenteous rills.

11 The

11 The fields tame beasts are thither led,
Weary with labour, faint with drought;
And asses on wild mountains bred,
Have sense to find these currents out.

12 There shady trees from scorching beams,
Yield shelter to the feather'd throng;
They drink, and to the bounteous streams
Return the tribute of their song.

13 His rains from heav'n parch'd hills recruit
That soon transmit the liquid store;
Till earth is burthen'd with her fruit,
And nature's lap can hold no more.

14 Grass, for our cattle to devour,
He makes the growth of ev'ry field;
Herbs for man's use, of various pow'r,
That either food or physick yield.

15 With cluster'd grapes he crowns the vine,
To chear man's heart oppress'd with cares,
Gives oil that makes his face to shine;
And corn, that wasted strength repairs.

P A R T III.

16 The trees of God, without the care
Or art of man, with sap are fed;
The mountain cedar looks as fair,
As those in royal garden's bred.

17 Safe in the lofty cedar's arms
The wand'ers of the air may rest;
The hospitable pine from harms
Protects the stork, her pious guest.

18 Wild goats the craggy rock ascend,
Its tow'ring heights their fortrefs make,
Whose cells in labyrinths extend,
Where feeble creatures refuge take.

19 The moon's inconstant aspect shows
Th' appointed seasons of the year ;
Th' instructed sun his duty knows,
His hours to rise and disappear.

20, 21 Darkness he makes the earth to shroud,
When forest beasts securely stray ;
Young lions roar their wants aloud
To providence that sends them prey.
22 They range all night, on slaughter bent,
'Till summon'd by the rising morn,
To skulk in dens, with one consent,
The conscious ravagers return.

23 Forth to the tillage of his soil,
The husbandman securely goes,
Commencing with the sun his toil,
With him returns to his repose.

24 How various, Lord, thy works are found,
For which thy wisdom we adore !
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,
'Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

P A R T IV.

25 But still, the vast unfathom'd main
Of wonders a new scene supplies,
Whose depths inhabitants contain,
Of ev'ry form and ev'ry size.

26 Full-freighted ships from ev'ry port,
There cut their unmolested way ;
Leviathan, whom there to sport
Thou mad'st, his compass there to play.

27 These various troops of sea and land,
In sense of common want agree :
All wait on thy dispensing hand,
And have their daily alms from thee.

28 They

28 They gather what thy stores disperse,
Without their trouble to provide :
Thou op'fst thy hand, the universe,
The craving world is all supply'd.

29 Thou for a moment hid'st thy face,
The num'rous ranks of creatures mourn ;
Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race
Forthwith to mother-earth return.

30 Again thou send'st thy spirit forth,
T' inspire the mass with vital seed ;
Nature's restor'd, and parent-earth
Smiles on her new-created breed.

31 Thus through successive ages stands
Firm fix'd thy providential care ;
Pleas'd with the work of thy own hands,
Thou do'st the wastes of time repair.

32 One look of thine, one wrathful look,
Earth's panting breast with terror fills ;
One touch from thee, with clouds of smoke
In darkness shrouds the proudest hills.

33 In praising God, while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ ;

34 And join devotion to my songs.
Sincere, as in him is my joy.

35 While sinners from earth's face are hurl'd,
My soul, praise thou his holy name,
'Till with my song, the list'ning world
Join concert, and his praise proclaim.

P S A L M CV.

1 **O** Render thanks and bless the Lord,
invoke his sacred name ;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
his matchless deeds proclaim.

- 2 Sing to his praise, in lofty hymns :
his wond'rous works rehearse ;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
and subject of your verse.
- 3 Rejoice in his almighty name,
alone to be ador'd ;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
that humbly seek the Lord.
- 4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
devoutly still implore ;
And where he's ever present, seek
his face for evermore.
- 5 The wonders that his hands have wrought,
keep thankfully in mind ;
The righteous statutes of his mouth,
and laws to us assign'd.
- 6 Know ye his servant Abr'am's seed,
and Jacob's chosen race,
- 7 He's still our God, his judgments still
throughout the earth take place.
- 8 His cov'nant he hath kept in mind
for num'rous ages past,
Which yet for thousand ages more,
in equal force shall last.
- 9 First sign'd to Abr'am, next by oath
to Isaac made secure :
- 10 To Jacob and his heirs a law
for ever to endure :
- 11 That Canaan's land should be their lot,
when yet but few they were :
- 12 But few in number, and those few
all friendless strangers there.

- 13 In pilgrimage, from realm to realm,
securely they remov'd ;
- 14 Whilst proudest monarchs for their sake,
severely he reprov'd :
- 15 " These mine anointed are, said he,
" let none my servants wrong,
" Nor treat the poorest prophet ill
" that does to me belong "
- 16 A dearth at last, by his command,
did through the land prevail :
'Till corn, the chief support of life,
sustaining corn did fail.
- 17 But his indulgent providence
had pious Joseph sent,
Sold into Egypt, but their death
who sold him to prevent.
- 18 His feet with heavy chains were crush'd,
with calumny his fame :
- 19 'Till God's appointed time and word
to his deliv'rance came.
- 20 The king his sov'reign order sent,
and rescu'd him with speed ;
Whom private malice had confin'd,
the people's ruler freed.
- 21 His court, revenues, realms, were all
subjected to his will ;
- 22 His greatest princes to controul,
and teach his statesmen skill.

P A R T II.

- 23 To Egypt then, invited guests,
half-famish'd Isr'el came ;
And Jacob held, by royal grant,
the fertile soil of Ham.

- 24 Th' Almighty there with such increase
his people multiply'd,
'Till with their proud oppressors they
in strength and number vy'd ;
- 25 Their vast increase th' Egyptian hearts,
with jealous anger fir'd,
'Till they his servants to destroy
by treach'rous arts conspir'd.
- 26 His servant Moses then he sent,
his chosen Aaron too :
- 27 Impower'd with signs and miracles
to prove their mission true.
- 28 He call'd for darkness, darkness came,
nature his summons knew ;
- 29 Each stream and lake transform'd to blood,
the wand'ring fishes flew.
- 30 In putrid floods throughout the land,
the pest of frogs was bred :
From noisome fens sent up to croak.
at Pharoah's board and bed..
- 31 He gave the sign, and swarms of flies
came down in cloudy hosts ;
Whilst earth's enliven'd dust below,
bred lice through all their coasts.
- 32 He sent them batt'ring hail for rain,
and fire for cooling dew.
- 33 He smote their vines and forest plants,
and garden's pride o'erthrew.
- 34 He spake the word, and locusts came,
and caterpillars join'd ;
They prey'd upon the poor remains
the storm had left behind.

- 35 From trees to herbage they descend,
no verdant thing they spare ;
But like the naked fallow field,
leave all the pastures bare.
- 36 From fields to villages and towns,
commission'd vengeance flew.
One fatal stroke their eldest hopes
and strength of Egypt flew.
- 37 He brought his servants forth, enrich'd
with Egypt's borrow'd wealth ;
And, what transcends all treasures else,
enrich'd with vig'rous health.
- 38 Egypt rejoyc'd, in hopes to find
her plagues with them remov'd ;
Taught dearly now to fear worse ills,
by those already prov'd.
- 39 Their shrouding canopy by day
a journeying cloud was spread ;
A fiery pillar all the night
their desert marches led.
- 40 They long'd for flesh ; with ev'ning
he furnish'd ev'ry tent : [quails
From heav'n's own granary, each morn,
the bread of angels sent.
- 41 He smote the rock ; whose flinty breast
pour'd forth a gushing tide,
Whose flowing stream, where'er they march'd
the desert's drought supply'd.
- 42 For still he did on Abr'am's faith
and ancient league reflect :
- 43 He brought his people forth with joy,
with triumph his elect.

44 Quite rooting out their heathen foes
from Canaan's fertile soil,
To them in cheap possession gave
the fruit of others toil :

45 That they his statutes might observe,
his sacred laws obey.
For benefits so vast, let us
our songs of praise repay.

P S A L M CVI.

1 **O** Render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise,
His tribute of immortal praise ?

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray :
Who know what's right ; not only so,
But always practice what they know.

4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford :
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

5 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity ;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.

6 But ah ! can we expect such grace,
Of parents vile, the viler race ;
Who their misdeeds have acted o'er,
And with new crimes increas'd the score ?

7 Ingrateful

7 Ingrateful ! they no longer thought
 On all his works in Egypt wrought ;
 The Red Sea they no sooner view'd,
 But they their base distrust renew'd.
 8 Yet he, to vindicate his name,
 Once more to their deliv'rance came,
 To make his sov'reign pow'r be known,
 That he is God, and he alone.

9 To right and left, at his command,
 The parting deep disclos'd her sand ;
 Where firm and dry the passage lay,
 As through some parch'd and desert way.
 10 Thus rescu'd from their foes they were,
 Who closely press'd upon their rear,
 11 Whose rage pursu'd 'em to those waves,
 That prov'd the rash pursuers graves.

12 The wat'ry mountains sudden fall
 D'erwhelm'd proud Pharoah, host and all.
 This proof did stupid Isr'el move
 To own God's truth, and praise his love.

P A R T II.

13 But soon these wonders they forgot,
 And for his counsel waited not ;

14 But lusting in the wilderness,
 Did him with fresh temptations press.

15 Strong food at their request he sent,
 But made their sin their punishment.

16 Yet still his saints they did oppose,
 The priest and prophet whom he chose.

17 But earth, the quarrel to decide,
 Her vengeful jaws extended wide,
 Rash Dathan to her centre drew,
 With proud Abiram's factious crew.

18 The rest of those who did conspire
To kindle wild sedition's fire,
With all their impious train became
A prey to heav'n's devouring flame.

19 Near Horeb's mount a calf they made,
And to the molten image pray'd ;
20 Adoring what their hands did frame,
They chang'd their glory to their shame.
21 Their God and Saviour they forgot,
And all his works in Egypt wrought ;
22 His signs in Ham's astonish'd coast,
And where proud Pharaoh's troops were lost.

23 Thus urg'd, his vengeful hand he rear'd,
But Moses in the breach appear'd ;
The faint did for the rebels pray,
And turn'd heav'n's kindled wrath away.
24, 25 Yet they his pleasant land despis'd,
Nor his repeated promise priz'd ;
Nor did th' Almighty's voice obey ;
But when God said, go up, would stay.

26, 27 This seal'd their doom, without redress
To perish in the wilderness ;
Or else to be by heathen hands
O'erthrown and scatter'd thro' the lands.

P A R T III.

28 Yet unreclaim'd this stubborn race
Baal Peor's worship did embrace ;
Became his impious guests, and fed
On sacrifices to the dead.

29 Thus they persisted to provoke
God's vengeance to the final stroke.
'Tis come :—the deadly pest is come
To execute their gen'ral doom.

30 But Phinehas fir'd with holy rage,
(Th' Almighty's vengeance to assuage)
Did, by two bold offenders fall,
Th' atonement make that ransom'd all.

31 As him a heav'nly zeal had mov'd,
So heav'n the zealous act approv'd ;
To him confirming, and his race,
The priesthood he so well did grace.

32 At Meribah God's wrath they mov'd,
Who Moses for their sakes reprov'd ;

33 Whose patient soul they did provoke,
Till rashly the meek prophet spoke.

34 Nor when possess'd of Canaan's land,
Did they perform their Lord's command,
Nor his commission'd sword employ
The guilty nations to destroy.

35 Nor only spar'd the Pagan crew,
But mingling learnt their vices too ;

36 And worship to those idols paid,
Which them to fatal snares betray'd.

37, 38 To devil's they did sacrifice
Their children with relentless eyes ;
Approach'd their altars thro' a flood
Of their own sons and daughters blood.

No cheaper victims would appease
Canaan's remorseless deities ;
No blood her idols reconcile,
But that which did the land defile.

P A R T IV.

39 Nor did these savage cruelties
The harden'd reprobates suffice ;
For after their hearts lusts they went,
And daily did new crimes invent.

40 But

40 But sins of such infernal hue
God's wrath against his people drew ;
'Till he, their once indulgent Lord,
His own inheritance abhor'd.

41 He them defenceless did expose
To their insulting heathen foes ;
And made them on the triumphs wait,
Of those who bore them greatest hate.

42 Nor thus his indignation ceas'd ;
Their list of tyrants he increas'd,
'Till they, who God's mild sway declin'd,
Were made the vassals of mankind.

43 Yet, when distress'd they did repent,
His anger did as oft relent :
But freed, they did his wrath provoke,
Renew'd their sins, and he their yoke.

44 Nor yet implacable he prov'd,
Nor heard their wretched cries unmov'd ;

45 But did to mind his promise bring,
And mercy's inexhausted spring.

46 Compassion too he did impart,
Ev'n to their foes obdurate heart,
And pity for their sufferings bred
In those who them to bondage led.

47 Still save us, Lord, and Isr'el's bands
Together bring from heathen lands ;
So to thy name our thanks we'll raise,
And ever triumph in thy praise.

48 Let Isr'el's God be ever blest'd,
His name eternally confess'd :
Let all his saints with full accord

Sing loud **Amens.**—Praise ye the Lord.

P S A L M CVII.

1 **T**O God your grateful voices raise,
 Who doth your daily patron prove:
 And let your never-ceasing praise
 Attend on his eternal love.

2, 3 Let those give thanks, whom he from
 Of proud oppressing foes releas'd; (bands,
 And brought them back from distant lands,
 From north and south, and west and east.

4, 5 Through lonely desert ways they went
 Nor cou'd a peopl'd city find :

'Till quite with thirst and hunger spent,
 Their fainting soul within them pin'd.

6 Then soon to God's indulgent ear
 Did they their mournful cry address;
 Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
 And freed them from their deep distress.

7 From crooked paths he led them forth;
 And in the certain way did guide.

To wealthy towns of great resort,
 Where all their wants were well supply'd.

8 O then that all the earth, with me,
 Would God for this his goodness praise !

And for the mighty works which he
 Throughout the wond'ring world displays.

9 For he from heav'n the sad estate
 Of longing souls with pity views ;

To hungry souls that pant for meat,
 His goodness daily food renews.

P A R T II.

10 Some lie, with darkness compass'd round,
 In death's uncomfortable shade ;

And with unweildy fetters bound,
 By pressing cares more heavy made.

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11, 12 Because

11, 12 Because God's counsel they defy'd
And lightly priz'd his holy word,
With these afflictions they were try'd :
They fell and none could help afford.

13 Then soon to God's indulgent ear
Did they their mournful cry address ;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep distress,
14 From dismal dungeons, dark as night,
And shades as black as death's abode,
He brought them forth to chearful light,
And welcome liberty bestow'd.

15 O then that all the earth, with me,
Would God for this his goodness praise !
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world displays ;
16 For he with his almighty hand,
The gates of brass in pieces broke :
Nor could the massy bars withstand
Or temper'd steel resist his stroke.

P A R T III.

17 Remorseless wretches, void of sense,
With bold transgressions God defy ;
And for their multiply'd offence,
Oppress'd with sore diseases lie :

18 Their soul, a prey to pain and fear,
Abhors to taste the choicest meats ;
And they by faint degrees draw near
To death's inhospitable gates.

19 Then strait to God's indulgent ear,
Do they their mournful cry address ;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep distress.

20 He

20 He all their sad distempers heals,
His word both health and safety gives ;
And when all human succour fails,
From near destruction them retrieves.

21 O then that all the earth, with me,
Would God for this his goodness praise !
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world displays ;
22 With off'rings let his altar flame,
Whilst they their grateful thanks express,
And with loud joy his holy name
For all his acts of wonder bless !

P A R T IV.

23, 24 They that in ships, with courage bold,
O'er swelling waves their trade pursue,
Do God's amazing works behold,
And in the deep his wonders view.

25 No sooner his command is past,
But forth the dreadful tempest flies,
Which sweeps the sea with rapid haste,
And makes the stormy billows rise.

26 Sometimes the ships tofs'd up to heav'n,
On tops of mountain waves appear ;
Then down the steep abyss are driv'n,
Whilst ev'ry soul dissolves with fear.

27 They reel and stagger to and fro,
Like men with fumes of wine oppress'd ;
Nor do the skilful seamen know
Which way to steer, what course is best.

28 Then straight to God's indulgent ear
They do their mournful cry address ;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep distress.

29, 30 He

29, 30 He does the raging storm appease,
And makes the billows calm and still ;
With joy they see their fury cease,
And their intended course fulfil.

31 O then that all the earth, with me,
Would God for this his goodness praise !
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wond'ring world displays !
32 Let them, where all the tribes resort,
Advance to heav'n his glorious name,
And in the elders sov'reign court
With one consent his praise proclaim.

P A R T V.

33, 34 A fruitful land, where streams abound,
God's just revenge, if people sin,
Will turn to dry and barren ground
To punish those that dwell therein.
35, 36 The parch'd and desert heath he makes
To flow with streams and springing wells,
Which for his lot the hungry takes,
And in strong cities safely dwells.

37, 38 He sows the field, the vineyard plants,
Which gratefully his toil repay ;
Nor can, whilst God his blessing grants,
His fruitful seed or stock decay.

39 But when his sins heav'n's wrath provoke
His health and substance fade away ;
He feels th' oppressor's galling yoke,
And is of grief the wretched prey.

40 The prince that flights what God commands
Expos'd to scorn, must his quit throne ;
And over wild and desert lands,
Where no path offers, stray alone.

41 Whilst

41 Whilst God, from all afflicting cares,
Sets up the humble man on high ;
And makes in time his num'rous heirs
With his increasing flocks to vie.

42,43 Then sinners shall have nought to say,
The just a decent joy shall show ;
The wise these strange events shall weigh,
And thence God's goodness fully know.

P S A L M CVIII.

1 **O** GOD, my heart is fully bent,
to magnify thy name ;
My tongue with chearful songs of praise
shall celebrate thy fame.

2 Awake, my lute ; nor thou, my harp
thy warbling notes delay ;
Whilst I with early hymns of joy
prevent the dawning day.

3 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
thy wonders I will tell,
And to those nations sing thy praise
that round about us dwell ;

4 Because thy mercy's boundless height
the highest heav'n transcends,
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds,
thy faithful truth extends.

5 Be thou, O God, exalted high
above the starry frame,
And let the world, with one consent,
confess thy glorious name.

6 That all thy chosen people thee
their Saviour may declare ;
Let thy right hand protect me still,
and answer thou my pray'r.

7 Since God himself has said the word,
 whose promise cannot fail,
 With joy I Sichem will divide,
 and measure Succoth's vale ;
 8 Gilead is mine, Manasseh too,
 and Ephraim owns my cause :
 Their strength my regal pow'r supports,
 and Judah gives my laws.

9 Moab I'll make my servile drudge,
 on vanquish'd Edom tread ;
 And through the proud Palestine land,
 my conqu'ring banners spread.

10 By whose support and aid shall I
 their well-fenc'd city gain ?
 Who will my troops securely lead
 thro' Edom's guarded plain ?

11 Lord, wilt not thou assist our arms,
 which late thou didst forsake ?
 And wilt not thou, of these our hosts,
 once more the guidance take ?

12 O to thy servants in distress,
 thy speedy succour send ;
 For vain it is on human aid
 for safety to depend.

13 Then valiant acts shall we perform,
 if thou thy pow'r disclose ;
 For God it is, and God alone,
 that treads down all our foes.

P S A L M CIX.

1 **O** GOD, whose former mercies make
 my constant praise thy due,
 Hold not thy peace, but my sad state
 with wonted favour view.

- 2 For sinful men with lying lips,
deceitful speeches frame,
And with their study'd flanders seek,
to wound my spotless fame.
- 3 Their restless hatred prompts them still
malicious lies to spread ;
And all against my life combine,
by causeless fury led.
- 4 Those whom with tend'rest love I us'd,
my chief opposers are ;
Whilst I, of other friends bereft,
resort to thee by pray'r.
- 5 Since mischief. for the good I did,
their strange reward does prove ;
And hatred's the return they make
for undissembled love :
- 6 Their guilty leader shall be made
to some ill man a slave :
And when he's try'd, his mortal foe
for his accuser have.
- 7 His guilt, when sentence is pronounc'd,
shall meet a dreadful fate,
Whilst his rejected pray'r but serves
his crimes to aggravate.
- 8 He, snatch'd by some untimely fate,
shan't live out half his days :
Another by divine decree,
shall on his office seize.
- 9, 10 His seed shall orphans be, his wife
a widow plung'd in grief :
His vagrant children beg their bread,
where none can give relief.

11 His ill got riches shall be made
to usurers a prey ;
The fruit of all his toil shall be
by strangers born away.

12 None shall be found that to his wants
their mercy will extend,
Or to his helpless orphan feed
the least assistance lend.

13 A swift destruction soon shall seize
on his unhappy race ;
And the next age his hated name
shall utterly deface.

14 The vengeance of his father's sins,
upon his head shall fall ;
God on his mother's crimes shall think,
and punish him for all.

15 All these in horrid order rank'd,
before the Lord shall stand,
'Till his fierce anger quite cuts off
their mem'ry from the land.

P A R T II.

16 Because he never mercy shew'd,
but still the poor oppress'd ;
And sought to slay the helpless man,
with heavy woes distress'd.

17 Therefore the curse he lov'd to vent,
shall his own portion prove ;
And blessing, which he still abhor'd,
shall far from him remove.

18 Since he in cursing took such pride,
like water it shall spread
Thro' all his veins, and stick like oil
with which his bones are fed.

19 This,

19 This, like a poison'd robe, shall still
his constant cov'ring be ;
Or an envenom'd belt, from which
he never shall be free.

20 Thus shall the Lord reward all those,
that ill to me design ;
That with malicious false reports
against my life combine.

21 But for thy glorious name, O God,
do thou deliver me ;
And for thy gracious mercy's sake,
preserve and set me free :

22 For I, to utmost straits reduc'd,
am void of all relief ;
My heart is wounded with distress,
and quite pierc'd thro' with grief.

23 I, like an ev'ning shade, decline,
which vanishes apace :
Like locusts up and down I'm toss'd,
and have no certain place.

24, 25 My knees with fasting are grown
my body lank and lean ; [weak
All that behold me shake their heads,
and treat me with disdain.

26, 27 But for thy mercies sake, O Lord,
do thou my foes withstand ;
That all may see 'tis thy own act,
the work of thy right-hand.

28 Then let them curse, so thou but bless ;
let shame the portion be
Of all that my destruction seek,
while I rejoice in thee.

29 My foe shall with disgrace be cloath'd,
and spite of all his pride,
His own confusion, like a cloak,
the guilty wretch shall hide.

30 But I to God, in grateful thanks,
my chearful voice will raise ;
And where the great assembly meets,
set forth his noble praise.

31 For him the poor shall always find
their sure and constant friend ;
And he shall from unright'ous dooms
their guiltless souls defend.

P S A L M CX.

THE Lord unto my Lord thus spake,
" 'Till I thy foes thy footstool make,
" Sit thou in state, at my right-hand :
2 " Supreme in Sion thou shalt be,
" And all thy proud oppressors see
" Subjected to thy just command.

3 " Thee, in thy pow'r's triumphant day,
" The willing nations shall obey ;
" And when thy risings beams they view,
" Shall all (redeem'd from error's night)
" Appear as numberless and bright
" As crystal drops of morning dew."

4 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That, like Melchisedech's, thy reign
And priesthood shall no period know :
5 No proud competitor to sit
At thy right-hand will he permit ;
But in his wrath crown'd heads o'erthrow.

6 The sentenc'd heathen he shall slay,
And fill with carcases his way,

Till he hath struck earth's tyrants dead :
7 But in the high way brooks shall first,
Like a poor pilgrim slake his thirst,
And then in triumph raise his head :

P S A L M CXI.

1 **P**Raise ye the Lord ; our God to praise
My soul her utmost pow'rs shall raise,
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

2 His works, for greatness tho' renown'd,
His wond'rous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.

3 His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim ;
His truth confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

4 By precept he has us enjoin'd,
To keep his wond'rous works in mind
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.

5 His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Has all his servant's wants supply'd ;
And he will ever keep in mind,
His cov'nant with our fathers sign'd,

6 At once astonish'd and o'erjoy'd,
They saw his matchless pow'r employ'd ;
Whereby the heathen were suppress'd,
And we their heritage possess'd.

7 Just are the dealings of his hands,
Immutable are his commands,

8 By truth and equity sustain'd,
And for eternal rules ordain'd.

9 He set his saints from bondage free,
And then establish'd his decree,
For ever to remain the same ;
Holy and rev'rend is his name.

10 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin ;
Immortal praise and heav'nly skill
Have they who know and do his will.

P S A L M CXII.

H A L L E L U J A H.

- 1 **T**HAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law ;
2 His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd.
3 His house, the seat of wealth, shall be,
An inexhausted treasury ;
His justice, free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.
4 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night ;
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all mankind.
5 His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends :
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.
6 Beset with threat'ning dangers round ;
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground ;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.
7 Ill tidings never can surprize
His heart that fix'd on God relies :
8 On safety's rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies.

9 His

9 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd
His glory's future harvest sow'd,
Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown,
A temp'ral and eternal crown.

10 The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony ;
While their unright'ous nopes decay,
And vanish with themselves away.

P A L M CXIII.

1 **Y**E faints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record ;

2 His sacred name for ever blest.

3 Where-e'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

4 God thro' the world extends his sway ;
The regions of eternal day,
But shadows of his glory are.

5 To him, whose Majesty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

6 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heav'n what angels do,

Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care :
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

7 When childless families despair,
He sends the blessing of an heir,

To rescue their expiring name :
Makes her that barren was to bear,
And joyfully her fruit to rear :

O then extol his matchless fame !

P S A L M CXIV.

WHEN Is'el by th' Almighty led,
 (Enrich'd with their oppressors spoil)
 From Egypt march'd, and Jacob's seed
 From bondage in a foreign soil ;
 2 Jehovah, for his residence,
 Chose out imperial Judah's tent,
 His mansion royal and from thence
 Thro' Is'el's camp his orders sent.

3 The distant sea with terror saw,
 And from th' Almighty's presence fled ;
 Old Jordan's streams surpriz'd with awe,
 Retreated to their fountain's head.

4 The taller mountains skip'd like rams,
 When danger near the fold they hear ;
 The hills skip'd after them like lambs
 Affrighted by their leader's fear.

5 O sea, what made your tide withdraw,
 And naked leave your oozy bed ?

Why Jordan against nature's law,
 Recoild'st thou to thy fountain's head ;

6 Why, mountains, did ye skip like rams,
 When danger does approach the fold ?

Why after you the hills like lambs,
 When they their leader's flight behold ?

7 Earth tremble on : Well may'st thou fear
 Thy Lord and Maker's face to see :

When Jacob's awful God draws near,
 'Tis time for earth and seas to flee.

8 To flee from God, who nature's law
 Confirms and cancels at his will ?

Who springs from flinty rocks can draw,
 And thirsty vales with water fill.

P S A L M CXV.

- 1 **L**ORD, not to us, we claim no share,
but to thy sacred name
Give glory, for thy mercy's sake,
and truth's eternal fame.
- 2 Why should the heathen cry, where's now
the God whom we adore ?
- 3 Convince them that in heav'n thou art,
and uncontroul'd thy pow'r.
- 4 Their gods but gold and silver are,
the works of mortal hands ;
- 5 With speechless mouth, and sightless eyes,
the molten idol stands.
- 6 The pageant has both ears and nose,
but neither hears nor smells ;
- 7 Its hands and feet nor feel, nor move ;
nor life within it dwells.
- 8 Such senseless stocks they are, that we
can nothing like them find ;
But those who on their help rely,
and them for gods design'd.
- 9 O Isr'el, make the Lord your trust,
who is your help and shield ;
- 10 Priests, Levites, trust in him alone,
who only help can yield.
- 11 Let all who truly fear the Lord,
on him their fear rely ;
Who them in danger can defend,
and all their wants supply.
- 12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been,
and Isr'el's house will bless ;
Priests, Levites, proselytes, ev'n all
who his great name confess.

- 14 On you, and on your heirs he will
increase of blessing bring :
15 Thrice happy you, who fav'rites are
of this almighty King.
16 Heav'n's highest orb of glory, he
his empire's feat design'd ;
And gave this lower globe of earth
a portion to mankind.
17 They who in death and silence sleep
to him no praise afford :
18 But we will blest for ever more
our ever-living Lord.

P S A L M CXVI.

- 1 **M**Y soul, with grateful tho'ts of love,
intirely is possess'd,
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear
the voice of my request.
2 Since he has now his ear inclin'd,
I never will despair ;
But still in all the straits of life
to him address my pray'r.
3 With deadly sorrows compass'd round,
with pains of hell oppress'd ;
When troubles seiz'd my aching heart,
and anguish rack'd my breast :
4 On God's almighty name I call'd,
and thus to him I pray'd ;
“ Lord I beseech thee, save my soul
“ with sorrows quite dismay'd :
5, 6 How just and merciful is God !
how gracious is the Lord !
Who saves the harmless, and to me
does timely help afford.

7 Then

7 Then free from penſive cares, my ſoul
reſume thy wonted reſt ;
For God has wond'rouſly to thee
his bounteous love expreſt.

8 When death alarm'd me, he remov'd
my danger and my fears :

My feet from falling he ſecur'd,
and dry'd my eyes from tears.

9 Therefore my life's remaining years,
which God to me ſhall lend,
Will I in praiſes to his name,
and in his ſervice ſpend.

10 11 In God I truſted, and of him
in greateſt ſtraits did boaſt ;

(For in my flight all hopes of aid
from faithleſs men were loſt :)

12, 13 Then what return to him ſhall I
for all his goodneſs make ?

I'll praiſe his name, and with glad zeal
the cup of bleſſing take.

14, 15 I'll pay my vows amongſt his ſaints,
whoſe blood (howe'er deſpis'd

By wicked men) in God's account
is always highly priz'd.

16 By various ties, O Lord, muſt I
to thy dominion bow,

Thy humble handmaid's ſon before,
thy ranſom'd captive now.

17, 18 To thee I'll off'rings bring of praiſe
and whiſt I bleſs thy name,

The juſt performance of my vows
to all thy ſaints proclaim.

19 They

19 They in Jerusalem shall meet,
 and in thy house shall join;
 To bless thy name with one consent,
 and mix their songs with mine.

P S A L M CXVII.

1 **W**ith chearful notes let all the earth
 to heav'n their voices raise,
 Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
 sing solemn hymns of praise.
 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
 his truth shall ne'er decay;
 Then let the willing nations round,
 their grateful tribute pay.

P S A L M CXVIII.

1 **O** Praise the Lord, for he is good,
 2 his mercies ne'er decay:
 That his kind favours ever last,
 let thankful Isr'el say.
 3, 4 Their sense of his eternal love,
 let Aaron's house express;
 And that it never fails, let all
 that fear the Lord, confess.
 5 To God I made my humble moan,
 with troubles quite oppress;
 And he releas'd me from my straits,
 and granted my request.
 6 Since therefore God does on my side
 so graciously appear,
 Why should the vain attempts of men
 possess my soul with fear?
 7 Since God with those that aid my cause
 vouchsafes my part to take,
 To all my foes, I need not doubt,
 a just return to make. 8, 9 For

8, 9 For better 'tis to trust in God,
and have the Lord our friend,
Than on the greatest human pow'r
for safety to depend.

10, 11 Tho' many nations closely leagu'd
did oft beset me round :

Yet by his boundless pow'r sustain'd,
I did their strength confound.

12 They swarm'd like bees, and yet their rage,
was but a short-liv'd blaze ;

For whilst on God I still rely'd,
I vanquish'd them with ease.

13 When all united press'd me hard,
in hopes to make me fall,
The Lord vouchsaf'd to take my part,
and sav'd me from them all.

14 The honour of my strange escape
to him alone belongs ;

He is my Saviour and my strength,
he only claims my songs.

15 Joy fills the dwelling of the just,
whom God has sav'd from harm ;
For wond'rous things are brought to pass
by his almighty arm.

16 He by his own resistless pow'r,
has endless honour won ;
The saving strength of his right hand,
amazing works has done.

17 God will not suffer me to fall,
but still prolongs my days ;
That by declaring all his works
I may advance his praise.

18 When

18 When God had sorely me chastiz'd,
till quite of hopes bereav'd,
His mercy from the gates of death
my fainting life repriev'd.

19 Then open wide the temple gates
to which the just repair,
That I may enter in and praise
my great deliv'rer there.

20, 21 Within those gates of God's abode
to which the righteous press,
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,
thy holy name I'll bless.

22, 23 That which the builders once refus'd
is now the corner stone.

This is the wond'rous work of God,
the work of God alone.

24, 25 This day is God's ; let all the land
exalt their chearful voice :

Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
and make us still rejoice.

26 Him that approaches in God's name,
Let all th' assembly bless ;

" We that belong to God's own house
" have wish'd you good success."

27 God is the Lord, through whom we all
both light and comfort find ;

Fast to the altar's horns with cords
the chosen victim bind.

28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
I'll praise thy holy name ;

Because thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy fame.

29 O then with me give thanks to God,
 who still does gracious prove ;
 And let the tribute of our praise
 be endless as his love.

P S A L M CXIX.

A L E P H.

1 **H**OW bless'd are they who always keep
 the pure and perfect way !

Who never from the sacred paths
 of God's commandments stray !

2 Thrice bless'd ! who to his righteous laws
 have still obedient been ;

And have with fervent humble zeal
 his favour sought to win.

3 Such men their utmost caution use
 to shun each wicked deed ;

But in the path which he directs
 with constant care proceed.

4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
 to learn thy sacred will ;

And all our diligence employ
 thy statutes to fulfil.

5 O then that thy most holy will
 might o'er my ways preside !

And I the course of all my life
 by thy direction guide !

6 Then with assurance should I walk,
 from all confusion free ;

Convinc'd with joy, that all my ways
 with thy commands agree.

7 My upright heart shall my glad mouth
 with chearful praises fill ;

When by thy righteous judgments taught,
 I shall have learnt thy will.

3 So to thy sacred law shall I
all due observance pay :
O then forsake me not, my God,
nor cast me quite away.

B E T H.

9 How shall they young preserve their ways,
from all pollution free ?

By making still their course of life
with thy commands agree.

10 With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
to thee for succour pray ;

O suffer not my careless steps
from thy right paths to stray.

11 Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
thy word, my treasure, lies ;

To succour me with timely aid,
when sinful thoughts arise.

12 Secur'd by that, my grateful soul
shall ever bless thy name :

O teach me then by thy just laws
my future life to frame.

13 My lips, unlock'd by pious zeal,
to others have declar'd ;

How well the judgments of thy mouth
deserve our best regard.

14 Whilst in the way of thy commands
more solid joy I found,

Than had I been with vast increase
of envy'd riches crown'd.

15 Therefore thy just and upright laws
shall always fill my mind,

And those sound rules which thou prescrib'st
all due respect shall find.

16 To

16 To keep thy statutes undefac'd
shall be my constant joy ;
The strict remembrance of thy word
shall all my thoughts employ.

G I M E L.

17 Be gracious to thy servant, Lord,
do thou my life defend,
That I according to thy word
my time to come may spend.
18 Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
that so I may discern
The wond'rous things which they behold,
who thy just precepts learn.

19 Tho' like a stranger in the land,
from place to place I stray,
Thy righteous judgments from my sight,
remove not thou away.

20 My fainting soul is almost pin'd,
with earnest longings spent ;
Whilst always on the eager search
of thy just will intent.

21 Thy sharp rebuke shall crush the proud,
whom still thy curse pursues ;
Since they to walk in thy right ways
presumptuously refuse.

22 But far from me do thou, O Lord,
contempt and shame remove ;
For I thy sacred laws effect
with undissembled love.

23 Tho' princes oft, in counsel met,
against thy servant spake ;
Yet I thy statutes to observe,
my constant bus'ness make.

24 For thy commands have always been
my comfort and delight ;
By them I learn with prudent care,
to guide my steps aright.

D A L E T H.

25 My soul oppress'd with deadly care,
close to the dust does cleave ;

Revive me, Lord, and let me now
thy promis'd aid receive.

26 To thee I still declar'd my ways,
and thou inclin'ft thine ear ;

O teach me then my future life
by thy just laws to steer.

27 If thou wilt make me know thy laws,
and by thy guidance walk,
The wond'rous works which thou hast done
shall be my constant talk.

28 But, see my soul within me sinks,
press'd down with weighty care ;

Do thou according to thy word,
my wasted strength repair.

29 Far, far from me be all false ways,
and lying arts remov'd !

But kindly grant I still may keep
the path by thee approv'd.

30 Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth
my happy choice I've made ;

Thy judgments, as my rule of life
before me always laid.

31 My care has been to make my life
with thy commands agree ;

O then preserve thy servant, Lord,
from shame and ruin free.

32 So in the way of thy commands
shall I with pleasure run,
And with a heart enlarg'd with joy,
successfully go in.

H E

33 Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord,
thy righteous paths display ;
And I from them, through all my life,
will never go astray.

34 If thou true wisdom from above
wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
devote my zealous heart.

35 Direct me in the sacred ways
to which thy precepts lead ;
Because my chief delight has been
thy righteous paths to tread.

36 Do thou to thy most just commands
incline my willing heart :
Let no desire of worldly wealth
from thee my thoughts divert.

37 From those vain objects turn my eyes
which this false world displays ;
But give me lively pow'r and strength
to keep thy righteous ways.

38 Confirm the promise which thou mad'st,
and give thy servant aid,
Who to transgress thy sacred laws
is awfully afraid.

39 The foul disgrace I justly fear,
in mercy Lord remove ;
For all the judgments thou ordain'st
are full of grace and love.

40 Thou know'st how, after thy command
my longing heart does pant ;

O then make haste to raise me up
and promis'd succour grant.

V A U.

41 Thy constant blessing, Lord, bestow
to cheer my drooping heart ;

To me, according to thy word,
thy saving health impart.

42 So shall I, when my foes upbraid,
this ready answer make ;

" In God I trust, who never will
" his faithful promise break."

43 Then let not quite the word of truth
be from my mouth remov'd ;

Since still my ground of stedfast hope
thy just decrees have prov'd.

44 So I to keep thy righteous laws,
with all my study bend ;

From age to age, my time to come
in their observance spend.

45 E'er long I trust to walk at large,
from all incumbrance free ;

Since I resolve to make my life
with thy commands agree.

46 Thy laws shall be my constant talk ;
and prizes shall attend,

Whilst I the justice of thy ways
with confidence defend.

47 My longing heart and ravish'd soul
shall both o'erflow with joy,

When in thy lov'd commandments I
my happy hours employ.

48 Then

48 Then will I to thy just decrees
lift up my willing hands ;
My care and bus'ness then shall be
to study thy commands.

Z A I N.

49 According to thy promis'd grace,
thy favour, Lord, extend ;
Make good to me the word, on which
thy servants hopes depend.

50 That only comfort in distress
did all my griefs controul ;
Thy word when troubles hem'd me round
reviv'd my fainting soul.

51 Insulting foes did proudly mock,
and all my hope deride ;
Yet, from thy law, not all their scoffs
could make me turn aside.

52 Thy judgments then, of ancient date,
I quickly call'd to mind,
Till ravish'd with such thoughts my soul
did speedy comfort find.

53 Sometimes I stand amaz'd, like one
with deadly horror struck,
To think how all my sinful foes
have thy just laws forfook.

54 But I thy statutes and decrees
my chearful anthems made ;
Whilst thro' strange lands and desarts wild,
I like a pilgrim stray'd.

55 Thy name, that chear'd my heart by day,
has fill'd my thoughts by night,
I then resolv'd by thy just laws,
to guide my steps aright.

56 That

56 That peace of mind, which has my soul
in deep distress sustain'd,
By strict obedience to thy will
I happily obtain'd.

C H E T H.

57 O Lord, my God, my portion thou
and sure possession art ;
Thy words I stedfastly resolve
to treasure in my heart.

58 With all the strength of warm desires
I did thy grace implore ;
Disclose, according to thy word,
thy mercies boundless store.

59 With due reflection and strict care
on all my ways I thought ;
And so, reclaim'd to thy just paths,
my wand'ring steps I brought.

60 I lost no time, but made great haste,
resolv'd without delay,
To watch that I might never more
from thy commandments stray.

61 Tho' num'rous troops of sinful men,
to rob me have combin'd ;
Yet I thy pure and righteous laws
have ever kept in mind.

62 In dead of night I will arise
to sing thy solemn praise ;
Convinc'd how much I always ought
to love thy righteous ways.

63 To such as fear thy holy name,
myself I closely join ;
To all who their obedient wills
to thy command resign.

64 O'er

64 O'er all the earth thy mercy, Lord,
abundantly is shed ;
O make me then exactly learn,
thy sacred paths to tread.

T E T H.

65 With me thy servant, thou hast dealt
most graciously, O Lord,
Repeated benefits bestow'd,
according to thy word.

66 Teach me the sacred skill by which
right judgment is attain'd,
Who in belief of thy commands
have stedfastly remain'd.

67 Before affliction stop'd my course,
my footsteps went astray ;
But I have since been disciplin'd,
thy precepts to obey.

68 Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,
and all thou doest is so ;
On me, thy statutes to discern,
thy saving skill bestow.

69 The proud have forg'd malicious lies,
my spotless fame to stain ;
But my fix'd heart, without reserve,
thy precepts shall retain ;

70 While pamper'd they with prosp'rous ills
in sensual pleasures live,
My soul can relish no delight,
but what thy precepts give.

71 'Tis good for me that I have felt
affliction's chast'ning rod,
That I might duly learn and keep
the statutes of my God.

72 The law that from thy mouth proceeds
of more esteem I hold,
Than untouch'd mines, than thousand mines
of silver and of gold.

J O D.

73 To me who am the workmanship
of thy almighty hands,
The heav'nly understandings give
to learn thy just commands.

74 My preservation to thy saints
strong comfort will afford,
To see success attend my hopes,
who trusted in thy word.

75 That right thy judgments are, I now
by sure experience see ;
And that in faithfulness, O Lord,
Thou hast afflicted me.

76 O let thy tender mercy now
afford me needful aid
According to thy promise, Lord,
to me thy servant made.

77 To me thy saving grace restore,
that I again may live ;
Whose soul can relish no delight,
but what thy precepts give.

78 Defeat the proud, who unprovok'd,
to ruin me have sought,
Who only on thy sacred laws
employ my harmless thought.

79 Let those that fear thy name espouse
my cause, and those alone
Who have by strict and pious search
thy sacred precepts known.

80 In thy blest statutes let my heart
continue always sound,
That guilt and shame, the sinner's lot,
may never me confound.

C A P H.

81 My soul with long expectance faints
to see thy saving grace :

Yet still on thy unerring word
my confidence I place.

82 My very eyes consume and fail
with waiting for thy word :

O ! when wilt thou thy kind relief
and promis'd aid afford.

83 My skin like shiver'd parchment shows,
that long in smoke is set ;

Yet no affliction me can force
thy statutes to forget.

84 How many days must I endure
of sorrow and distress ?

When wilt thou judgment execute
on them who me oppress.

85 The proud have digg'd a pit for me,
who have no other foes,

But such as are averse to thee,
and thy just laws oppose.

86 With right and truth's eternal laws
all thy commands agree ;

Men persecute me without cause,
thou, Lord, my helper, be.

87 With close designs against my life
they had almost prevail'd ,

But in obedience to thy will
my duty never fail'd.

88 Thy wonted kindness, Lord, restore,
my drooping heart to chear ;
That by thy righteous statutes, I
my life's whole course may steer.

L A M E D.

89 For ever, and for ever, Lord,
unchang'd thou dost remain ;
Thy word establish'd in the heav'n's,
does all their orbs sustain.

90 Thro' circling ages, Lord, thy truth
immoveable shall stand,
As doth the earth, which thou uphold'st
by thy almighty hand.

91 All things the course by the ordain'd,
ev'n to this day fulfil ;
They are thy faithful subjects all,
and servants of thy will.

92 Unless thy sacred law had been
my comfort and delight,
I must have fainted. and expir'd
in dark affliction's night.

93 Thy precepts therefore from my tho'ts
shall never Lord, depart ;
For thou by them hast to new life
restor'd my dying heart.

94 As I am thine, entirely thine,
protect me, Lord, from harm ;
Who have thy precepts sought to know,
and carefully perform.

95 The wicked have their ambush laid
my guiltless life to take ;
But in the midst of danger I
thy word my study make.

96 I've seen an end of what we call
perfection here below :
But thy commandments, like thyself,
no change or period know.

M E M.

97 The love that to thy laws I bear,
no language can display ;
They with fresh wonders entertain
my ravish'd thoughts all day.

98 Thro' thy commands I wiser grow
than all my subtile foes ;
For thy sure word doth me direct,
and all my ways dispose.

99 From me my former teachers now
may abler counsel take ;
Because thy sacred précepts I
my constant study make.

100 In understanding I excel
the sages of our days ;
Because by thy unerring rules
I order all my ways.

101 My feet with care I have refrain'd
from ev'ry sinful way,
That to thy sacred word I might
entire obedience pay.

102 I have not from thy judgments stray'd
by vain desires misled ;
For Lord, thou hast instructed me
thy righteous paths to tread.

103 How sweet are all thy words to me
O what divine repast !
How much more grateful to my soul,
than honey to my taste.

U

104 Taught

104 Taught by thy sacred precepts, I
with heav'nly skill am blest,
Thro' which the treach'rous ways of sin
I utterly detest.

N U N.

105 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
the way of truth to show :

A watch-light to point out the path,
in which I ought to go.

106 I swear (and from my solemn oath
I'll never start aside)

That in thy righteous judgments I
will steadfastly abide.

107 Since I with griefs am so oppress'd,
that I can bear no more ;

According to thy word, do thou
my fainting soul restore.

108 Let still my sacrifice of praise
with thee acceptance find ;

And in thy righteous judgments, Lord,
instruct my willing mind.

109 'Tho' ghastly dangers me surround,
my soul they cannot awe,

Nor with continual terrors keep
from thinking on thy law.

110 My wicked and invet'rate foes
for me their snares have laid ;

Yet I have kept the upright path,
nor from thy precepts stray'd.

111 Thy testimonies I have made
my heritage and choice ;

For they when other comforts fail,
my drooping heart rejoice.

112 My heart with early zeal began,
thy statutes to obey ;
And 'till my course of life is done
shall keep thy upright way.

S A M E C H.

113 Deceitful thoughts and practices
I utterly detest ;

But to thy law affection bear
too great to be express'd.

114 My hiding place, my refuge-tow'r,
and shield art thou O Lord ;

I firmly anchor all my hopes
on thy unerring word.

115 Hence ye that trade in wickedness,
approach not my abode ;
For firmly I resolve to keep
the precepts of my God.

116 According to thy gracious word,
from danger set me free ;

Nor make me of those hopes asham'd,
that I repose on thee.

117 Uphold me, so shall I be safe,
and rescu'd from distress ;

To thy decrees continually
my just respect address.

118 The wicked thou hast trod to earth,
who from thy statutes stray'd ;

Their vile deceit the just reward
of their own falshood made.

119 The wicked from thy holy land
thou dost like dross remove ;

I therefore, with such justice charm'd,
thy testimonies love.

120 Yet with that love they make me dread
 lest I should so offend,
 When on transgressors I behold
 thy judgments thus descend.

A I N.

121 Judgment and justice I have lov'd ;
 O therefore, Lord, engage
 In my defence, nor give me up
 to my oppressors rage.

122 Do thou be surety, Lord, for me,
 and so shall this distress
 Prove good for me ; nor shall the proud
 my guiltless soul oppress.

123 My eyes, alas ! begin to fail,
 in long expectance held ;
 'Till thy salvation they behold,
 and righteous word fulfill'd.

124 To me, thy servant in distress,
 thy wonted grace display,
 And discipline my willing heart,
 thy statutes to obey.

125 On me, devoted to thy fear,
 thy sacred skill bestow,
 That of thy testimonies I
 the full extent may know.

126 'Tis time, high time for thee, O Lord,
 thy vengeance to employ,
 When men with open violence
 thy sacred law destroy.

127 Yet their contempt of thy commands,
 but makes their value rise
 In my esteem, who purest gold
 compar'd with them despise.

128 Thy

128 Thy precepts therefore I account,
in all respects divine :
They teach me to discern the right,
and all false ways decline.

P E

129 The wonders which thy laws contain,
no words can represent ;
Therefore to learn and practise them,
my zealous heart is bent.

130 The very entrance to thy word
cœlestial light displays,
And knowledge of true happiness
to simplest minds conveys.

131 With eager hopes I waiting stood,
and fainted with desire,
That of thy wise commands I might
the sacred skill acquire.

132 With favour, Lord, look down on me
who thy relief implore ;
As thou art wont to visit those
that thy blest name adore.

133 Directed by thy heav'nly word,
let all my footsteps be ;
Nor wickedness of any kind,
dominion have o'er me.

134 Release, entirely set me free
from persecuting hands,
That, unmolested, I may learn
and practise thy commands.

135 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord, make thy face to shine :
Thy statutes both to know and keep,
my heart with zeal incline.

136 My eyes to weeping fountains turn,
whence briny rivers flow,
To see mankind against thy laws
in bold defiance go.

T S A D D I.

137 Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom
wrong'd innocence may trust ;
And, like thyself, thy judgments, Lord,
in all respects are just.

138 Most just and true those statutes were,
which thou didst first decree ;
And all with faithfulness perform'd,
succeeding times shall see.

139 With zeal my flesh consumes away,
my soul with anguish frays,
To see my foes condemn at once
thy promises and threats.

140 Yet each neglected word of thine
(howe'er by them despis'd)
Is pure, and for eternal truth
by me thy servant, priz'd.

141 Brought, for thy sake, to low estate,
contempt from all I find ;
Yet no affronts or wrongs can drive
thy precepts from my mind.

142 Thy righteousness shall then endure,
when time itself is past ;
Thy law is truth itself, that truth
which shall for ever last.

143 Tho' trouble, anguish, doubts and dread
to compass me unite,
Beset with danger, still I make
thy precepts my delight.

144 Eternal and unerring rules
thy testimonies give :
Teach me the wisdom that will make
my soul for ever live.

K O P H.

145 With my whole heart to God I call'd
Lord, hear my earnest cry ;
And I thy statutes to perform,
will all my care apply.
146 Again more fervently I pray'd,
O save me that I may
Thy testimonies thoroughly know,
and stedfastly obey.

147 My earlier pray'r the dawning day
prevented, while I cry'd
To him on whose engaging word
my hope alone rely'd.
148 With zeal have I awak'd before
the midnight watch was set,
That I of thy mysterious word
might perfect knowledge get.

149 Lord hear my supplicating voice,
and wonted favour shew ;
O quicken me, and so approve
thy judgments ever true.

150 My persecuting foes advance,
and hourly nearer draw ;
What treatment can I hope from them
who violate thy law ?

151 Tho' they draw nigh, my comfort is
thou, Lord, art yet more near ;
Thou, whose commands are righteous all,
thy promises sincere.

152 Concerning thy divine decrees,
my soul has known of old
That they were true, and shall their truth
to endless ages hold.

R E S C H

153 Consider my affliction, Lord,
and me from bondage draw ;
Think on thy servant in distress,
who ne'er forgets thy law.

154 Plead thou my cause ; to that and me
thy timely aid afford ;
With beams of mercy quicken me
according to thy word.

155 From harden'd sinners thou remov'st
salvation far away :
'Tis just thou should'st withdraw from them,
who from thy statutes stray.

156 Since great thy tender mercies are
to all who thee adore ;
According to thy judgments, Lord,
my fainting hopes restore.

157 A num'rous host of spiteful foes
against my life combine ;
But all too few to force my soul
thy statutes to decline.

158 Those bold transgressors I beheld,
and was with grief oppress'd,
To see with what audacious pride
thy cov'nant they transgress'd.

159 Yet while they slight, consider, Lord,
how I thy precepts love ;
O therefore quicken me with beams
of mercy from above.

160 As from the birth of time thy truth
has held through ages past,
So shall thy righteous judgments, firm,
to endless ages last.

S C H I N.

161 Tho' mighty tyrants, without cause,
conspire my blood to shed,
Thy sacred word has pow'r alone
to fill my heart with dread.

162 And yet that word my joyful breast
with heav'nly rapture warms,
Nor conquest, nor the spoils of war,
have such transporting charms.

163 Perfidious practices and lies
I utterly detest ;
But to thy laws affection bear,
too vast to be express'd.

164 Sev'n times a day with grateful voice,
thy praises I resound,
Because I find thy judgments all
with truth and justice crown'd.

165 Secure, substantial peace have they
who truly love thy law ;
No smiling mischief them can tempt,
nor frowning danger awe.

166 For thy salvation I have hop'd,
and tho' so long delay'd,
With chearful zeal and strictest care
all thy commands obey'd.

167 Thy testimonies I have kept,
and constantly obey'd ;
Because the love I bore to them,
thy service easy made.

168 From

168 From strict observance of thy laws
I never yet withdrew ;
Convinc'd that my most secret ways
are open to thy view.

T A U.

169 To my request and earnest cry
attend, O gracious Lord ;
Inspire my heart with heav'nly skill,
according to thy word.

170 Let my repeated pray'r at last
before thy throne appear ;
According to thy plighted word
for my relief draw near.

171 Then shall my grateful lips return
the tribute of their praise,
When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd,
and taught me thy just ways.

172 My tongue the praises of thy word
shall thankfully resound,
Because thy promises are all
with truth and justice crown'd.

173 Let thy almighty arm appear,
and bring me timely aid ;
For I the laws thou hast ordain'd,
my heart's free choice have made.

174 My soul has waited long to see
thy saving grace restor'd ;
Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws,
thy heavenly laws afford.

175 Prolong my life, that I may sing
my great restorer's praise,
Whose justice from the depth of woes,
my fainting soul shall raise.

176 Like some lost sheep I've stray'd, 'till I
dispair my way to find :
Thou therefore, Lord, thy servant seek,
who keeps thy laws in mind.

P S A L M CXX.

1 **I**N deep distress I oft have cry'd,
To God, who never yet deny'd
To rescue me oppress'd with wrongs :
2 Once more, O Lord, deliverance send,
From lying lips my soul defend,
And from the rage of fland'ring tongues.
3 What little profit can accrue,
And yet what heavy wrath is due.
O thou perfidious tongue to thee ?
4 Thy sting upon thyself shall turn ;
Of lasting flames that fiercely burn,
The constant fuel thou shalt be.
5 But O! how wretched is my doom,
Who am a sojourner become
In barren Meseca's desert soil ;
With Kedar's wicked tents inclos'd,
To lawless savages expos'd,
Who live on nought but theft and spoil.
6 My hapless dwelling is with those
Who peace and amity oppose,
And pleasure take in others harms ;
7 Sweet peace is all I court and seek ;
But when to them of peace I speak,
They strait cry out, to arms, to arms.

P S A L M CXXI.

1 **T**O Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
from thence expecting aid ;
2 From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,
Who heav'n and earth has made.

3 Then

- 3 Then, thou, my soul, in safety rest,
thy guardian will not sleep ;
- 4 His watchful care that Isr'el guards,
will Isr'el's monarch keep.
- 5 Shelter'd beneath th' almighty's wings,
thou shalt securely rest,
- 6 Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
by day or night molest.
- 7 From common accidents of life
his care shall guard thee still ;
- From the blind strokes of chance and foes
that lie in wait to kill.
- 8 At home, abroad, in peace, in war.
thy God shall thee defend ;
- Conduct thee thro' life's pilgrimage,
safe to thy journey's end.

P S A L M CXXII.

- 1 **O** 'Twas a joyful sound to hear
our tribes devoutly say
Up Isr'el to the temple haste,
and keep your festal day.
- 2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
with our assembled pow'rs ;
- 3 In strong and beautilous order rang'd,
like her united tow'rs ;
- 4 'Tis thither by divine command,
the tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate
his name with praise and pray'r.
- 5 Tribunals stand erected there,
where equity takes place :
- There stand the courts and palaces
of royal David's race.

- 6 O pray we then for Salem's peace,
for they shall prosp'rous be,
(Thou holy city of our God!)
who bear true love to thee.
- 7 May peace within thy sacred walls
a constant guest be found,
With plenty and prosperity
thy palaces be crown'd.
- 8 For my dear brethrens sake, and friends
no less than brethren dear,
I'll pray—may peace in Salem's tow'rs
a constant guest appear.
- 9 But most of all, I'll seek thy good,
and ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
where God vouchsafes to dwell.

P S A L M CXXIII.

- 1 **O**N thee, who dwell'st above the skies,
2 **O** For mercy wait my longing eyes;
As servants watch their masters hands,
And maids their mistresses commands.
- 3, 4 O then have mercy on us, Lord,
Thy gracious aid to us afford:
To us, whom cruel foes oppress,
Grown rich and proud by our distress.

P S A L M CXXIV.

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord (may Isr'el say)
been pleas'd to interpose;
2 Had he not then espous'd our cause,
when men against us rose;
3, 4, 5 Their wrath had swallow'd us alive
and rag'd without controul;
Their spite and pride's united floods
had quite o'erwhelm'd our soul.

6 But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
who rescu'd us that day,

Nor to their savage jaws gave up
our threat'ned lives a prey.

7 Our soul is like a bird escap'd
from out the fowler's net ;

The snare is broke, their hopes are cross'd,
and we at freedom set.

8 Secure in his almighty name,
our confidence remains,

Who as he made both heav'n and earth,
of both sole monarch reigns.

P S A L M · CXXV.

1 **W**HO place on Sion's God their trust
like Sion's rock shall stand ;

Like her immoveably be fix'd
by his almighty hand.

2 Look how the hills on ev'ry side
Jerusalem inclose,

So stands the Lord around his saints
to guard them from their foes.

3 The wicked may afflict the just,
but ne'er too long oppress,

Nor force him by despair to seek
base means for his redress.

4 Be good, O righteous God, to those,
who righteous deeds affect :

The heart that innocence retains,
let innocence protect.

5 All those who walk in crooked paths,
the Lord shall soon destroy ;

Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints
with lasting peace and joy.

P S A L M CXXVI.

WHEN Sion's God her sons recall'd
 from long captivity,
 It seem'd at first a pleasing dream
 of what we wish'd to see;
 But soon in unaccustom'd mirth,
 we did our voice employ,
 And sung our great Creator's praise
 in thankful hymns of joy.

Our heathen foes repining stood,
 yet were compell'd to own,
 That great and wond'rous was the work
 our God for us had done. [great,
 'Twas great, say they, 'twas wond'rous
 much more should we confess;
 The Lord has done great things, whereof
 we reap the glad success.

To us bring back the remnant, Lord,
 of Isr'el's captive bands,
 More welcome than refreshing show'rs
 to parch'd and thirsty lands.
 That we, whose work commenc'd in tears,
 may see our labours thrive,
 Till finish'd with success, to make
 our drooping hearts revive.

Though he despond that sows his grain,
 yet doubtless he shall come
 To bind his full-ear'd sheaves, and bring
 the joyful harvest home.

P S A L M CXXVII.

WE build with fruitless cost, unless
 the Lord the pile sustain;
 Unless the Lord the city keep,
 the watchmen wakes in vain:

2 In vain we rise before the day,
and late to rest repair:
Allow no respite to our toil,
and eat the bread of care.

Supplies of life, with ease to them,
he on his saints bestows;
He crowns their labour with success,
their nights with sound repose.
3 Children, those comforts of our life,
are presents from the Lord;
He gives a num'rous race of heirs,
as piety's reward.

4 As arrows in a giant's hand
when marching forth to war,
Ev'n so the sons of sprightly youth,
their parent's safeguard are.
5 Happy the man, whose quiver's fill'd
with these prevailing arms;
He needs not fear to meet his foe,
at law, or war's alarms.

P S A L M CXXVIII.

1 **T**HE man is blest who fears the Lord,
nor only worship pays,
But keeps his steps confin'd with care
to his appointed ways.
2 He shall upon the sweet returns
of his own labour feed;
Without dependence, live, and see
his wishes all succeed.
3 His wife, like a fair fertile vine,
her lovely fruit shall bring;
His children, like young olive plants,
about his table spring.

4, 5 Who fears the Lord, shall prosper
 him Sion's God shall bless ; (thus ;
 And grant him all his days to see
 Jerusalem's success.

6 He shall live on, 'till heirs from him
 descend with vast increase :
 Much bless'd in his own prosp'rous state,
 and more in Isr'el's peace.

P S A L M CXXIX.

1 **F** R O M my youth up, may Isr'el say,
 they oft have me assail'd,
 2 Reduc'd me oft to heavy straits,
 but never quite prevail'd.
 3 They oft have plow'd my patient back
 with furrows deep and long :
 4 But our just God has broke their chains,
 and rescu'd us from wrong.
 5 Defeat, confusion, shameful rout
 be still the doom of those,
 Their righteous doom who Sion hate,
 and Sion's God oppose.
 6 Like corn upon our houses tops,
 untimely let them fade,
 Which too much heat, and want of root,
 has blasted in the blade :
 7 Which in his arms no reaper takes,
 but unregarded leaves ;
 Nor binder thinks it worth his pains
 to fold it into sheaves :
 8 No traveller that passes by,
 vouchsafes a minute's stop,
 To give it one kind look, or crave
 heav'n's blessing on the crop.

P S A L M CXXX.

- 1 **F**ROM lowest depths of woe,
to God I send my cry ;
2 Lord hear my supplicating voice,
and graciously reply.
3 Should'st thou severely judge,
who can the trial bear ?
4 But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
and quite renounce thy fear.

5 My soul with patience waits
for thee, the living Lord ;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
thy never-failing word.

6 My longing eyes look-out
for the enliv'ning ray,

More duly than the morning watch
to spy the dawning day.

7 Let Isr'el trust in God ;
no bounds his mercy knows ;

The plenteous source and spring from whence
eternal succour flows.

8 Whose friendly streams to us
supplies in want convey ;

A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
and wash our guilt away.

P S A L M CXXXI.

1 **O** Lord, I am not proud of heart,
nor cast a scornful eye ;
Nor my aspiring thoughts employ
in things for me too high

2 With infant innocence, thou know'st
I have myself demean'd ;

Compos'd to quiet, like a babe
that from the breast is wean'd:

3 Like me let Isr'el hope in God,
his aid alone implore;
Both now and ever trust in him,
who lives for evermore.

P S A L M CXXXII.

1 **L**ET David, Lord, a constant place
in thy remembrance find;
Let all the sorrows he endur'd,
be ever in thy mind.

2 Remember what a solemn oath
to thee, his Lord, he swore;
How to the mighty God he vow'd,
whom Jacob's sons adore;

3; 4 I will not go into my house,
nor to my bed ascend;
No soft repose shall close my eyes,
nor sleep my eye-lids bend;

5 'Till for the Lord's design'd abode
I mark'd the destin'd ground;
'Till I a decent place of rest
for Jacob's God have found.

6 Th' appointed place with shouts of joy,
at Euphrata we found,
And made the woods and neighb'ring fields
our glad applause resound.

7 O with due rev'rence let us then
to his abode repair;
And, prostrate at his footstool fall'n,
pour out our humble pray'r.

8 Arise, O Lord, and now possess
thy constant place of rest;
Be that, not only with thy ark,
but with thy presence blest.

9, 10 Cloath thou thy priests with righteousness,
make thou thy saints rejoice ; [ness,
And for thy servant David's sake,
hear thy anointed's voice.

11 God sware to David in his truth,
(nor shall his oath be vain)

One of thy offspring after thee
upon thy throne shall reign :

12 And if thy seed my cov'nant keep,
and to my laws submit :

Their children too upon thy throne
for evermore shall sit.

13, 14 For Sion does in God's esteem
all other seats excel ;

His place of everlasting rest,
where he desires to dwell.

15, 16 Her store, says he, I will increase,
her poor with plenty bless ;

Her saints shall shout for joy, her priests
my saving health confess.

17 There David's pow'r shall long remain
in his successive line,

And my anointed servant there
shall with fresh lustre shine.

18 The faces of his vanquish'd foes
confusion shall o'erspread ;

Whilst with confirm'd success, his crown
shall flourish on his head.

P. S A L M CXXXIII.

HOW vast must their advantage be !
how great their pleasure prove !
Who live like brethren, and consent
in offices of love !

2 True love is like the precious oil
which pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
its costly moisture shed.

3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
on Hermon's top distil ;
Or like the early drops that fall
on Sion's fruitful hill.
4 For God to all, whose friendly hearts
with mutual love abound,
Has firmly promis'd length of days
with constant blessings crown'd.

P S A L M CXXXIV.

1 **B**LESS God, ye servants that attend
upon his solemn state,
That in his temple, night by night,
with humble rev'rence wait :
2, 3 Within his house lift up your hands,
and bless his holy name ;
From Sion bless thy Isr'el, Lord,
who heav'n and earth did'st frame.

P S A L M CXXXV.

1 **O** Praise the Lord with one consent,
and magnify his name ;
Let all the servants of the Lord
his worthy praise proclaim.
2 Praise him all ye that in his house
attend with constant care ;
With those that to his utmost courts
with humble zeal repair.
3 For this our truest int'rest is,
glad hymns of praise to sing ;
And with loud songs to bless his name,
a most delightful thing,

4 For God his own peculiar choice
the sons of Jacob makes ;

And Isr'el's offspring for his own
most valu'd treasure takes.

5 That God is great, we often have
by glad experience found ;

And seen how he with wond'rous pow'r
above all gods is crown'd.

6 For he with unresisted strength
performs his sov'reign will ;

In heav'n and earth, and wat'ry stores
that earth's deep caverns fill.

7 He raises vapours from the ground,
which pois'd in liquid air,

Fall down at last in show'rs through which
his dreadful lightnings glare :

8 He from his store-house brings the winds ;
and he with vengeful hand,

The first-born slew of man and beast,
through Egypt's mourning land.

9 He dreadful signs and wonders shew'd
through stubborn Egypt's coasts,

Nor Pharaoh could his plagues escape,
nor all his num'rous hosts.

10, 11 'Twas he that various nations smote,
and mighty kings suppress'd ;

Sihon and Og, and all besides,
who Canaan's land possess'd.

12, 13 Their land upon his chosen race
he firmly did entail ;

For which his fame shall always last,
his praise shall never fail.

- 14 For God shall soon his people's cause
with pitying eyes survey ;
Repent him of his wrath and turn
his kindled rage away.
- 15 Those idols, whose false worship spread
o'er all the heathen lands,
Are made of silver and of gold,
the work of human hands.
- 16, 17 They move not their fictitious tongues
nor see with polish'd eyes ;
Their counterfeited ears are deaf,
no breath their mouth supplies.
- 18 As senseless as themselves are they,
that all their skill apply
To make them, or in dang'rous times
on them for aid rely.
- 19 Their just returns of thanks to God,
let grateful Isr'el pay :
Nor let the priests of Aaron's race
to bless the Lord delay.
- 20 Their sense of his unbounded love
let Levi's house express ;
And let all those that fear the Lord,
his name for ever bless.
- 21 Let all with thanks his wond'rous works
in Sion's courts proclaim ;
Let them in Salem, where he dwells
exalt his holy name.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

- 1 **T**O God the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat :
To him due praise afford,
as good as he is great.

For God does prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.

2, 3, To him, whose wond'rous pow'r
all other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
this grateful homage pay:
For God, &c.

4, 5 By his almighty hand
amazing works are wrought;
The heav'ns by his command
were to perfection brought.
For God, &c.

6 He spread the ocean round
about the spacious land;
And made the rising ground
above the waters stand.
For God, &c.

7, 8, 9 Through heav'n he did display
his num'rous hosts of light;
The sun to rule by day,
the moon and stars by night.
For God, &c.

10, 11, 12 He struck the first-born dead
of Egypt's stubborn land;
And thence his people led
with his resistless hand.
For God, &c.

13, 14 By him the raging sea,
as if in pieces rent,
Disclos'd a middle way,
through which his people went;
For God, &c.

15 Where soon he overthrew
proud Pharaoh and his host,
Who daring to pursue,
were in the billows lost.
For God, &c.

16, 17, 18 Through desarts vast and wild,
he led the chosen seed ;
And famous princes foil'd,
and made great monarchs bleed.
For God, &c.

19, 20 Sihon, whose potent hand
great Ammon's sceptre sway'd ;
And Og, whose stern command
rich Bashan's land obey'd.
For God, &c.

21, 22 And of his wond'rous grace
their lands, whom he destroy'd
He gave to Isr'el's race,
to be by them enjoy'd.
For God, &c.

23, 24 He in our depth of woes,
on us with favour thought,
And from our cruel foes
in peace and safety brought.
For God, &c.

25, 26 He does the food supply,
on which all creatures live :
To God who reigns on high
eternal praises give.
For God will prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.

P S A L M CXXXVII.

WHEN we, our weary limbs to rest,
 Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
 We wept, with doleful thoughts oppress'd,
 And Sion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps that when with joy we sung,
 Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
 With silent strings neglected hung
 On willow-trees that wither'd there.

3 Mean while our foes, who all conspir'd
 To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
 Music and mirth of us requir'd,
 "Come sing us one of Sion's songs."

4 How shall we tune our voice to sing?
 Or touch our harps with skilful hands?
 Shall hymns of joy to God our king
 Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

5 O Salem, our once happy seat!
 When I of thee forgetful prove,
 Let then my trembling hand forget
 The speaking strings with art to move!

6 If I to mention thee forbear,
 Eternal silence seize my tongue
 Or if I sing one chearful air,
 'Till thy deliv'rance is my song!

7 Remember, Lord, how Edom's race,
 In thy own city's fatal day,
 Cry'd out, "Her stately walls deface,
 "And with the ground quite level lay."

8 Proud Babal's daughter, doom'd to be
 Of grief and woe the wretched prey,
 Bless'd is the man who shall to thee
 The wrongs thou laid'st on us, repay.

9 Thrice

9 Thrice blest, who with just rage posselt,
And deaf to all the parents moans,
Shall snatch thy infants from the breast,
And dash their heads against the stones.

P S A L M CXXXVIII.

With my whole heart, my God and king,
thy praise I will proclaim;
Before the gods with joy I'll sing,
and bless thy holy name.

2 I'll worship at thy sacred feat;
and with thy love inspir'd,
The praises of thy truth repeat,
o'er all thy works admir'd.

3 Thou graciously inclin'st thine ear,
when I to thee did cry;
And when my soul was press'd with fear,
did'st inward strength supply.

4 Therefore shall ev'ry earthly prince
thy name with praise pursue,
Whom these admir'd events convince
that all thy works are true.

5 They all thy wond'rous ways, O Lord,
with chearful songs shall bless;
And all thy glorious acts record,
thy awful pow'r confess,

6 For God, although enthron'd on high,
does thence the poor respect;
The proud far off, his scornful eye
beholds with just neglect.

7 Tho' I with troubles am oppress'd,
he shall my foes disarm
Relieve my soul when most distress'd,
and keep me safe from harm.

8 The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
 shall fix my happy state ;
 And mindful of his favours past,
 shall his own work compleat.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

1, **T**HOU, Lord, by strictest search hast

2 **M**y rising up and lying down; (known
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.

3 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
 My public haunts and private ways ;

4 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips wou'd vent,
 My yet unutter'd words intent.

5 Surrounded by thy pow'r, I stand,
 On ev'ry side I find thy hand.

6 O skill, for human reach too high !
 Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !

7 O cou'd I so perfidious be,
 To think of once deserting thee !

Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun?
 Or whither from thy presence run?

8 If up to heav'n I take my flight ;
 'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light ;

Or sink to hell's infernal plains,
 'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.

9 If I the morning's wings cou'd gain,
 And fly beyond the western main,

10 Thy swifter hand wou'd first arrive,
 And there arrest thy fugitive.

11 Or shou'd I try to shun thy fight
 Beneath the sable wings of night ;
 One glance from thee, one piercing ray
 Wou'd kindle darkness into day.

12 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes :
Thro' midnight shades thou find'st the way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

13 Thou know'st the texture of my heart;
My reins and ev'ry vital part;
Each single thread in nature's loom,
By thee was cover'd in the womb.

14 I'll praise thee from whose hands I came;
A work of such a curious frame ;
The wonders thou in me hast shown,
My soul with grateful joy must own.

15 Thine eyes my substance did survey;
While yet a lifeless mass it lay,
In secret how exactly wrought,
Ere from its dark inclosure brought.

16 Thou did'st the shapeless embryo see;
Its parts were registred by thee :
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

17 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That since this maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The pow'r of numbers to recount.

18 Far sooner could I reckon o'er
The sands upon the ocean's shore :
Each morn reviving what I've done,
I find th' account but new begun.

19 The wicked thou shalt slay, O God :
Depart from me, ye men of blood,

20 Whose tongues heav'n's majesty profane,
And take th' Almighty's name in vain,

21 Lord, hate not I their impious crew,
 Who thee with enmity pursue ?
 And does not grief my heart oppress,
 When reprobates thy law transgress ?

22 Who practise enmity to thee,
 Shall utmost hatred have from me ;
 Such men I utterly detest,
 As if they were my foes profest. (heart,
 23, 24 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and
 If mischief lurks in any part ;
 Correct me where I go astray,
 And guide me in thy perfect way.

P S A L M. CXL.

1 **P**reserve me, Lord, from crafty foes
 of treacherous intent ;
 2 And from the sons of violence,
 on open mischief bent.
 3 Their sland'ring tongue the serpent's sting
 in sharpness does exceed :
 Between their lips the gaul of asps
 and adders venom breed.
 4 Preserve me, Lord, from wicked hands
 nor leave my soul forlorn,
 A prey to sons of violence,
 who have my ruin sworn.
 5 The proud for me have laid their snare
 and spread their wily net ;
 With traps and gins where'er I move,
 I find my steps beset.
 6 But thus environ'd with distress,
 thou art my God I said ;
 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
 that calls to thee for aid.

7 O Lord, the God whose saving strength
kind succour did convey,
And cover'd my advent'rous head
in battle's doubtful day.

8 Permit not their unjust designs
to answer their desire;

Lest they encourag'd by success,
to bolder crimes aspire.

9 Let first their chiefs the sad effects
of their injustice mourn;

The blast of their envenom'd breath,
upon themselves return.

10 Let them who kindled first the flame,
its sacrifice become;

The pit they digg'd for me, be made
their own untimely tomb.

11 Tho' slander's breath may raise a storm,
it quickly will decay;

Their rage does but the torrent swell,
that bears themselves away.

12 God will assert the poor man's cause,
and speedy succour give;

The just shall celebrate his praise,
and in his presence live.

P S A L M CXLI.

1 **T**O thee, O Lord, my cries ascend,
O haste to my relief;

And with accustom'd pity hear
the accents of my grief.

2 Instead of off'rings, let my pray'r
like morning incense rise:

My lifted hands supply the place
of ev'ning sacrifice.

3 From hasty language curb my tongue,
and let a constant guard
Still keep the portal of my lips,
with wary silence barr'd.

4 From wicked mens designs and deeds
my heart and hands restrain ;
Nor let me in the booty share
of their unrighteous gain.

5 Let upright men reprove my faults,
and I shall think them kind ;
Like balm that heals a wounded head,
I their reproof shall find ;
And in return, my fervent pray'r
I shall for them address,
When they are tempted and reduc'd,
like me to sore distress.

6 When skulking in Engedi's rock,
I to their chiefs appeal,
If one reproachful word I spoke,
when I had pow'r to kill.

7 Yet us they persecute to death,
our scatter'd ruins lie
As thick as from the hewer's ax
the sever'd splinters fly.

8 But, Lord, to thee I still direct
my supplicating eyes,
O leave not destitute my soul,
whose trust on thee relies.

9 Do thou preserve me from the snares
that wicked hands have laid ;
Let them in their own nets be caught
while my escape is made.

P S A L M CXLII.

- 1 **T**O God, with mournful voice,
in deep distress I pray'd ;
2 Made him the umpire of my cause,
my wrongs before him laid.
3 Thou did'st my steps direct,
when my griev'd soul despair'd :
For where I thought to walk secure,
they had their traps prepar'd.
4 I look'd but found no friend
to own me in distress ;
All refuge fail'd, no man vouchsaf'd
his pity or redress :
5 To God at last I pray'd,
thou, Lord, my refuge art,
My portion in the land of life,
'till life itself depart.
6 Reduc'd to greatest straits,
to thee I make my moan ;
O save me from oppressive foes,
for me too pow'rful grown.
7 That I may praise thy name,
my soul from prison bring ;
Whilst of thy kind regard to me,
assembled saints shall sing.

P S A L M CXLIII.

- 1 **L**ORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
thy wonted audience lend ;
In thy accusom'd faith and truth
a gracious answer send.
2 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
thy servant to be try'd ;
For in thy sight no living man
can e'er be justify'd.

3 The spiteful foe pursues my life,
whose comforts all are fled;

He drives me into caves as dark
as mansions of the dead.

4 My spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,
and sinks within my breast;

My mournful heart grows desolate,
with heavy woes oppress'd.

5 I call to mind the days of old,
and wonders thou hast wrought:

My former dangers and escapes
employ my musing thought.

6 To thee my hands, in humble pray'r,
I fervently stretch out;

My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,
like land oppress'd with drought.

7 Hear me with speed; my spirit fails;
thy face no longer hide,

Lest I become forlorn like them
that in the grave reside.

8 Thy kindness early let me hear,
whose trust on thee depends;

Teach me the way where I should go:
my soul to thee ascends.

9 Do thou, O Lord, from all my foes
preserve and set me free;

A safe retreat against their rage,
my soul implores from thee.

10 Thou art my God, thy righteous will
instruct me to obey;

Let thy good spirit lead and keep
my soul in the right way.

11 O for the sake of thy great name
revive my drooping heart:

For thy truth's sake to me distress'd,
thy promis'd aid impart.

12 In pity to my suff'rings, Lord,
reduce my foes to shame;

Slay them that persecute a soul
devoted to thy name.

P S A L M CXLIV.

1 **F**OR ever blest be God the Lord,
Who does his needful aid impart,
At once both strength and skill afford
To wield my arms with warlike art.

2 His goodness as my fort and tow'r,
My strong deliv'rance and my shield:
In him I trust whose matchless pow'r
Makes to my sway fierce nations yield.

3 Lord, what's in man, that thou should'st
Such tender care of him to take? [love
What in his offspring could thee move
Such great account of him to make?

4 The life of man does quickly fade,
His thoughts but empty are and vain;
His days are like a flying shade,
Of whose short stay no signs remain.

5 In solemn state, O God, descend,
Whil'st heav'n its lofty head inclines;
The smoking hills asunder rend,
Of thy approach the awful signs.

6 Discharge thy dreadful light'ning round,
And make thy scatter'd foes retreat;
Them with thy pointed arrows wound,
And their destruction soon compleat.

7, 8 Do thou, O Lord, from heav'n engage
Thy boundless pow'r my foes to quell,
And snatch me from the stormy rage
Of threat'ning waves that proudly swell.
Fight thou against my foreign foes,
Who utter speeches false and vain ;
Who, though in solemn leagues they close,
Their sworn engagements ne'er maintain.

9 So I to thee, O King of kings,
In joyful hymns my voice shall raise,
And instruments of various strings
Shall help me thus to sing thy praise.
10 " God does to kings his aid afford,
" To them his sure salvation sends ;
" 'Tis he that from the murd'ring sword,
" His servant David still defends."

11 Fight thou against my foreign foes,
Who utter speeches false and vain ;
Who, though in solemn leagues they close,
Their sworn engagements ne'er maintain.
12 Then our young sons like trees shall grow,
Well planted in some fruitful place ;
Our daughters shall like pillars show,
Design'd some royal court to grace.

13 Our garners, fill'd with various store,
Shall us and ours with plenty feed,
Our sheep increasing more and more,
Shall thousands and ten thousands breed.
14 Strong shall our lab'ring oxen grow,
Nor in their constant labour faint ;
Whilst we no war nor slav'ry know,
And in our streets hear no complaint.

15 Thrice

15 Thrice happy is that people's case,
 Whose various blessings thus abound :
 Who God's true worship still embrace,
 And are with his protection crown'd.

P S A L M CXLV.

1, **T**HEE I'll extol, my God and King,
 2 thy endless praise proclaim ;
 This tribute daily I will bring,
 and ever bless thy name.

3 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
 and highly to be prais'd ;
 Thy majesty, with boundless height,
 above our knowledge rais'd.

4 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
 to future time extends ;
 From age to age thy glorious name
 successively descends.

5, 6 Whilst I thy glory and renown,
 and wond'rous works express,
 The world with me thy might shall own
 and thy great pow'r confess.

7 The praise that to thy love belongs,
 they shall with joy proclaim ;
 Thy truth of all their grateful songs
 shall be the constant theme.

8 The Lord is good ; fresh acts of grace
 his pity still supplies ;
 His anger moves with slowest pace,
 his willing mercy flies.

9, 10 Thy love thro' earth extends its fame
 to all thy works express ;
 These shew thy praise, whilst thy great name
 is by thy servants blest.

11 They, with the glorious prospect fir'd,
shall of thy kingdom speak ;
And thy great pow'r, by all admir'd,
their lofty subject make.

12 God's glorious works of antient date,
shall thus to all be known ;
And thus his kingdom's royal state,
with public splendor shown.

13 His stedfast throne, from changes free,
shall stand for ever fast ;
His boundless sway no end shall see,
but time itself out-last.

P A R T II.

14, 15 The Lord does them support that fall,
and makes the prostrate rise ;
For his kind aid all creatures call,
who timely food supplies.

16 Whate'er their various wants require,
with open hand he gives ;
And so fulfils the just desire
of ev'ry thing that lives.

17, 18 How holy is the Lord ! how just !
how righteous all his ways !
How nigh to him, who with firm trust
for his assistance prays !

19 He grants the full desires of those
who him with fear adore ;
And will their troubles soon compose,
when they his aid implore.

20 The Lord preserves all those with care
whom grateful love employs :
But sinners, who his vengeance dare,
with furious rage destroys.

21 My time to come, in praises spent,
shall still advance his fame,
And all mankind with one consent
for ever blefs his name.

P S A L M CXLVI.

1, **O** Praise the Lord and thou my soul,
2 for ever blefs his name :

His wond'rous love, while life shall last,
my constant praise shall claim.

3 On kings, the greatest sons of men,
let none for aid rely :

They cannot save in dang'rous times,
nor timely help apply

4 Depriv'd of breath, to dust they turn,
and there neglected lie,

And all their thoughts and vain designs
together with them die.

5 Then happy he, who Jacob's God
for his protection takes ;

Who still, with well plac'd hope, the Lord
his constant refuge makes.

6 The Lord, who made both heav'n and
and all that they contain, (earth,

Will never quit his stedfast truth,
nor make his promise vain.

7 The poor oppress'd, from all their wrongs
are eas'd by his decree ;

He gives the hungry needful food,
and sets the pris'ners free.

8 By him the blind receive their sight,
the weak and fall'n he rears :

With kind regard and tender love,
he for the righteous cares.

9 The stranger he preserves from harm,
the orphan kindly treats,
Defends the widow, and the wiles
of wicked men defeats.

10 The God, that does in Sion dwell,
is our eternal King :
From age to age his reign endures,
let all his praises sing.

P S A L M CXLVII.

1 **O** Praise the Lord with hymns of joy,
and celebrate his fame !
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
to praise his holy name.

2 His holy city God will build,
tho' level'd with the ground :
Bring back his people, tho' dispers'd
through all the nations round.

3, 4 He kindly heals the broken hearts,
and all their wounds does close ;
He tells the number of the stars,
their several names he knows.

5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his pow'r,
his wisdom has no bound ;
The meek he raises, and throws down
the wicked to the ground.

7 To God, the Lord, a hymn of praise
with grateful voices sing ;
To songs of triumph tune the harp,
and strike each warbling string.

8 He covers heav'n with clouds, and thence
refreshing rain bestows :
Thro' him, on mountain tops, the grass
with wond'rous plenty grows.

9 He,

- 9 He, savage beasts that loofely range,
with timely food fupplies ;
He feeds the ravens tender brood,
and ftops their hungry cries.
- 10 He values not the warlike fteed,
but does his ftrength difdain ;
The nimble foot that fwiftly runs,
no prize from him can gain.
- 11 But he, to him that fears his name,
his tender love extends ;
To him that on his boundlefs grace
with ftedfaft hope depends.
- 12, 13 Let Sion and Jerufalem
to God their praife addrefs ;
Who fenc'd their gates with mafsy bars,
and does their children blefs.
- 14, 15 Thro' all their borders he gives peace
with fineft wheat they're fed ;
He fpeaks the word, and what he wills
is done as foon as faid.
- 16 Large flakes of fnow, like fleecy wool,
defcend at his command ;
And hoary froft, like afhes fspread,
is fcatte'r'd o'er the land.
- 17 When join'd to thefe he does his hail
in little morfels break,
Who can againft his piercing cold
fecure defences make ?
- 18 He fends his word, which melts the ice :
he makes his wind to blow,
And foon the fstreams, congeal'd before,
in plenteous currents flow.

19 By him his statutes and decrees
 to Jacob's sons were shown ;
 And still to to Isr'el's chosen seed
 his righteous laws are known.
 20 No other nation this can boast,
 nor did he e'er afford
 To heathen lands his oracles,
 and knowledge of his word.

Hallelujah.

P S A L M CXLVIII.

1, 2 **Y**E boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's fame :
 His praise your song employ
 Above the stary frame :
 Your voices raise,
 Ye cherubim
 And seraphim,
 To sing his praise.

3, 4 Thou moon that rul'st the night,
 and sun that guid'st the day,
 Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
 To him your homage pay :
 His praise declare,
 Ye heav'ns above,
 And clouds that move
 In liquid air.

5, 6 Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise his holy name,
 By whose almighty word
 They all from nothing came :
 And all shall last,
 From changes free :
 His firm decree
 Stands ever fast.

7, 8 Let

7, 8 Let earth her tribute pay ;
Praise him, ye dreadful whales,
And fish that through the sea
Glide swift with glitt'ring scales :
Fire, hail, and snow,
And misty air,
And winds that where
He bids them blow.

9, 10 By hills and mountains (all
In grateful confort join'd)
By cedars stately tall,
And trees for fruit design'd :
By ev'ry beast,
And creeping thing,
And fowl of wing
His name be blest.

11, 12 Let all of royal birth,
With those of humbler frame,
And judges of the earth,
His matchless praise proclaim.
In this design
Let youths with maids,
And hoary heads
With children join.

13 United zeal be shown,
His wond'rous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise:
Earth's utmost ends
His pow'r obey :
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

14 His chosen saints to grace,
 He sets them up on high,
 And favours Isr'el's race,
 Who still to him are nigh.
 O! therefore raise
 Your grateful voice,
 And still rejoice
 The Lord to praise.

P S A L M CXLIX.

1, 2 **O** Praise ye the Lord,
 prepare your glad voice,
 His praise in the great
 assembly to sing.
 In our great Creator
 let Is'el rejoice,
 And children of Sion
 be glad in their King.

3, 4 Let them his great name
 extol in the dance ;
 With timbrel and harp
 his praises express,
 Who always takes pleasure
 his saints to advance,
 And with his salvation
 the humble to bless.

5, 6 With glory adorn'd,
 his people shall sing
 To God, who their beds
 with safety does shield ;
 Their mouths fill'd with praises
 of him their great King ;
 Whilst a two-edged sword
 their right hand shall wield.

7, 8 Just vengeance to take
 for injuries past ;
 To punish those lands
 for ruin design'd ;
 With chains, as their captives,
 to tie their kings fast,
 With fetters of iron
 their nobles to bind.

9 Thus shall they make good,
 when they shall destroy,
 The dreadful decree
 which God does proclaim:
 Such honour and triumph
 his saints shall enjoy,
 O therefore for ever
 exalt his great name !

P S A L M CL.

O Praise the Lord in that blest place,
 From whence his goodness largely flows:
 Praise him in heav'n, where he his face
 Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

2 Praise him for all the mighty acts,
 Which he on our behalf has done ;
 His kindness this return exacts,
 With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
 Make rocks and hills his praise rebound ;
 Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
 And gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.

4 Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring,
 And some with graceful motion dance ;
 Let instruments of various strings,
 With organs join'd, his praise advance.

5 Let

5 Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise;
Cymbals of common use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn days.

6 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ:
Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

T H E E N D.

GLORIA PATRI, &c.

Common Measure.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

As Psalm 25.

TO God the Father, Son,
and spirit, glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
to all eternity.

As the 100th Psalm.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore
Be glory as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

As Psalm 37th, and last part of the 113th
Psalm Tune.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant
And suff'ring saints on earth adore, [host,
Be

Be glory as in ages past,
And now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself must be no more.

As Psalm 148.

TO God the Father, Son,
And spirit ever blest'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

As Psalm 149.

BY angels in heav'n
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd
To God in three persons,
One God ever blest'd ;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

To be sung to any double tune in the com-
mon measure.

TO God, our benefactor, bring
The tribute of your praise ;
Too small for an almighty King,
But all that we can raise.

Glory to thee, blest'd Three in One,
The God whom we adore ;
As was, and is, and shall be done,
When time shall be no more.

The

The PSALMIST's Prayer for the CHURCH.

Common Measure.

LORD, bless thy people, who to thee
do all their safety owe;
Feed thou thy flock, and raise them up,
when they are fallen low.

Another.

Delight to bless thy people, Lord,
defend and succour them;
Do good to Zion, build the walls
of thy Jerusalem.

As the 100th Psalm.

THY People whom thou lov'st, delight
To bless, defend and succour them;
Do good to Zion, Lord, and build
The walls of thy Jerusalem.

Another.

OH! may thy church, thy turtle-dove,
Mournful, yet chaste, thy pity move:
'To birds of prey expose her not,
Tho' poor, too dear to be forgot.

As Psalm XXV.

LET Sion favour find,
of thy good will assur'd;
And thy own city flourish long,
By lofty walls secur'd.

B O S T O N.

" O thou whose pow'r o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine,
'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence, and holy rest ;
From thee great God, we spring, to thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end."

B O S T O N :
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H Y M N S.

H Y M N I.

Toleration.

I.

ALL-knowing God, 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

II.

Who among men, high Lord of all,
Thy servants to his bar may call?
Decide of heresy, and shake
A brother o'er the flaming lake?

III.

Who with another's eye can read?
Or worship by another's creed?
Revering thy command alone,
We humbly seek and use our own.

IV.

If wrong, forgive; accept, if right?
While faithful we obey our light,
And cens'ring none, are zealous still
To follow as to learn thy will.

V.

When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people fashion'd in thy mold?
And charity our lineage prove
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love?

H Y M N II.

Persecution.

I.

ABSURD and vain attempt ! to bind
 With iron chains the free-born mind ;
 To force conviction, and reclaim
 The wand'ring by destructive flame :

II.

Bold arrogance ! to snatch from Heav'n
 Dominion not to mortals giv'n :
 O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
 Accountable to God alone.

III.

Mad zeal ! that with hell-fury burns,
 The rights of God and man o'erturns :
 Whose blind presumption sanctifies
 Murders, rebellions, plots, and lies.

IV.

That fills the world with blood and woe,
 That hurls down kingdoms at a blow,
 That butchers souls, and peoples hell
 With converts which its arms compel.

V.

Thus Rome asserts her proud decrees,
 Inforc'd by fierce anathemas ;
 And wakens vengeance, to devour
 The foes of Antichristian pow'r.

VI.

Jesus, thy gentle law of love
 Does no such cruelties approve :
 Mild as thyself, thy doctrine yields
 No arms, but what persuasion yields.

VII.

VII.

By proofs divine and reason strong,
 It draws the willing soul along;
 And conquests to thy church acquires,
 By eloquence which heav'n inspires.

VIII.

O happy, who are thus compell'd
 To the rich feast by Jesus held!
 May we our blessings know; and prize
 The light which liberty supplies.

H Y M N III.

Wisdom's Expostulation with Sinners.

I.

9 **T**IS Wisdom's earnest cry;
 Wisdom, the voice of God,
 To young and old, the low and high,
 Utters his will abroad.

II.

Within the human breast,
 Her strong monitions plead,
 She thunders her divine protest,
 Against th' unrighteous deed.

III.

Within the holy place
 She calls with open arms;
 "How long ye fools will ye embrace
 "Folly's deceiving charms.

IV.

- " The race of man I love,
 " In mercy I chastise :
 " Severely faithful I reprove ;
 " Hear, mortals, and be wise.

V.

- " My house, a royal pile,
 " Invites you through its gate,
 " O leave the wilds of sin and guile,
 " And enter ; ere too late.

VI.

- " My joys, unsensual, taste ;
 " Come, drink of Wisdom's wine.
 " No sorrow poisons my repast,
 " The banquet is divine.

VII.

- " Honour and peace, with me,
 " And life immortal dwell.
 " Your ways of woe and infamy
 " Take hold of death and hell."
-

H Y M N IV.

The Penitent.

I.

YOUR flowing urns, ye fountains, lend,
 To fill these failing eyes ;
 While mourning in the dust I bend,
 Till mercy bid me rise.

II.

Yes, I have known, from childhood known,
 My God, thy holy will :
 Too negligent, I blushing own,
 Thy orders to fulfil.

III.

III.

Thy friendly voice, without, within,
In clearest warnings spake :
“ There winds the way of death and sin,
“ The path of glory take.”

IV.

Unheeding what thy voice advis'd,
I went perversely wrong;
The caution and the hope despis'd,
And madly rush'd along.

V.

Sometimes I paus'd, and sighing said,
I will these ways forsake.
Soon, by some headstrong lust o'erfway'd,
The feeble vow I brake.

VI.

Ah ! whither has my folly rov'd ?
Lost on perdition's ground,
From thy still waters far remov'd,
What pasture have I found ?

VII.

Wand'ring for rest, where rest is none,
By guilt and fear pursu'd ;
Idle, employ'd, in crowds, alone,
Sad images I view'd.

VIII.

Was this the great and good design,
For which I saw the day ?
Was reason giv'n, that beam divine,
Thus to be flung away ?

IX.

IX.

Ingrate, thy blessings I misus'd,
 O thou long-suffering Lord.
 Thy law contemn'd and grace abus'd
 Demand thy damping word.

H Y M N V.

Christian Privileges and Obligations.

I.

DOST thou my worthless name record
 Free of thy holy city, Lord?
 Am I, a sinner, call'd to share
 The precious privileges there?

II.

Art thou, my king, my father styl'd?
 And I, thy servant and thy child?
 While more than half the human race
 Are aliens from thy Zion's grace.

III.

Lo, wretched millions draw their breath
 In lands of ignorance and death:
 But I enjoy my line of time,
 Within thy gospel's favourite clime.

IV.

Pardon assur'd and heav'n display'd,
 Banish my fears, my hope persuade:
 And precepts, plentiful and clear,
 'Through life my dang'rous voyage steer.

V.

V.

Shall I receive this grace in vain?
 Shall I my great vocation stain?
 Away, ye works in darkness wrought;
 Away, each mean and wanton thought.

VI.

My soul, I charge thee to excell
 In thinking right and acting well.
 Deep, deep, thy searching pow'rs engage,
 Unbiafs'd, in the heav'n-born page.

VII.

Heighten the force of good desire,
 To deeds of shining worth aspire:
 More firm in fortitude, despise
 The world's seducing vanities.

VIII.

Strong and more strong, thy passions rule;
 Advancing still in virtue's school;
 Contending still, with noble strife,
 To emulate thy Saviour's life.

H Y M N VI.

Benefit of early Piety.

I.

COME, children, learn the heav'nly art,
 To make your growing years
 All happy, and defend your heart
 From guilt, distress, and fears.

II.

Remember him who gave you breath,
 Remember him who dy'd
 To save you from eternal death:
 His precepts be your guide.

III.

III.

What ornaments a young man grace,
 In piety approv'd !
 How lovely virtue's blooming face !
 By God and man belov'd.

IV.

Virtue in early youth begun
 The man with ease pursues ;
 And when his mortal course is run,
 In heav'n his life renews.

V.

Fond parents, with religious care
 Your tender offspring train :
 Warn them of ev'ry ambush'd snare,
 And sow the pious grain.

VI.

Thus the great Father gives command,
 Thus speaks a parent's love.
 Know, judgment's awful day, at hand,
 Your faithfulness will prove.

H Y M N VII.

The Vow.

I.

MY heart is fix'd, the firm decree
 Is ratify'd within my breast.
 I vow my soul, O Lord, to thee,
 In thee alone I seek my rest.

II.

Adieu, ye vain desires, adieu ;
 Ye lusts of ev'ry name, farewell :
 I bar all fellowship with you,
 I mean no more to live for hell.

III.

III.

In dissipation's magic ground,
 In busy scenes of toil and care,
 What pleasures or what gains are found,
 Which may with thine, O Lord, compare.

IV.

Pleasures, which yield no peace, I leave;
 Wealth but a spoil for death, I spurn:
 Hopes I embrace which ne'er deceive,
 For wealth which never dies, I burn.

V.

To faith's heroic war I rise,
 Nor dread my strong and wily foes;
 Safe in the arms thy word supplies,
 Led by the wisdom it bestows.

H Y M N VIII.

Prayer.

I.

OUR Father, thron'd above the skies,
 To thee my empty hands I spread.
 Thy child of dust beneath thee lies,
 Who asks thy blessing on his head.

II.

Let mercy all my sins dispell,
 As a dark cloud before the beam.
 My soul from bondage and from hell,
 To liberty and life redeem.

III

With chearful hope and filial fear,
 In that august and precious name
 By thee ordain'd, I now draw near;
 And would the promis'd blessing claim.

IV.

IV.

On thy good promises I lean,
 Thy truth can never, never fail;
 Though steadfast earth and heav'n's great scene
 Shall perish, like an ev'ning tale.

V.

Will not an earthly parent feel
 The cravings of his child in need!
 Will he present a piece of steel
 For bread, his hungry mouth to feed?

VI.

Our heav'nly Father, how much more
 Will thy divine compassions rise;
 And open thy unbounded store,
 To satisfy thy childrens cries?

VII.

Yes, I will ask, and seek, and press,
 For gracious audience, to thy seat;
 Still hoping, waiting, for success,
 If persevering to intreat.

VIII.

For Jesus, in his faithful word,
 The patient supplicant has bless'd:
 And all thy saints, with sweet accord,
 The prevalence of pray'r attest.

H Y M N IX.

Confession.

I.

O GOD, the holy and the just,
 Look not with anger's flashing eye,
 Behold me prostrate in the dust,
 Hear a lamenting sinner's sigh.

II.

My sins like ocean's sands abound,
My sins are stain'd with crimson hue :
Their burden sinks me to the ground;
To heav'n I dare not lift my view.

III.

Above the fowls that swim in air,
Above the beasts which graze below ;
Reason, thy noble gift, I share ;
By reason taught, thy laws I know.

IV.

How blest ! if I to reason's voice
Had yielded an obeying ear :
Blest ! if thy will had been my choice,
Thou my delight, and thou my fear.

V.

But oh ! the passions in my frame,
Inwrought by thee for wisest end,
With blindfold violence o'ercame
Reason, and conscience reason's friend.

VI.

In reason's aid thy gospel strove,
I heeded not, but onward ran :
The ways of ruin were my love,
O what a stubborn thing is man !

VII.

Lord, I am worthy to receive
The dreadful sentence, " Thou shalt die :"
But ere the fatal stroke thou give,
O turn thy face to Calvary.

Transient Goodness.

I.

WHERE, O my soul, O where
 Thy image shall I view?
 In the light cloud which melts in air,
 Or in the early dew.

II.

This hour, with flowing tears
 My follies I bewail :
 The next, my heart a waste appears,
 Where all the fountains fail.

III.

Now, as the wax in flame
 Dissolves, and takes the seal :
 The tend'rest touch of grief and shame
 Alternately I feel.

IV.

To day, her glimmering light
 Hope kindles in my breast :
 The morrow, with despair's black night,
 Has all my soul oppress.

V.

O my unsteadfast mind,
 Tost between good and ill !
 With steady course the brutal kind
 Their Maker's law fulfil.

VI.

O miserable state,
 Of hope by fear subdu'd !
 On thee, O Lord, for help I wait;
 Fix, fix my soul in good.

H Y M N XI.

Thanksgiving.

I.

YES—it was Thou, whose gracious care
Educ'd me from the womb,
Sent me to drink thy healthful air,
And nurs'd my tender bloom.

II.

Thy gentle hand my feet upheld,
In childhood's slippery way :
Ere yet my tongue thy name had spell'd,
Thy name was all my stay.

III.

My ripening years were still pursu'd
With mercies from above :
Thy bounty raiment gave, and food,
And loaded me with love.

IV.

If trouble's heavy arm was near,
Thy pity felt my sigh ;
Knew all my sorrow, all my fear,
And brought salvation nigh.

V.

When I behold yon azure space,
Spangled with stars, and see
Th' imperial moon's refulgent face,
Wond'ring, I think on thee.

VI.

Lord, what is man, that man should gain
Thy condescending view ?
That e'er thy majesty should deign
Such favour to renew ?

VII.

VII.

And what am I, least worthy I
 Of all who creep below,
 That thou wilt pass my follies by,
 And so much goodness show ?

VIII.

O summon thy whole strength, my soul,
 To bless thy God alone.
 O memory, all his boons enroll;
 I charge thee, lose not one.

H Y M N XII.

Self-Dependence.

I.

GOD reigns : Events in order flow,
 Man's industry to guide ;
 But in a diff'rent channel go,
 To humble human pride.

II.

The swift not always, in the race,
 Shall seize the crowning prize :
 Not always wealth and honour grace
 The labour of the wise.

III.

Fond mortals but themselves beguile,
 While on themselves they rest.
 Blind is their wisdom, weak their toil,
 By thee, O Lord, unblest.

IV.

Go, husbandman, the soil prepare,
 Cast in the precious grain.
 To thee belongs the sun, and air ?
 Dost thou command the rain ?

V.

V.

Ye crafty, scheme your winding way,
 God shall confound your skill:
 Know, time and accident obey
 His all-directing will.

VI.

Evil and good before him stand,
 His mission to perform:
 The blessing comes at his command,
 At his command the storm.

VII.

O Lord, in all our ways we'll own
 Thy providential pow'r;
 Intrusting to thy care alone
 The lot of ev'ry hour.

H Y M N XIII.

The Importance of Time.

I.

TIME, time, how few thy value weigh!
 How few will estimate a day!
 Days, months and years keep rolling on,
 The soul neglected and undone.

II.

In painful cares, or empty joys,
 Our life its precious hours destroys:
 While death stands watching at our side,
 Eager to stop the living tide.

III.

Was it for this, ye mortal race,
 The Maker gave you here a place?
 Was it for this, his thought design'd
 The frame of your immortal mind?

IV.

For lofty cares, for joys sublime,
 He fashion'd you the sons of time;
 Pilgrims of time, ere long to be
 The dwellers in eternity.

V.

This season of your being, know,
 Is portion'd you your deeds to sow,
 Wisdom's and folly's differing grain
 In future worlds is bliss and pain.

VI.

Be warn'd. Each night the day review,
 Idle, or busy; search it through:
 And while probation's minutes last,
 Let every day amend the past.

H Y M N XIV.

Pride.

I.

O Pride, thou dropfy of the mind,
 Of self-delusion born;
 Hateful to God, by all mankind
 In others seen with scorn.

II.

Shall sinning man, O Lord, presume
 To glory in thy sight?
 Himself on his own virtues plume?
 And claim thy heav'n by right?

III.

I boast of none, in none I'll trust,
 For mercy, Lord, I sue,
 Ah! were my judge severely just,
 Perdition is my due.

IV.

IV.

Shall mortal man, so blind and weak,
 On his own pow'rs depend?
 In thee I hope, thy blessing seek,
 O guide me and defend.

V.

Shall man his brother man despise,
 Vain of excelling worth?
 And view askance, with haughty eyes,
 His fellow worm of earth?

VI.

Who made my birth, or station, high?
 Another's mean and low?
 Who made that poor man's cup so dry,
 But mine to overflow?

VII.

My pride shall nobler talents swell?
 Who made yon ideots small?
 Who gave me talents to excell?
 Who but the God of all?

VIII.

O come, meek-ey'd Humility,
 Come, dwell within my breast,
 Thus, Jesus, I would learn of thee,
 And feel thy promis'd rest.

H Y M N XV.

Anger and Meekness.

I.

MARK, when tempestuous winds arise,
 The wild confusion and uproar;
 All ocean mixing with the skies,
 And shipwrecks dash'd upon the shore.

II.

II.

Not less confusion racks the mind,
 By its own fierce ideas tost ;
 When reason is to rage resign'd,
 And in the whirl of passion lost.

III.

O self-tormenting child of Pride,
 Anger, bred up in hate and strife ;
 Ten thousand ills, by thee supply'd,
 Mingle the cup of bitter life.

IV.

Happy the meek, whose gentle breast,
 Serene as summer's evening ray,
 Calm as the regions of the blest,
 Enjoys on earth celestial day.

V.

No friendships broke their bosoms sting,
 No jars their peaceful tents invade,
 Safe underneath Almighty wing,
 And, foes to none, of none afraid.

VI.

Spirit of grace, all meek and mild,
 With thy whole self our souls possess :
 Passion and pride be hence exil'd,
 So shall our frame thy own express.

H Y M N XVI.

Hypocrisy towards Man.

I.

CONDITION hard of social life,
 When love and prudence are at strife !
 While *that* the kindest thoughts inspire,
This caution and distrust requires.

II.

II.

Falshood alas! too oft we meet,
And for a friend a Joab greet:
With smiles and softest speech carest,
We feel the poniard in our breast.

III.

There are, who in my happy days
Will eat my bread and sound my praise:
But when my festal times are o'er,
Shun, as they would the plague, my door.

IV.

There is, whose heart I fondly thought
In the same mould with mine was wrought;
To whom my secret I unclos'd,
And my whole naked soul expos'd.

V.

Ere long his falshood he betray'd;
He publish'd counsels of the shade
On the house-top: Yea join'd my foe,
And wove the plot to lay me low.

VI.

O for the pinnions of a dove!
Far from all traitors I'd remove:
And in some lonely harmless wild,
Dwell there unknown and unbeguil'd.

VII.

O rather, Lord, thy servant give
In love and wisdom here to live;
Till thou indulge me a release
To thy own world of truth and peace.

H Y M N XVII.

Inoffensiveness.

I.

WHILE in this world I dwell,
 The paths of sin I'll fear;
 And, pond'ring all my goings well,
 Walk inoffensive here.

II.

My ev'ry step I'll aim,
 As warn'd by wisdom's zeal;
 Lest e'er, O Lord, thy holy name
 By me a wound should feel.

III.

To me let no man owe
 His hatred of thy ways.
 From me let no man's sorrow flow,
 The guilt of no man's days.

IV.

Nor will I rashly draw
 Man's vengeance on my head,
 By warmth untimely; when thy law
 Under their feet they tread.

V.

Thus blameless may I live,
 Thus grace the faith I own;
 Thus win ev'n infidels to give
 Due honours to thy throne.

H Y M N XVIII.

Christian Prudence and Fortitude.

I.

FATHER of lights, my footsteps guide
 Along the dang'rous path I tread.
 Ne'er suffer me to turn aside,
 By error or by sin misled.

II.

While the mad world around me spend,
 Their days in folly or in crime;
 O that my feet may always tend,
 To wise redemption of my time!

III.

With truth illuminate my mind,
 Inspire with fortitude my heart;
 Ne'er let me wander with the blind,
 Nor waver in the Christian's part.

IV.

Fashion and crowds conspire in vain,
 To shake the firmness of my soul:
 All your allurements I disdain,
 God only shall my choice controul.

H Y M N XIX.

Justice.

I.

FORBID it, heav'n! that e'er I eat
 The bread of craftiness and wrong:
 A curse would poison all my meat,
 As fatal as the viper's tongue.

II.

II.

I ne'er will raise a poor man's sigh,
 His hire shall never swell my store;
 I dread the poor man's plaintive cry,
 I fear the father of the poor.

III.

If I in darkness (base misdeed !)
 Assassinate my neighbour's fame;
 By me if innocency bleed,
 Cancel from earth my hated name.

IV.

Ah ! no ; let me with strong delight
 To all the tax of duty pay ;
 Tender of every social right,
 Revering thy all-righteous sway.

V.

Such virtue thou wilt ne'er forget,
 In worlds where every virtue shares
 High recompence ; though not of debt,
 But which thy bounteous grace prepares.

H Y M N XX.

Mercy.

I.

BEHOLD a wretch in woe,
 A brother mortal mourns :
 My eyes with tears, for tears, o'erflow,
 My heart his sighs returns.

II.

I hear the thirsty cry,
 The famish'd beg for bread :
 O let my spring its stream supply,
 My hand its bounty shed.

III.

III.

Lo, the poor debtor sues,
 Pale at the penal threat,
 A starving family he shews;
 I cancel all the debt.

IV.

And shall not wrath relent,
 Touch'd by that humble strain,
 My brother crying, "I repent,
 "Nor will offend again?"

V.

How else, on sprightly wing,
 Can hope bear high my pray'r
 Up to thy throne, my God, my king,
 To plead for pardon there.

VI.

The pitiful and kind
 Thy pity will repay.
 With thee shall the forgiving find
 A sweet forgiving day.

VII.

But justice lifts her scale,
 And shakes her rod on high:
 Nor pray'rs, nor sighs, nor tears avail
 The sons of cruelty.

H Y M N XXI.

Humility.

FIRST PART.

I.

WAS pride, alas! e'er made for man?
 Blind, erring, guilty creature he,
 His birth the dust, his life a span,
 His wisdom less than vanity.

C

II.

II.

If wealth and pow'r and dazling rays
 And pageant state this nothing dress ;
 On the fair idol shall we gaze ?
 And envy *that* as happiness ?

III.

Jesus, by thy instruction taught,
 Our foolish passions are repress :
 We blush at our misguided thought,
 And see and call the humble blest.

IV.

To know ourselves, to learn of thee,
 And bend our necks beneath thy throne,
 Thus dictates wise humility,
 This makes the wealth of heav'n our own.

H Y M N XXII.

Humility.

SECOND PART.

I.

BLEST men, of lowly mind,
 In self-opinion poor ;
 For you, what honour is design'd !
 For you, what princely store !

II.

In time's short joys and sighs,
 Thankful, or meekly still ;
 Whate'er he gives you, or denies,
 You love your Father's will.

III.

The high and holy One,
 Who all his works surveys,
 Marks you, from his eternal throne,
 As temples to his praise.

IV.

IV.

To you, to you he bends
His condescending ear;
To you his pow'rful arm extends,
In ev'ry want and fear.

V.

From your misgiving breast
Sad diffidence remove.
Why, children, are your souls deprest?
Why doubt your Father's love?

VI.

With mildness in his face,
Your weakneses he views.
To humble worshippers, his grace
He never will refuse.

VII.

From the proud pharisee
His countenance he turns:
But will not with displeasure see
A publican who mourns.

H Y M N XXIII.

*Summary of Christian Virtues,
with their Beatitudes.*

I.

NOT all that pow'r affords,
Nor mirth that wine inspires,
Nor what sharp avarice hoards,
Or martial toil acquires;
Not conquering arms,
Nor beauty's charms,
Can form the plan
Of bliss for man.

II.

II.

Happy *the humble minds,*
In self-opinion poor :
There faith a dwelling finds,
And brings her precious store.

In heav'n enroll'd,
A crown of gold
Around their head
Its blaze shall spread.

III.

Happy, *who try'd in woes,*
Welcome correction's pain ;
Whose tears *repentance* sows,
Rich seed ne'er sown in vain.

A harvest springs
Of joyful things,
Which God will keep
For them to reap.

IV.

Happy *the meek,* whose breast
No angry passion shakes ;
Of inward calm possess,
When tempest round them breaks.

The wing of God,
O'er their abode,
Secure repose
And peace bestows.

V.

Happy the souls renew'd,
Who *thirst* for wisdom's spring,
And *hunger* for the food
Which virtue's banquets bring.

They now shall taste
The rich repast ;
Then bliss intire
Shall fill desire.

VI.

Happy the men whose hearts
 Relenting *mercy* sways ;
 Mercy which God imparts,
 The merciful repays :

He hears their cries,
 Their wants supplies,
 Their pains relieves,
 Their sins forgives.

VII.

Happy the mind whose eye
 No clouds of *lust* obscure ;
 Whose pow'rs can upward fly,
 From vile affections *pure*.

Thy ravish'd sight,
 In worlds of light,
 On God shall gaze,
 Bless'd by his rays.

VIII.

Happy the *foes of broil*,
 Who works of *peace* pursue :
 The God of peace with smile
 Does his own children view.

Their godlike frame
 Deserves the name,
 Divinely great
 Is their estate.

IX.

Happy, thrice happy, ye
 Who suffer scorn and shame ;
 Whose love to truth and me
 Endures the test of flame.

To you is giv'n
 To sit in heav'n
 With me, and share
 My glory there.

H Y M N XXIV.

The dying Saint.

I.

WHEN life's tempestuous storms are o'er ;
 How calm he meets the friendly shore,
 Who liv'd averse to sin,
 Such peace on virtue's paths attends,
 That where the sinner's pleasure ends,
 The good man's joys begin.

II.

See smiling patience smoothe his brow !
 See bending angels downward bow !
 To lift his soul on high ;
 While eager for the blest abode,
 He joins with them to praise the God,
 Who taught him how to die.

III.

The horrors of the grave and hell,
 Those horrors which the wicked feel,
 In vain their gloom display ;
 For he who bids yon comet burn,
 Or, makes the night descend, can turn
 Their darkness into day.

IV.

No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes,
 No horror wrests the struggling sighs,
 As from the sinner's breast ;
 His God, the God of peace and love,
 Pours kindly solace from above,
 And heals his soul with rest.

V.

V.

O grant, my Saviour, and my friend,
 Such joys may gild my peaceful end,
 And calm my evening close;
 While loos'd from ev'ry earthly tie,
 With steady confidence I fly
 To him from whence I rose.

H Y M N XXV.

The Ignorance of Man.

I.

BEHOLD yon new-born infant, griev'd
 With hunger, thirst and pain;
 That asks to have the wants reliev'd,
 It knows not to explain.

II.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
 And utters, as it can,
 The woes that in its bosom rise,
 And speak its nature, Man.

III.

That infant, whose advancing hour
 Life's various sorrows try,
 (Sad proof of sin's transmissive pow'r)
 That infant, Lord, am I.

IV.

A childhood yet, my thoughts confess,
 Though long in years mature;
 Unknowing whence I feel distress,
 And where, or what its cure.

V.

Author of good, to thee I turn;
 Thy ever wakeful eye
 Alone can all my wants discern,
 Thy hand alone supply.

VI.

VI.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
 Thy love my footsteps guide,
 That love shall vainer loves expel,
 That fear, all fears beside.

VII.

And O, by error's force subdu'd,
 Since oft my stubborn will
 Prepost'rous shuns the latent good,
 And grasps the specious ill.

VIII.

Not to my wish, but to my want,
 Do thou thy gifts apply :
 Unask'd, what good thou knowest, grant,
 What ill, tho' ask'd, deny.

H Y M N XXVI.

Praise.

I.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days ;
 Bounteous source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ.

II.

For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield,
 For the vine's exalted juice,
 For the generous olive's use.

III.

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;
 Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :

IV.

IV.

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :

V.

These to thee, my God, we owe ;
Source whence all our blessings flow :
And for these, my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

VI.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit ;

VII.

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall ;

VIII.

Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain ;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy ;

IX.

Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise ;
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love thee—for thy self alone.

H Y M N XXVII.

For Sabbath Day.

I.

A GAIN the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray ;
 Unseals the eye-lids of the morn,
 And pours increasing day.

II.

O what a night was that, which wrap'd
 The heathen world in gloom !
 O what a sun which broke this day,
 Triumphant from the tomb !

III.

This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung ;
 Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
 And praise on ev'ry tongue.

IV.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
 To hail this welcome morn,
 Which scatters blessings from its wings,
 To nations yet unborn.

V.

Jesus, the friend of human kind,
 With strong compassion mov'd,
 Descended like a pitying God,
 To save the souls he lov'd.

VI.

The pow'rs of darkness leagu'd in vain
 To bind his soul in death ;
 He shook their kingdom when he fell,
 With his expiring breath.

VII.

Not long the toils of hell could keep
 The hope of Judah's line ;
 Corruption never could take hold
 On aught so much divine.

VIII.

And now his conqu'ring chariot wheels
 Ascend the lofty skies ;
 While broke, beneath his pow'rful cross,
 Death's iron sceptre lies.

IX.

Exalted high at God's right-hand,
 And Lord of all below,
 Through him is pard'ning love dispens'd,
 And boundless blessings flow.

X.

And still for erring, guilty man,
 A brother's pity flows ;
 And still his bleeding heart is touch'd
 With mem'ry of our woes.

XI.

To thee, my Saviour, and my King,
 Glad homage let me give ;
 And stand prepar'd like thee to die,
 With thee that I may live.

H Y M N XXVIII.

To the invisible Author of Nature.

I.

THY hand unseen sustains the poles,
 On which this vast creation rolls ;
 The starry arch proclaims thy pow'r,
 Thy pencil glows in every flow'r :

II.

II.

In thousand shapes and colours rise
 Thy painted wonders to our eyes ;
 While beasts and birds with lab'ring throats,
 Teach us a God in thousand notes.

III.

The meanest part in nature's frame,
 Marks out some letter of thy name.
 Where sense can reach, or fancy rove,
 From hill to hill, from field to grove :

IV.

Across the waves, around the sky,
 There's not a spot, or low or high,
 Where the Creator has not trod,
 And left the footsteps of a God.

H Y M N XXIX.

Praise.

I.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God !
 How wond'rous is thy name !
 Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
 Through the creation's frame !

II.

Nature in every dress
 Her humble homage pays,
 And finds a thousand ways t' express
 Thine undissembled praise.

III.

In native white and red
 The rose and lilly stand,
 And free from pride, their beauties spread,
 To shew thy skilful hand.

IV.

IV.

The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.

V.

My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too :
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

VI.

But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform ;
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.

VII.

Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with design ;
Some of thy favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.

VIII.

The very songs I frame
Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honours of thy name
To build their own applause.

IX.

Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain ;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

H Y M N XXX.

Early Death.

I.

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,
 How soon the vapour flies !
 Man is a tender transient flow'r,
 That ev'n in blooming dies !

II.

Death spreads like winter's frozen arms,
 And beauty smiles no more ;
 Ah ! where are now those rising charms
 Which pleas'd our eyes before ?

III.

The once lov'd form, now cold and dead,
 Each mournful thought employs ;
 And Nature weeps her comforts fled,
 And wither'd all her joys.

IV.

But wait the interposing gloom,
 And lo stern winter flies !
 And drest in beauty's fairest bloom,
 The flow'ry tribes arise.

V.

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time ;
 When what we now deplore,
 Shall rise in full immortal prime,
 And bloom to fade no more.

VI.

Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears,
 Religion points on high ;
 There everlasting spring appears,
 And joys that cannot die.

H Y M N XXXI.

The Comforts of Religion.

I.

O Blest Religion, heav'nly Fair !
Thy kind, thy healing pow'r,
Can sweeten pain, alleviate care,
And gild each gloomy hour.

II.

When dismal thoughts, and boding fears
The trembling heart invade ;
And all the face of nature wears,
A universal shade :

III.

Thy sacred dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul ;
And ev'ry fear shall lose its rage,
At thy divine controul.

IV.

Through life's bewilder'd, darksome way,
Thy hand unerring leads ;
And o'er the path, thy heav'nly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

V.

When feeble reason, tir'd and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid ;
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How pow'rful is thy aid !

VI.

O let my heart confess thy pow'r,
And find thy sweet relief,
To brighten ev'ry gloomy hour,
And soften ev'ry grief.

H Y M N XXXII.

Compassion.

I.

BEHOLD, where breathing love divine,
 Our dying Master stands;
 His weeping followers gathering round,
 Receive his last commands.

II.

From that mild teacher's parting lips
 What tender accents fell!
 The gentle precept which he gave,
 Became its author well.

III.

"Bless'd is the man, whose soft'ning heart
 "Feels all another's pain;
 "To whom the supplicating eye
 "Was never rais'd in vain.

IV.

"Whose breast expands with generous warmth
 "A stranger's woes to feel;
 "And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
 "He wants the pow'r to heal.

V.

"He spreads his kind supporting arms
 "To every child of grief;
 "His secret bounty largely flows,
 "And brings unask'd relief.

VI.

"To gentle offices of love
 "His feet are never slow;
 "He views through mercy's melting eye,
 "A brother in a foe.

VII.

VII.

"Peace from the bosom of his God,
 "My peace to him I give;
 "And when he kneels before the throne,
 "His trembling soul shall live.

VIII.

"To him protection shall be shewn,
 "And mercy from above
 "Descend on those who thus fulfil
 "The perfect law of love."

H Y M N XXXIII.

Complaint of Ingratitude.

I.

GREAT GOD, to thee, my all I owe,
 And shall my tongue be still?
 Shall constant streams of mercy flow,
 Unting'd with any ill?

II.

Shall ev'ry day new favours bring,
 And ev'ry night proclaim
 My God, their bounteous source and spring?
 And yet unprais'd his name!

III.

Shall ev'ry moment prove his grace,
 And shew his tender care?
 And is my heart not found the place,
 Where warm affections are?

IV.

Shall changing seasons, day and hour,
 Each minute as it flies,
 Evince thy ever bounteous pow'r,
 And see new blessings rise?

V.

And does my soul no rapture find,
 No ardent thanks express,
 No praises warm my callous mind?
 As humbly I confess !

VI.

Then, O my God, one favour still,
 Add to thy boundless store,
 My soul with grateful raptures fill,
 I'll praise thee, and adore !

H Y M N XXXIV.

Nature's Call to Gratitude.

I.

HOW chearful, along the gay mead,
 The daisies and cowslips appear ;
 The flocks as they carelessly feed,
 Rejoice in the spring of the year.

II.

The myrtles that shade the gay bow'rs.
 The herbage that springs from the sod,
 Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'rs,
 All rise to the praise of my God.

III.

Shall man, the great master of all,
 The only insensible prove ?
 Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,
 Forbid it, devotion and love.

IV.

The Lord, who such wonders could raise,
 And still can destroy with a nod,
 My lips shall incessantly praise,
 My soul shall be wrapt in my God.

H Y M N XXXV.

The Compassion of Jesus Christ.

I.

YE Angel Forms, look down; and see
 A scene of strange distress below:
 Behold divine humanity
 Dissolv'd in sympathetic woe.

II.

Lo, on high Olivet he stands,
 Salem's proud tow'rs in prospect rise:
 His bowels yearn, he spreads his hands,
 Compassion gushing from his eyes:

III.

" O Salem, my prophetic view
 " Thy mighty miseries surveys;
 " Vengeance, to thy rebellions due,
 " Unknown in past and future days.

IV.

" What labours have I shunn'd, for thee,
 " What pow'rs of suasion left untry'd,
 " Thy children to allure to me,
 " And in a Saviour's shadow hide?

V.

" So when the falcon sails above,
 " The parent hen, with tender cry,
 " Under her guardian wing of love
 " Collects her infant progeny.

VI.

" But ah! ye would not—O ye blind!
 (He said, and heav'd a deeper sigh).
 " Your temple is to flames consign'd;
 " The dark predestin'd hour is nigh."

VII.

Blest Jesus, in thy feeling heart,
 For me, a sinner, spare one place.
 I Would be thine—O yield a part
 To me, in thy redeeming grace.

H Y M N XXXVI.

The Funeral.

I.

IN black procession, sad and slow,
 About the streets the mourners go :
 Man comes to make his long abode,
 Where darkness dwells and worms corrode.

II.

There busy life, there pleasure ends,
 And tie of blood, and tie of friends.
 There ends probation's hour, and there
 Virtue's hard strife with sin and care.

III.

Why for vain riches do I toil,
 Gath'ring for death a larger spoil ?
 Why for this dying flesh purvey,
 The sinful pleasures of a day ?

IV.

Why cling so closely to my heart
 Kindred and friends ? we soon must part !
 And wherefore do I waste the span
 Of mercy limited to man ?

V.

The pious few O let me join,
 And with their faith my breath resign ;
 That their hereafter mine may be,
 Ev'n mine their blest eternity.

H Y M N XXXVII.

Divine Benevolence.

I.

IN shadow black as night,
 With scarce one feeble ray
 Of nature's dim expiring light,
 The nations lost their way.

II.

II.

Like foolish sheep we stray'd,
All from the Maker's fold:
Each, by his sev'ral sin betray'd,
His sev'ral path would hold.

III.

Blind, headlong every one
To the same ruin ran.
Th' almighty Father from his throne,
Beheld his creature man.

IV.

His wilder'd human race
The Father's pity won:
Forth from the bosom of his grace
He sent his first-born Son.

V.

Benevolent he came
The messenger of love;
Debasing to a mortal frame
His godlike form above.

VI.

With gentle voice he cries,
"Sinners my yoke receive:
"Light is my yoke, and life the price
"I to the yielding give."

VII.

Truth spreads her golden wings,
With the glad news she flew;
Salvation through the world she brings
To Gentile and to Jew.

VIII.

O mercy, sweet and high,
Above our loftiest praise:
Ye noble natives of the sky,
Your noblest anthems raise.

*The Heavens declare the Being and
Glory of God.*

I.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim :

II.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.

III.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :

IV.

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

V.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?

VI.

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
" The HAND that made us is DIVINE."

H Y M N XXXIX.

Divine Sovereignty.

I.

TO vindicate our words and thoughts,
We make no more pretence :
Not one of all our num'rous faults,
Can bear a just defence.

II.

Strong is his arm, his heart is wise,
What vain presumers dare,
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or tempt th' unequal war?

III.

Mountains by his almighty wrath,
From their old seats are torn ;
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

IV.

He bids the sun forbear to rise,
Th' obedient sun forbears ;
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.

V.

He walks upon the foaming Sea,
Flies on the stormy wind ;
There's none can trace his secret way,
Nor his dark footsteps find.

VI.

Yet truth and judgment are his throne,
And wond'rous is his grace ;
While power and mercy, join'd in one,
Invite us near his face.

H Y M N

Strength from Heaven.

I.

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
 And where's our courage fled?
 Has restless sin and raging hell
 Struck all our comforts dead?

II.

Have we forgot th' almighty name
 That form'd the earth and sea?
 And can an all creating arm
 Grow weary or decay?

III.

Treasures of everlasting might
 In our Jehovah dwell;
 He gives the conquest to the weak,
 And treads their foes to hell.

IV.

Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
 And youthful vigour cease,
 But we who wait upon the Lord,
 Shall feel our strength increase.

V.

The saints shall mount on eagles wings,
 And taste the promis'd bliss,
 Till their unwearied feet arrive,
 Where perfect pleasure is.

H Y M N XLI.

God's tender Care of his Church.

I.

NOW shall my inward joys arise,
 And burst into a song;
 Almighty love inspires my heart,
 And pleasure tunes my tongue.

II.

II.

God on his thirsty Sion-hill

Some mercy drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love,
To show'r salvation down.

III.

Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspensions and complaints?

Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

IV.

Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
Among a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no room?

V.

" Yet, faith the Lord, should nature change,
" And mothers monsters prove,
" Sion still dwells upon the heart
" Of everlasting love.

VI.

" Deep on the palms of both my hands
" I have engrav'd her name?
" My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
" And build her broken frame."

H Y M N XLI.

The Invitation of the Gospel.

I.

LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

E

II.

II.

Ho ! all ye hungry starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind :

III.

Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

IV.

Ho ! ye who pant for living streams,
And pine away and die ;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

V.

Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join :
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

VI.

Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your sin.

VII.

Come naked and adorn your souls,
In robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labours of his son,
And dy'd in his own blood.

VIII.

Jesus ! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins.

IX.

IX.

The happy gates of gospel-grace,
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

H Y M N XLII.

*The Business and Blessedness of
glorified Saints.*

I.

THESE glorious minds how bright they shine,
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?

II.

From tort'ring pains to endless joys,
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

III.

Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne,
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the holy One.

IV.

The unvail'd glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supply'd.

V.

Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

VI.

VI.

The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock
 Where living fountains rise,
 And love divine shall wipe away
 The sorrows of their eyes.

H Y M N XLIII.

The Beatitudes.

I.

BLEST are the humble souls, that see
 Their emptiness and poverty;
 Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

II.

Blest are the men of broken heart,
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
 The blood of Christ divinely flows
 A healing balm for all their woes.

III.

Blest are the meek, who stand afar,
 From rage and passion, noise and war;
 God will secure their happy state,
 And plead their cause against the great.

IV.

Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
 Hunger and long for righteousness;
 They shall be well supply'd and fed
 With living streams and living bread.

V.

Blest are the men whose bowels move
 And melt with sympathy and love;
 From Christ the Lord, they shall obtain
 Like sympathy and love again:

VI.

Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean.
 From the defiling pow'rs of sin;
 With endless pleasure they shall see
 A God of spotless purity.

VII.

Blest are the men of peaceful life,
 Who quench the coals of growing strife;
 They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
 The sons of God, the God of peace.

VIII.

Blest are the suff'ers who partake
 Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
 Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
 Glory and joy are their reward.

H Y M N XLIV.

Love to God, and our Neighbour.

I.

THUS saith the first, the great command,
 " Let all thy inward pow'rs unite,
 " To love thy maker, and thy God,
 " With utmost vigour and delight.

II.

" Then shall thy neighbour, next in place,
 " Share thine affections and esteem,
 " And let thy kindness to thy self
 " Measure and rule thy love to him."

III

This is the sense that Moses spoke,
 This did the prophets preach and prove;
 For want of this the law is broke,
 And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.

IV.

But O ! how base our passions are !
 How cold our charity and zeal !
 Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,
 Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

H Y M N XLV.

The Appearance of Angels to the Shepherds.

I.

WHile shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.

II.

"Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
 Had seiz'd their troubled mind)
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 "To you and all mankind.

III.

"To you, in David's town, this day
 "Is born, of David's line,
 "The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
 "And this shall be the sign.

IV.

"The heav'nly babe you there shall find,
 "To human view display'd,
 "All meanly wrapt in swaddling bands,
 "And in a manger laid."

V.

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
 Appear'd a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, and thus
 Address'd their joyful song:

VI.

VI.

“ All glory be to God on high,
 “ And to the earth be peace ;
 “ Good-will henceforth, from heav’n to men,
 “ Begin and never cease.”

H Y M N XLVI.

Remember your Creator.

I.

CHILDREN, to your Creator, God,
 Your early honours pay,
 While vanity and youthful blood
 Would tempt your thoughts astray.

II.

The memory of his mighty name
 Demands your first regard ;
 Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
 ’Till you have lov’d the Lord.

III.

Be wise, and make his favour sure,
 Before the mournful days,
 When youth and mirth are known no more,
 And life and strength decays.

IV.

No more the blessings of a feast
 Shall relish on the tongue,
 The heavy ear forgets the taste
 And pleasure of a song.

V.

V.

Old age, with all her dismal train,
Invades your golden years
With sighs, and groans, and raging pain,
And death, that never spares.

VI.

What will you do when light departs,
And leaves your withering eyes,
Without one beam to cheer your hearts,
From the superior skies?

VII.

How will you meet God's frowning brow,
Or stand before his seat,
While nature's old supporters bow,
Nor bear their tottering weight.

VIII.

Can you expect your feeble arms
Shall make a strong defence,
When death, with terrible alarms,
Summons the pris'ner hence?

IX.

The silver bands of nature burst,
And let the building fall;
The flesh goes down to mix with dust,
Its vile original.

X.

Laden with guilt (a heavy load)
Uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,
The soul returns t' an angry God,
To be shut out from heav'n.

H Y M N XLVII.

The Hidden Life of a Christian.

I.

O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
 While men lie groveling here !
 His hopes are fix'd above the sky,
 And faith forbids his fear.

II

His conscience knows no secret stings,
 While grace and joy combine
 To form a life, whose holy springs
 Are hidden and divine.

III.

He waits in secret on his God ;
 His God in secret sees :
 Let earth be all in arms abroad,
 He dwells in heav'nly peace.

IV.

His pleasures rise from things unseen,
 Beyond this world and time,
 Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
 Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

V.

He wants no pomp, nor royal throne,
 To raise his figure here ;
 Content and pleas'd to live unknown,
 Till Christ his life appear.

VI.

He looks to heav'n's eternal hills,
 To meet that glorious day :
 Jesus, how slow thy chariot wheels !
 How long is thy delay !

H Y M N XLVIII.

A hopeful Youth falling short of Heaven.

I.

MUST all the charms of nature then,
 So hopeless to salvation prove?
 Can Hell demand, can Heaven condemn
 The man, whom Jesus deigns to love?

II.

The man, who sought the ways of truth,
 Paid friends and neighbours all their due;
 (A modest, sober, lovely youth)
 And thought he wanted nothing now?

III.

But mark the change: thus spake the Lord,
 "Come part with earth for heav'n to day;"
 The youth astonish'd at his word,
 In silent sadness went his way.

IV.

Poor virtues, that he boasted so,
 This test unable to endure,
 Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,
 To make his land and money sure!

V.

Ah foolish choice of treasures here!
 Ah fatal love of tempting gold!
 Must this base world be bought so dear?
 And life and heav'n so cheaply sold?

VI.

In vain the charms of nature shine,
 If this vile passion governs me:
 Transform my soul, O love divine!
 And make me part with all for thee.

H Y M N XLIX.

The same in Common Metre.

I.

THUS far 'tis well : You read, you pray,
You hear God's holy word,
You mind whate'er your parents say,
And learn to serve the Lord.

II.

Your friends are pleas'd to see your ways,
Your practice they approve ;
Jesus himself would give you praise,
And look with eyes of love.

III.

But if you quit the paths of truth,
To follow foolish fires,
And give a loose to giddy youth,
With all its wild desires :

IV.

If you will let your Saviour go,
To hold your riches fast ;
Or hunt for empty joys below,
You'll lose your heav'n at last.

V.

The rich young man, whom Jesus lov'd,
Should warn you to forbear :
His love of earthly treasure prov'd
A fatal golden snare.

VI.

See, gracious God, my Saviour, see,
How Youth is prone to fall :
Teach 'em to part with all for Thee,
And love thee more than all.

H Y M N L.

A rational Defence of the Gospel.

I.

SHALL atheists dare insult the cross
Of Christ, the son of God?

Shall infidels reproach his laws,
Or trample on his blood?

II.

What if he choose mysterious ways,
To cleanse us from our faults?

May not the works of sovereign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts?

III.

What if this gospel bids us fight
With flesh, and self, and sin?
The prize is most divinely bright,
Which we are call'd to win.

IV.

What if the foolish and the poor,
His glorious grace partake?
This but confirms his truth the more,
For so the prophets spake.

V.

Do some that own his sacred name,
Indulge their souls in sin?
Jesus should never bear the blame,
His laws are pure and clean.

VI.

Then let our faith grow firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word;
Nor blush nor fear to walk among
The men who love the Lord.

H Y M N LI.

None excluded from Hope.

I.

JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak :
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

II.

Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,
Doth thy salvation flow :
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

III.

While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share :
No mortal has a just pretence,
To perish in despair.

IV.

Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,
Nor boast your native pow'rs;
But to his sovereign grace submit,
And glory shall be yours.

V.

Come, all ye vilest sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew :
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels, such as you.

VI.

His doctrine is almighty love,
There's virtue in his name,
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

Truth, Sincerity, &c.

I.

LET those who bear the christian name,
 Their holy vows fulfil :
 The saints, the followers of the lamb,
 Are men of honour still.

II.

True to the solemn oaths they take,
 Though to their hurt they swear :
 Constant and just to all they speak,
 For God and angels hear.

III.

Still with their lips their hearts agree,
 Nor flattering words devise :
 They know the God of truth can see
 Through every false disguise.

IV.

They hate th' appearance of a lye,
 In all the shapes it wears ;
 Firm to the truth ; and when they die,
 Eternal life is their's.

V.

Lo ! from afar the Lord descends,
 And brings the judgment down ;
 He bids his saints, his faithful friends,
 Rise and possess their crown.

VI.

While Satan trembles at the sight,
 And Devils wish to die,
 Where will the faithless hypocrite,
 And guilty lyar fly ?

H Y M N LIII.

Gravity, Decency, &c.

I.

ARE we not sons and heirs of God?
Are we not bought with Jesus' blood?
Do we not hope for heav'nly joys,
And shall we stoop to trifling toys?

II.

Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport or play,
To wear out time and waste the day?

III.

Doth vain discourse or empty mirth
Well suit the honours of our birth?
Shall we be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire?

IV.

What if we wear the richest vest,
Peacocks and flies are better drest:
This flesh, with all its gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust, and feed the worms.

V.

Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher;
Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;
Then, with an elevated eye,
We'll pass these glitt'ring trifles by.

VI.

We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do,
And wait the call that bids us rise
To promis'd mansions in the skies.

H Y M N LIV.

Justice and Equity.

I.

COME, let us search our ways, and try,
 Have they been just and right?
 Is the great rule of equity
 Our practice and delight?

II.

What we would have our neighbour do,
 Have we still done the same?
 And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,
 Nor injur'd his good name?

III.

Do we relieve the poor distress'd?
 Nor give our tongues a loose,
 To make their names our scorn and jest,
 Nor treat them with abuse?

IV.

Have we not found our envy grow,
 To hear another's praise?
 Nor robb'd him of his honour due,
 By sly malicious ways.

V.

In all we sell, and all we buy,
 Is justice our design?
 Do we remember God is nigh,
 And fear the wrath divine?

VI.

In vain we talk of Jesus' blood,
 And boast his name in vain.
 If we can slight the laws of God,
 And prove unjust to men.

H Y M N LV.

Justice and Truth.

I.

GREAT God, thy holy law requires,
To curb our covetous desires,
Forbids to plunder, steal or cheat,
To practice falshood or deceit.

II.

Thy Son hath set a pattern too,
He paid to God and men their due :
A dreadful debt he paid to God,
And bought our pardon with his blood.

III.

Amazing justice ! boundless love !
Do we not feel our passions move ?
Do we not grieve that we have been
Faithless to God, or false to men ?

IV.

Have we no righteous debt deny'd,
Through wanton luxury or pride ?
Nor vex the poor with long delay,
And made them groan for want of pay ?

V.

Have we ne'er thrown a needless shame,
Or scandal, on our neighbour's name ?
O happy men, whose age and youth
Have ever dealt in love and truth !

VI.

But if our justice once be gone,
And leave our faith and hope alone ;
If honesty be banish'd hence,
Religion is a vain pretence.

H Y M N LVI.

Temperance.

I.

IS it a man's divinest good,
To make his soul a slave to food,
Vile as the beast, whose spirit dies,
And has no hope above the skies?

II.

Can meats or choicest wines procure
Delights, that ever shall endure?
Was I not born above the swine,
And shall I make their pleasures mine?

III.

Am I not made for nob'ler things?
Made to ascend on angels wings?
Shall my best pow'rs be thus debas'd,
And part with heav'n to please my taste?

IV.

Can I forget the fatal deed,
How Eve brought death on all her seed?
She tasted the forbidden tree,
Anger'd her God, and ruin'd me.

V.

Was life design'd alone to eat?
What is the mouth, or what the meat?
Both from the ground derive their birth,
And both shall mix with common earth.

VI.

Great God, new-mould my sensual mind,
And let my joys be more refin'd;
Raise me to dwell among the blest,
And fit me for thy heav'nly feast.

H Y M N LVII.

Chastity.

I.

THE Lord, how great his majesty !
 How pure are all his ways !
 Sinners unclean offend his eye,
 Nor stand before his face.

II.

Thou hast ordain'd severest woes,
 And everlasting fire,
 To be the just reward of those
 Who follow loose desire.

III

I hear, I read the dreadful doom
 Of Sodom, in thy word ;
 And dares a feeble worm presume
 Thus to provoke the Lord ?

IV.

Guard me, my Saviour, by thy grace,
 From thoughts and words unclean,
 Nor let temptation gain success,
 To draw my soul to sin.

H Y M N LVIII.

Amiable Deportment.

I.

O 'Tis a lovely thing to see
 A man of prudent heart,
 Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree
 To act a useful part.

II.

II.

When envy, strife, and wars begin,
 In little angry souls,
 Mark how the sons of peace come in,
 And quench the kindling coals.

III.

Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
 Nor let their fury rise :
 Nor passion moves their lips to speak,
 Nor pride exalts their eyes.

IV.

Their frame is prudence, mixt with love ;
 Good works fulfil their day ;
 They join the serpent with the dove,
 But cast the sting away.

V.

Such was the Saviour of mankind,
 Such pleasures he pursu'd,
 His flesh and blood were all refin'd,
 His soul divinely good.

VI.

Lord, can these plants of virtue grow
 In such a soul as mine ?
 Thy grace can form my nature so,
 And make my heart like thine.

H Y M N LIX.

Things of good Report.

I.

IS it a thing of good report,
 To squander life and time away ?
 To cut the hours of duty short,
 While toys and follies waste the day ?

II.

To ask and prattle all affairs,
 And mind all business but our own ?
 To live at random, void of cares,
 While all things to confusion run ?

III.

Doth this become the christian name,
 To venture near the tempter's door ?
 To sort with men of evil fame,
 And yet presume to stand secure ?

IV.

Am I my own sufficient guard,
 While I expose my soul to shame ?
 Can the short joys of sin reward
 The lasting blemish of my name ?

V.

O may it be my constant choice
 To walk with men of grace below,
 'Till I arrive where heav'nly joys,
 And never-fading honours grow !

H Y M N LX.

The universal Law of Equity.

I.

BLESSED Redeemer, how divine,
 How righteous is this rule of thine,
 " Never to deal with others worse
 " Than we would have them deal with us ! "

II.

This golden lesson, short and plain,
 Gives nor the mind nor memory pain ;
 And every conscience must approve
 This universal law of love.

III.

III.

'Tis written in each mortal breast,
Where all our tenderest wishes rest :
We draw it from our inmost veins,
Where love to self resides and reigns.

IV.

Is reason ever at a loss ?
Call in self-love to judge the cause.
Let our own fondest passion shew
How we should treat our neighbours too.

V.

How blest would ev'ry nation prove,
Thus rul'd by equity and love !
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a paradise below.

VI.

Jesus, forgive us that we keep
Thy sacred law of love asleep ;
And take our envy, wrath and pride,
Those savage passions, for our guide.

H Y M N LXI.

The Atonement of Christ.

I.

HOW is our nature spoil'd by sin !
Yet nature ne'er hath found
The way to make the conscience clean,
Or heal the painful wound.

II.

In vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own :
Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

III.

The threat'nings of the broken law
 Impress our souls with dread :
 If God his sword of vengeance draw,
 It strikes our spirits dead.

IV.

But thine illustrious sacrifice
 Hath answer'd these demands :
 And peace and pardon from the skies
 Come down by Jesus' hands.

V

Here all the antient Types agree,
 The altar and the lamb :
 And prophets in their visions see
 Salvation through his name.

VI.

'Tis by thy death we live; O Lord ;
 'Tis on thy cross we rest :
 For ever be thy love ador'd,
 Thy name for ever blest

H Y M N LXII.

*Faith and Repentance encouraged by
 the Sacrifice of Christ.*

I.

WHERE shall the guilty conscience go,
 To find a sure relief ?
 Can bleeding bulls or goats bestow
 A balm to ease my grief ?

II.

Will Popish rites and penances
 Release my soul from sin ?
 What insufficient things are these,
 To calm the wrath divine !

III.

III.

God, the great God, who rules the skies,
 The gracious and the just,
 Makes his own Son our sacrifice :
 And there lies all our trust.

IV.

O never let my thoughts renounce
 The gospel of my God,
 Where vilest crimes are cleans'd at once,
 In Christ's atoning blood.

V.

Here rest my faith, and ne'er remove ;
 Here let repentance rise,
 While I behold his bleeding love,
 His dying agonies.

VI.

With shame and sorrow here I own
 How great my guilt hath been :
 This is my way t' approach the throne,
 And God forgives my sin.

H Y M N LXIII.

Christ's Propitiation improv'd.

I.

LORD, didst thou send thy Son to die
 For such a guilty wretch as I ?
 And shall thy mercy not impart
 Thy spirit to renew my heart ?

II.

Lord, hast thou wash'd my garments clean,
 In Jesus' blood from shame and sin ?
 Shall I not strive with all my pow'r,
 That sin pollute my soul no more !

III.

III.

Shall I not bear my Father's rod,
The kind corrections of my God,
When Christ upon the cursed tree
Sustain'd a heavier load for me?

IV.

Why should I dread my dying day,
Since Christ has took the curse away,
And taught me with my latest breath
To triumph o'er thy terrors, Death?

V.

O rather let me wish and cry,
"When shall my soul get loose and fly
"To upper worlds? When shall I see
"The heav'nly friend who dy'd for me."

VI.

I shall behold his glories there,
And pay him my eternal share
Of praise, and gratitude, and love,
Among ten thousand saints above.

H Y M N LXIV.

All Things working for Good.

I.

MY soul, survey thy happiness,
If thou art found a child of grace,
How richly is the gospel stor'd!
What joy the promises afford!

II.

"All things are ours;" The gift of God,
And purchas'd with our Saviour's blood;
While the good Spirit shews us how
To use and to enjoy them too.

G

III.

III.

If peace and plenty crown my days,
 They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise;
 If bread of sorrows be my food,
 Those sorrows work my real good.

IV.

I would not change my blest estate
 With all that flesh calls rich or great;
 And while my faith can keep her hold,
 I envy not the sinner's gold.

V.

Father, I wait thy daily will,
 Thou shalt divide my portion still;
 Grant me on earth what seems thee best,
 'Till death and heav'n reveal the rest.

H Y M N LXV.

Life the Day of Grace and Hope.

I.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time t' insure the great reward,
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.

II

Life is the hour which God has giv'n
 To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
 The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.

III.

The living know that they must die,
 But all the dead forgotten lie;
 Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
 Alike unknowing and unknown.

IV.

IV.

Their hatred and their love is lost,
 Their envy bury'd in the dust;
 They have no share in all that's done
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.

V.

Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands with all your might pursue,
 Since no device, nor work is found,
 Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

VI.

There are no acts of pardon pass'd
 In the cold grave, to which we haste;
 But darkness, death, and long despair,
 Reign in eternal silence there.

H Y M N LXVI.

Heaven invisible and holy.

I.

NOR eye hath seen, nor ear has heard,
 Nor sense, nor reason known,
 What joys the Father has prepar'd
 For those who love his Son.

II.

But the good Spirit of the Lord
 Reveals a heav'n to come;
 The beams of glory in his word,
 Allure and guide us home.

III.

Pure are the joys above the sky,
 And all the region peace;
 No wanton lips nor envious eye
 Can see or taste the bliss.

IV.

IV.

Those holy gates for ever bar
 Pollution, sin, and shame;
 None shall obtain admittance there,
 But foll'wers of the Lamb.

V.

He keeps the Father's book of life,
 There all their names are found;
 The hypocrite in vain shall strive
 To tread the heav'n'y ground.

H Y M N LXVII.

Moses and Christ.

I.

THE law by Moses came,
 But peace, and truth, and love,
 Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)
 Descending from above.

II.

Amidst the house of God,
 Their different works were done,
 Moses a faithful servant stood,
 But Christ a faithful son.

III.

Then to his new commands
 Be strict obedience paid;
 O'er all his Father's house he stands
 The sovereign and the head.

IV.

The man that durst despise
 The law that Moses brought;
 Behold! how terribly he dies
 For his presumptuous fault.

V.

But forer vengeance falls
 On that rebellious race,
 Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
 And dare resist his grace.

H Y M N LXVIII.

God Incomprehensible.

I.

CAN creatures to perfection find
 Th' eternal uncreated mind;
 Or can the largest stretch of thought
 Measure and search his nature out!

II.

'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell;
 And what can mortals know or tell?
 His glory spreads beyond the sky,
 And all the shining worlds on high.

III.

But man, vain man, would fain be wise,
 Born like a wild young colt, he flies
 Through all the follies of his mind,
 And smells and snuffs the empty wind.

IV.

God is a king of pow'r unknown,
 Firm are the orders of his throne;
 If he resolve, who dare oppose,
 Or ask him why, or what he does?

V.

He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
 He calms the tempest of the soul:
 When he shuts up in long despair,
 Who can remove the heavy bar?

VI.

He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
 The fainting sun grows dim at noon:
 'The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
 Tremble and start at his reproof.

VII.

He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
 The crooked serpent, and the worm;
 He breaks the billows with his breath,
 And smites the sons of pride to death.

VIII.

These are a portion of his ways;
 But who shall dare describe his face?
 Who can endure his light? or stand
 To hear the thunders of his hand?

H Y M N LXIX.

Holiness and Grace.

I.

SO let our lips and lives express
 The holy gospel we profess,
 So let our works and virtues shine,
 To prove the doctrine all divine.

II.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
 The honours of our saviour God;
 When the salvation reigns within,
 And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

III.

Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
 Passion and envy, lust and pride;
 While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
 Our inward piety approve.

IV.

IV.

Religion bears our spirits up
 While we expect that blessed hope,
 The bright appearance of the Lord ;
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

H Y M N LXX.

Submission to afflictive Providences.

I.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
 And rose to life at first,
 We to the earth shall soon descend,
 And mingle with our dust,

II.

The dear delights we here enjoy,
 And fondly call our own,
 Are but short favours borrow'd now,
 To be repay'd anon.

III.

'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
 Or sinks them in the grave,
 He gives, and (blessed be his name)
 He takes but what he gave.

IV.

Peace, all our angry passions then,
 Let each rebell'ous sigh
 Be silent at his sovereign will,
 And every murmur die.

V.

If smiling mercy crown our lives,
 It's praises shall be spread,
 And we'll adore the justice too,
 That strikes our comforts dead.

H Y M N LXXI.

A Saint prepared to die.

I.

DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

II.

With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.

III.

God has laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

IV.

Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all who love, and long to see
Th' appearance of his son.

V.

Jesus, the Lord, will guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design;
And to his heav'nly kingdom keep
This feeble soul of mine.

VI.

God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise, Amen.

H Y M N LXXII.

A Funeral Thought.

I.

HARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound ;
 My ears attend the cry,
 " Ye living men, come view the ground,
 " Where you must shortly lie.

II.

" Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 " In spite of all your tow'rs ;
 " The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
 " Must lie as low as ours.

III.

Great God ! is this our certain doom ?
 And are we still secure ?
 Still walking downwards to our tomb,
 And yet prepare no more ?

IV.

Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,
 To fit our souls to fly,
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

H Y M N LXXIII.

Jesus worshipped by all the Creation.

I.

COME let us join our chearful songs,
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

II.

" Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
 " to be exalted thus ;"

Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
 For he was slain for us.

III.

III.

Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and pow'r divine :
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

IV.

Let all who dwell above the sky,
 In air, on earth, in seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.

V.

The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him, who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb

H Y M N LXXIV.

Adoption.

I.

BEHOLD what wond'rous grace
 The Father has bestow'd
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God !

II.

'Tis no surprising thing,
 That we should be unknown ;
 The Jewish world knew not their King,
 God's everlasting Son.

III.

Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we must be made ;
 But when we see our Saviour here,
 We shall be like our Head.

IV.

A hope so much divine,
 May trials well endure,
 May purge our souls from sense and sin,
 As Christ the Lord is pure.

V.

If in my Father's love,
 I share a filial part,
 Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
 To rest upon my heart.

VI.

We would no longer lie
 Like slaves beneath the throne ;
 My faith shall abba Father cry,
 And thou the kindred own.

H Y M N LXXV.

Confidence in God.

I.

THY dreadful pow'r, almighty God,
 Thy works to speak conspire ;
 This earth declares thy fame abroad,
 With water, air and fire.

II.

At thy command, in glaring streaks
 The ruddy light'ning flies ;
 Loud thunder the creation shakes,
 And rapid tempests rise.

III.

Now gath'ring glooms obscure the day,
 And shed a solemn night ;
 And now the heavenly engines play,
 And shoot devouring light.

IV.

IV.

Th' attending sea thy will performs,
 Waves break around the shore,
 And toss, and foam amidst the storms,
 And dash, and rage, and roar.

V.

The earth, and all her trembling hills,
 Thy marching footsteps own;
 A shudd'ring fear her entrails fills,
 Her hideous caverns groan.

VI.

My God, when terrors thickest throng
 Through all the mighty space,
 And rattling thunders roar along
 And the fierce light'nings blaze :

VII.

When wild confusion wrecks the air,
 And tempests rend the skies,
 Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire
 In harsh disorder rise.

VIII.

Safe in my Saviour's love, I'll stand,
 And strike a tuneful song ;
 My harp all-trembling in my hand,
 And all inspir'd my tongue.

IX.

I'll shout aloud, " Ye thunders roll,
 " And shake the fullen sky;
 " Your sounding voice, from pole to pole,
 " In angry murmurs try.

X.

" Thou sun ! retire, refuse thy light,
 " And let thy beams decay ;
 " Ye light'nings flash along the night,
 " And dart a dreadful day.

XI.

" Let the earth totter on her base,
 " Smoke heav'n's wide arch deform;
 " Blow, all ye winds, from ev'ry place,
 " And rush the fatal storm.

XII.

" O Jesus, haste the day when thou
 " Shalt this old world consume;
 " Build the new heav'ns, and all below
 " Bid a new Eden bloom.

XIII.

" Come quickly, blessed hope ! appear,
 " Bid thy swift chariot fly :
 " Let angels tell thy coming near,
 " And waft me to the sky.

XIV.

" Around thy wheels, in the glad throng,
 " I'd bear a joyful part ;
 " All hallelujah on my tongue,
 " All rapture in my heart."

H Y M N LXXVI.

The Eternity and Immensity of God.

I.

THY names, how infinite they be !
 Great Everlasting One !
 Boundless thy night and majesty,
 And unconfined thy throne.

II

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 E'er seas or stars were made ;
 Thou art the ever-living God,
 Were all the nations dead.

H

III.

III.

Nature and time quite naked lie,
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.

IV.

Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present to thy view,
To Thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God, there's nothing new.

V.

Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine-eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

VI.

Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

VII.

The myst'ries of creation lie
Beneath enlight'ned minds,
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds.

VIII.

Reason may grasp the massy hills
And stretch from pole to pole;
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads our soul.

IX.

In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in thee,
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity.

X.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies !
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise.

H Y M N LXXVII.

The Majesty of God.

I.

ETERNAL wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings ;
With thy loud name, rocks, hills and seas,
And heav'n's high palace rings.

II.

Thy hand how wide it spread the sky,
How glorious to behold !
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

III.

There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run ;
There the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the sun.

IV.

The noisy winds stand ready there,
Thy orders to obey,
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

V.

Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud,
Through the etherial blue,
For, when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

VI

There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
 Thy thunder shakes our coast ;
 While the red lightnings wave along,
 The banners of thine host.

VII.

Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
 The troops of his command,
 Appear in all your dreadful forms,
 And speak his awful hand.

VIII.

Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
 In your eternal roar ;
 Let wave to wave resound his praise,
 And shore reply to shore :

IX.

While monsters sporting on the flood,
 In scaly silver shine,
 Speak terribly their maker God,
 And lash the foaming brine.

X.

But gentler things shall tune his name,
 To softer notes than these,
 Young breezes breathing o'er the stream,
 Or whisp'ring through the trees.

XI.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
 To him who bid you grow,
 Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines,
 On ev'ry thankful bough.

XII.

Let the shrill birds his honour raise,
 And climb the morning sky :
 While grov'ling beasts attempt his praise
 In hoarser harmony.

XIII.

Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
 Ye mortals take the sound,
 Eccho the glories of your king
 Through all the nations round.

XIV.

Th' eternal name must fly abroad,
 Where'er the day can flame;
 And the whole race shall bow to God,
 That wears the human name.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

Redemption.

I.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
 How high thy wonders rise!
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousand through the skies.

II.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
 Their motions speak thy skill;
 And on the wings of ev'ry hour,
 We read thy patience still.

III.

Part of thy name divinely stands,
 On all thy creatures writ,
 They shew the labour of thine hands,
 Or impress of thy feet.

IV.

But when we view thy strange design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where vengeance and compassion join,
 In their divinest forms;

V.

Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe ;
 We love and we adore ;
 The first arch-angel never saw
 So much of God before.

VI.

Here the whole Deity is known,
 Nor dares a creature guess,
 Which of the glories brightest shone,
 The justice or the grace.

VII.

When sinners broke the Father's laws,
 The dying Son atones ;
 Oh the deep myst'ries of his cross !
 The triumph of his groans !

VIII.

For this, while angels bear their part,
 In their immortal song ;
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

H Y M N LXXIX.

Divine Counsels.

I.

KEEP silence, all created things,
 And wait your Maker's nod :
 My soul stands trembling, while she sings
 The honours of her God.

II.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
 Hang on his firm decree :
 He sits on no precarious throne,
 Nor borrows leave to be.

III.

Th' alm'ighty voice bid ancient night
Her endless realms resign;
And lo, ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine.

IV.

Now wisdom with superior sway
Guides the vast moving frame,
Whilst all the ranks of beings pay
Deep rev'rence to his name.

V.

He spake: The sun obedient stood,
And held the falling day:
Old Jordan backward drives his flood,
And disappoints the sea.

VI.

Fixt to his throne a volume lies,
With all the states of men,
With ev'ry angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

VII.

His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine:
Each opening leaf, and ev'ry stroke,
Fulfil some deep design.

VIII.

Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
Anon the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

IX.

No creature asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
No favourite angel dares to pry
Between the folded leaves.

X.

My God, I would not wish to see,
 With ever curious eyes,
 What gloomy lines are writ for me,
 Or what bright scenes may rise.

XI.

In thy fair book of life and grace
 May I but find my name,
 Recorded in some humble place,
 Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

H Y M N LXXX.

Death and Eternity.

I.

MY thoughts, that often mount the skies,
 Go, search the world beneath,
 Where nature all in ruin lies,
 And owns her sov'reign, Death.

II.

The tyrant, how he triumphs here !
 His trophies spread around !
 And heaps of dust and bones appear
 Through all the hollow ground.

III.

These skulls, what ghastly figures now !
 How loathsome to the eyes !
 These are the heads we lately knew
 So beauteous and so wise.

IV.

But where the souls, those deathless things,
 That left this dying clay ?
 My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
 And trace eternity.

V.

O that unfathomable sea !

Those deeps without a shore !
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar.

VI.

Thus must we leave the banks of life,
And try this doubtful sea ;
Vain are our groans, and dying strife,
To gain a moment's stay.

VII.

Some hearty friend shall drop his tear
On our dry bones, and say,
" These once were strong, as mine appear,
" And mine must be as they."

VIII.

Thus shall our mould'ring members teach
What now our senses learn :
For dust and ashes loudest preach
Man's infinite concern.

H Y M N LXXXI.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

I.

I Sing th' almighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

II.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

III.

III.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food,
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

IV.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
Where-e'er I turn mine eye,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

V.

There's not a plant or flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By orders from thy throne.

VI.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are subject to thy care:
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

VII.

In heaven he shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath;
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.

VIII.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

H Y M N LXXXII.

Praise to God for our Redemption.

I.

BLEST be the wisdom and the pow'r,
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in counsel to restore
And save our ruin'd race.

II.

Our father eat forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell;
And we his children thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.

III.

Blest be the Lord who sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood:
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

IV.

He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd:
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

V.

Behold him rising from the grave,
Behold him rais'd on high;
He pleads his merits there to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

VI.

There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And by his pow'r divine
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan, and of sin.

VII.

VII.

Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
 And with a sov'reign voice
 Shall call, and break up ev'ry tomb,
 While waking saints rejoice.

VIII.

O! may I then with joy appear,
 Before the Judge's face,
 And with the blest assembly there
 Sing his redeeming grace.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

The Excellency of the Bible.

I.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise,
 On all thy works I look;
 But still thy wisdom, pow'r and grace,
 Shine brighter in thy book.

II.

The stars, that in their courses roll,
 Have much instruction giv'n,
 But thy good word informs my soul
 How I may climb to heav'n.

III.

The fields provide me food, and shew
 The goodness of the Lord;
 But fruits of life and glory grow
 In thy most holy word.

IV.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
 Here my best comfort lies;
 Here my desires are satisfy'd,
 And hence my hopes arise.

V.

Lord, make me understand thy law,
 Show what my faults have been;
 And from thy gospel let me draw
 Pardon for all my sin.

VI.

Here I would learn how Christ has dy'd
 To save my soul from hell:
 Not all the books on earth beside
 Such heav'nly wonders tell.

VII.

Then let me love my bible more,
 And take a fresh delight
 By day to read those wonders o'er,
 And meditate by night.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

Against Pride in Cloaths.

I.

WHY should our garments (made to hide
 Our parents shame) provoke our pride?
 The art of dress did ne'er begin,
 'Till Eve our mother learnt to sin.

II.

When first she put her cov'ring on,
 Her robe of innocence was gone:
 And yet her children vainly boast
 In the sad marks of glory lost.

III.

How proud we are! how fond to shew
 Our cloaths, and call them rich and new;
 When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore
 That very cloathing long before.

I

IV.

IV.

The tulip and the butterfly
 Appear in gayer coats than I.
 Let me be drest fine as I will,
 Flies, worms, and flow'rs exceed me still.

V.

Then will I set my heart to find
 Inward adornings of the mind;
 Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace;
 These are the robes of richest dress.

VI.

No more shall worms with me compare,
 This is the raiment angels wear:
 The Son of God, when here below,
 Put on this blest apparel too.

VII.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
 Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould:
 It takes no spot, but still refines;
 The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

VIII.

In this on earth would I appear,
 Then go to heav'n, and wear it there:
 God will approve it in his sight;
 'Tis his own work, and his delight.

H Y M N LXXXV.

Jesus Christ.

I.

S AGES of ancient letter'd times!
 In ev'ry age, and diff'rent climes,
 For wisdom fam'd among mankind,
 Withdraw your thinly-scatter'd rays;
 Before the broad o'erpow'ring blaze
 Of the supreme eternal mind.

II.

Mercy's great year, in heav'n inroll'd,
By seers succeeding seers foretold,
Was now with solemn pomp unseal'd,
Light of the world, Messiah came,
In his almighty Father's name,
And immortality reveal'd.

III.

Fill'd with his Father's strength he taught;
The dumb in rapture speak their thought,
The lame man bounding like the roe:
The blind look up to heav'n, stern death
Resigns its spoil, and from his breath
Fierce Demons shrink to shades below.

IV.

O works of pow'r, O works of love,
Ethereal embassage to prove,
That ev'ry rising doubt controul;
Earnest of love and pow'r more strong,
Which to the Son of God belong,
To heal the miseries of the soul.

V.

Great Prophet, Saviour, worthy thou
That every knee in homage bow,
From ev'ry mouth thy praise should flow;
All thy commands are mild and just,
Thy promise, faithful to our trust,
Will pardon, peace, and heav'n bestow.

Happy Poverty.

I.

YE humble souls complain no more ;
 Let faith survey your future store :
 How happy, how divinely blest,
 The sacred words of truth attest.

II.

When conscious grief laments sincere,
 And pours the penitential tear ;
 Hope points to your dejected eyes,
 The bright reversion in the skies.

III.

In vain the sons of wealth and pride
 Despise your lot, your hopes deride ;
 In vain they boast their little stores,
 Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours.

IV.

There shall your eyes with rapture view
 The glorious friend that dy'd for you ;
 Who dy'd to ransom, dy'd to raise
 To crowns of joy, and songs of praise.

V.

Jesus, to thee I breathe my pray'r :
 Reveal, confirm my int'rest there !
 Whate'er my humble lot below,
 This, this my soul desires to know.

VI.

O let me hear that voice divine
 Pronounce the glorious blessing mine !
 Enroll'd among the happy poor,
 My largest wishes ask no more.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

The Power of Faith.

I.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,
And softens all my cares :

II.

Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

III.

The wounded conscience knows its pow'r
The healing balm to give :
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

IV.

Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign ;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.

V.

Shews me the precious promise, seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood ;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

VI.

There, there unshaken would I rest,
Till this vile body dies :
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
At once to glory rise.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

The Grave sanctified by Christ.

I.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

II.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

III.

The graves of all the saints he blest,
And soft'ned ev'ry bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head?

IV.

Thence he arose and burst the chain,
To shew our feet the way
From shades, where 'death and darkness reign,
To realms of endless day.

V.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid his kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

H Y M N LXXXIX.

On Providence.

I.

LORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore,

II.

II.

Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine :
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

III.

The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air ;
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty pow'r declare.

IV.

Thy wisdom, pow'r, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear :
And O let man thy praise record ;
Man, thy distinguish'd care.

V.

From thee the breath of life he drew ;
That breath thy pow'r maintains ;
Thy tender mercy ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

VI.

Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess'd ;
By revelation's brightest rays,
Still more divinely bless'd.

VII.

Thy providence, his constant guard
When threat'ning woes impend,
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.

VIII.

On us, that providence has shone,
With gentle smiling rays ;
O let our lips and lives make known,
Thy goodness, and thy praise.

Seasonable Showers.

I.

WITH songs and honours sounding loud,
 Address the Lord on high;
 Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.

II.

He sends his showers of blessing down,
 To cheer the plains below;
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,
 And corn in valleys grow.

III.

He gives the grazing ox his meat,
 He hears the ravens cry;
 And man, who tastes his finest wheat,
 Should raise his honours high.

IV.

The changing wind, the flying cloud,
 Obey his mighty word;
 With songs and honours sounding loud,
 Praise ye the sovereign Lord!

The Lord's Prayer.

I.

OUR Father, high enthron'd above,
 With boundless glory crown'd :
 Fountain of light, and life, and love,
 Ten thousand worlds around.

II.

Supremely honour'd be thy name,
 By every grateful mind ;
 Whether a pure ethereal flame,
 Or yet in flesh confin'd.

III.

III.

Erect thine empire, gracious King,
And spread its pow'r abroad ;
Till earth, and all her millions, sing
The praises of their God.

IV.

O be thy will on earth obey'd,
As 'tis obey'd above ;
And the profoundest homage paid,
With all the joys of love.

V.

Each rising day renews our want,
That want, O Lord, relieve !
And with our food thy blessing grant,
By both thy creatures live.

VI.

Our debts are grown immensely large,
But, Lord efface the score !
As we a brother's debts discharge,
And never claim them more.

VII.

Into temptation's poison'd air,
O never let us stray !
Guard us from evil by thy care,
Through life's endanger'd way !

VIII.

Thine is the kingdom, Lord, by right
Unbounded and supreme ;
And thine the all-sustaining might,
And glory's peerless beam.

IX.

These are for ever thine," in songs
" Heaven's blissful myriads cry ;
These are for ever thine," our tongues
In humbler notes reply.

H Y M N XCII.

Give us this Day our daily Bread.

I.

FOUNTAIN of blessing. ever bless'd,
 Enriching all, of all possess'd;
 By whom the whole creation's fed,
 Give me, each day, my daily bread.

II.

To thee my very life I owe,
 From thee do all my comforts flow;
 And every blessing which I need,
 Must from thy bounteous hand proceed.

III.

Great things are not what I desire,
 Nor dainty meat, nor rich attire;
 Content with little would I be,
 That little, Lord, must come from thee.

IV.

While wicked men, with all their store,
 Are ever grasping after more;
 With Agur's wish I'm satisfy'd,
 Nor grudge them all the world beside.

H Y M N XCIII.

An Invocation to Praise the Lord.

I.

YE works of God, on him alone,
 In earth his footstool, heav'n his throne,
 Be all your praise bestow'd;
 Whose hand, the beauteous fabric made,
 Whose eye, the finish'd work survey'd,
 And saw that all was good.

II.

II.

Ye angels, who with loud acclaim,
Admiring view'd the new-born frame,
And hail'd th' eternal King ;
Again, proclaim your maker's praise,
Again, your thankful voices raise,
And sacred anthems sing.

III.

Ye sons of men, his praise display,
Who stamp'd his image on your clay,
And gave it pow'r to move ;
Ye, who in Judah's confines dwell,
From age to age successive tell,
The wonders of his love.

IV.

And you, your thankful voices join,
Who oft at Salem's sacred shrine,
Before his altars kneel :
Where thron'd in majesty he dwells,
And from the mystic cloud reveals
The dictates of his will.

V.

Ye spirits of the just and good,
That, eager for the blest'd abode,
To heav'nly mansions soar :
O let your songs his praise display,
Till heav'n itself shall melt away,
And time shall be no more.

VI.

Praise Him, ye meek and humble train,
Ye saints, whom his decrees ordain
The boundless bliss to share :
O praise Him, till ye take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And reign for ever there,

H Y M N XCIV.

Growing in Grace.

I.

PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,
 For all the grace thou shed'st abroad :
 For all thine influence from above,
 To warm our souls with sacred love.

II.

Blest be thy hand, which from the skies
 Brought down this plant of Paradise,
 And gave its heav'nly glories birth
 To deck this wilderness of earth.

III

But why does that celestial flow'r
 Open, and thrive, and shine no more ?
 Where are its balmy odours fled ?
 And why reclines its beauteous head ?

IV.

Too plain alas ! the languor shows
 Th' unkindly soil in which it grows ;
 Where the black frosts and beating storm
 Wither and rend its tender form.

V.

Unchanging sun, thy beams display,
 To drive the frosts and storms away ;
 Make all thy potent virtues known,
 To cheer a plant so much thy own.

VI.

And thou, blest Spirit, deign to blow
 Fresh gales of heav'n on shrubs below ;
 So shall they grow, and breathe abroad
 A fragrance grateful to our God.

H Y M N XCV.

The Year crowned with divine Goodness.

I.

ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

II.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole :
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

III.

The flow'ry spring at thy command
Embalms the air, and paints the land ;
The summer beams with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

IV.

Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our land redundant stores ;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

V.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With op'ning light, and ev'ning shade.

VI.

Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling sabbaths bless our eyes ;
Still will we make thy mercies known,
Around thy board, and round our own.

K

VII.

VII.

O may our more harmonious tongues
 In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
 And in those brighter courts adore,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

H Y M N XCVI.

For a Fast-Day in Time of War.

I.

GREAT God of heav'n and nature rise,
 And hear our loud united cries,
 We humbly bow before thy face,
 T' implore thine aid, to seek thy grace.

II.

No arm of flesh we make our trust ;
 Nor sword, nor horse, nor ships we boast ;
 Thine is the land and thine the main,
 And human skill and force are vain.

III.

Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down
 On ev'ry shore, on ev'ry town ;
 But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,
 And lay th' uplifted thunder by.

IV.

Forgive the follies of our times,
 And purge the land from all it's crimes ;
 Reform'd and deck'd with grace divine,
 Let rulers, priests and people shine.

V.

So shall our God delight to bless,
 And crown our arms with wide success ;
 Our foes shall dread Jehovah's sword,
 While we victorious, shout the Lord.

H Y M N XCVII.

A Morning Hymn.

I.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.

II.

Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'ns on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

III.

'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

IV.

On us, poor worms, his pow'r might tread,
And we could ne'er withstand ;
His justice might have crush'd us dead,
But mercy held his hand.

V.

How many thousand souls have fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet he lengthens out our thread,
And yet our moments run.

VI.

Great God, let all our hours be thine,
Whilst we enjoy the light ;
Then shall our sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

H Y M N XCVIII.

The Book of Nature and of Scripture.

I.

BEHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its maker God,
And all his glorious works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

II.

The darkness and the light,
Still keep their course the same:
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

III.

In ev'ry diff'rent land,
Their general voice is known:
They shew the wonders of his hand,
And counsels of his throne.

IV.

Thou western world rejoice,
Here He reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord.

V.

His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes,
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

VI.

His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

VII.

VII.

While of thy works I sing,
To spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

H Y M N XCIX.

God exalted above all Praise.

I.

ETERNAL power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God ;
Infinite length, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

II.

The lowest step beneath thy seat,
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tall arch-angel tries
To reach the height with wond'ring eyes.

III.

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

IV.

Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name ;
But O, the glories of thy mind,
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

V.

God is in heaven, and men below ;
Be short our tunes ; our words be few :
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise fits silent on our tongues.

H Y M N C.

Gratitude.

I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys ;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise :

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart ?
But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe
And led me up to man.

VII.

VII.

Through ev'ry period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

VIII.

When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more ;
 My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.

IX.

Through all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise,
 But oh ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

H Y M N C I.

The Vanity of mortal Man.

I.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
 Thou maker of my frame :
 I would survey life's narrow space,
 And learn how frail I am.

II.

Can we in life securely trust,
 Or boast of future time ?
 Man is but vanity and dust,
 In all his flow'r and prime.

III.

See the vain race of mortals move,
 Like shadows o'er the plain,
 They rage and strive, desire and love,
 But all their noise is vain.

IV.

IV.

Some walk in honour's gaudy shew,
 Some dig for golden ore,
 They toil for heirs they know not who,
 And strait are seen no more.

V.

What shall I wish or seek for then,
 From creatures, earth and dust ?
 They make our expectations vain,
 And disappoint our trust.

VI.

Now we forbid our carnal hope,
 Our fond desires recall :
 We give our mortal interest up,
 And make our God our all.

H Y M N CII.

Thoughts in Sickness.

I.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelm'd with grief and fear,
 I see my Maker, face to face,
 O how shall I appear !

II.

If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought :

III.

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd,
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 O how shall I appear !

IV.

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled mind,
 Who does her sins lament,
 The timely tribute of her tears
 Shall endless woe prevent.

V.

Then see the sorrow of my heart,
 E'er yet it be too late;
 And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
 To give these sorrows weight.

VI.

For never shall my soul despair,
 Her pardon to procure,
 Who knows thy only Son has dy'd
 To make her pardon sure.

H Y M N CIII.

Reliance upon God.

I.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care:
 His presence shall my wants supply
 And guard me with a watchful eye;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my mid-night hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
 To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
 My weary, wand'ring steps he leads;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Mid the verdant landscape flow.

III.

III.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

IV.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

H Y M N CIV.

Return from Sea.

I.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help, Omnipotence.

II.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
 How with affrighted eyes,
 Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
 In all its horrors rise!

III.

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
 And fear in ev'ry heart;
 When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

IV.

IV.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
 Thy mercy set me free,
 Whilst in the confidence of pray'r,
 My soul took hold on Thee.

V.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung,
 High on the broken wave,
 I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

VI.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
 Obedient to thy will ;
 The sea that roar'd at thy command,
 At thy command was still.

VII.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
 Thy goodness I'll adore,
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

VIII.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;
 And death, if death must be my doom,
 Shall join my soul to thee.

H Y M N CV.

Longing for the Presence of Christ.

I.

IN vain the dusky night retires,
 And sullen shadows fly:
 In vain the morn with purple light,
 Adorns the eastern sky.

II.

In vain, dispensing vernal sweets,
 The gentle breezes play;
 In vain the birds with chearful songs,
 Salute the new-born day.

III.

In vain, unless my Saviour's face,
 These gloomy clouds controul,
 And dissipate the fullen shades,
 That overwhelm my soul.

IV.

O ! visit then thy servant, Lord,
 With favour from on high :
 Arise, my bright immortal sun !
 And all these shades shall die.

V.

When, when shall we behold thy face,
 All radiant and serene,
 Without those envious dusky clouds,
 That make a veil between ?

VI.

When shall that long-expected day
 Of sacred vision be,
 When our impatient souls shall make
 A near approach to Thee.

H Y M N C VI.

For a Time of general Sicknefs.

I.

DEATH, with his dread commission seal'd
 Now hastens to his arms ;
 In awful state he takes the field,
 And sounds his dire alarms.

II.

Attendant plagues around him stand,
And wait his dread command ;
And pains, and dying groans obey
The signal of his hand.

III.

With cruel force he scatters round
His shafts of deadly pow'r ;
While the grave waits its destin'd prey,
Impatient to devour.

IV.

Look up, ye heirs of endless joy,
Nor let your fears prevail :
Eternal life is your reward,
When life on earth shall fail.

V.

What though his darts, promiscuous hurl'd,
Deal fatal plagues around,
And heaps of putrid carcases
O'erload the cumber'd ground :

VI.

The arrows that shall wound your flesh,
Were giv'n him from above,
Dipt in the great Redeemer's blood,
And feather'd all with love.

VII.

These, with a gentle hand he throws,
And saints lie gasping too ;
But heav'nly strength supports their souls,
And bears them conqu'rors through.

L

VIII.

VIII.

Joyful they stretch their wings abroad,
 And all in triumph rise,
 To the fair palace of their God,
 And mansions in the skies.

H Y M N CVII.

Love to God.

I.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
 Where love inspires the breast;
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And quickens all the rest.

II.

Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our fear :
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
 If love be absent there.

III.

'Tis love that makes our chearful feet
 In swift obedience move;
 The Devils know and tremble too,
 But Satan cannot love.

IV.

Before we quite forsake our clay,
 Or leave this dark abode,
 The wings of love bear us away,
 To see our smiling God.

V.

This is the grace that lives and sings,
 When faith and hope shall cease :
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
 In the sweet realms of bliss.

H Y M N CVIII.

A Penitential Hymn.

I.

THOU sacred pow'r, in heav'n above,
Eternal, and supreme !

Accept the faint address we make
To thy adored name.

II.

Pierc'd with the deepest sense of guilt,
We bow before thy throne,
And humbly hope for pard'ning grace,
Through thy beloved Son.

III.

O may that grace our hearts incline
To keep the heav'nly road !
Though all the pow'rs on earth combine
To drive us from our God.

IV.

Sinful we are, and oft offend
Against thy just command,
And yet protection still we find,
From thy supporting hand.

V.

Th' amazing debt to thee we owe,
Increases ev'ry day :
And yet a few relenting tears
Is all we can repay.

VI.

Thy tender mercies, Lord, bestow,
Our many sins remove ;
And ev'ry stubborn heart subdue,
With thy forgiving love.

H Y M N CIX.

For a Fast-day.

I.

WHEN Abr'am full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And with a humble fervent pray'r,
For guilty Sodom su'd.

II.

With what success, what wond'rous grace,
Was his petition crown'd !
The Lord would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.

III.

And could a single holy soul
So rich a boon obtain ?
Great God, and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain ?

IV.

Our country, guilty as she is,
Some saints, we hope, can boast,
And now their fervent pray'rs ascend,
And can those pray'rs be lost ?

V.

Are not the righteous dear to thee,
Now, as in ancient times ?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorraha in its crimes ?

VI.

Still are we thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode.
Long has thy presence bless'd our land,
For sake us not, O God.

H Y M N CX.

The Nativity of Christ.

I.

- " **S**hepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
" And send your fears away ;
" News from the region of the skies,
" Salvation's born to day.

II.

- " Jesus, the King whom angels fear,
" Comes down to dwell with you :
" To-day he makes his entrance here,
" But not as monarchs do.

III.

- " No gold, nor purple swadling bands,
" Nor royal shining things ;
" A manger for his cradle stands,
" And holds the King of kings.

IV.

- " Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
" And see his humble throne ;
" With tears of joy in all your eyes,
" Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

V.

- Thus Gabriel sang, and strait around
The heav'nly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song :

VI.

- " Glory to God who reigns above,
" Let peace surround the earth ;
" Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
" By their Redeemer's birth."

The Young encouraged to seek and love Christ.

I.

YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,
 In smiling crouds draw near,
 And turn from ev'ry earthly charm,
 A Saviour's voice to hear.

II.

He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
 Stoops to converse with you;
 And lays his radiant glories by,
 Your friendship to pursue.

III.

"The soul that longs to see my face,
 "Is sure my love to gain;
 "And those, who early seek my grace,
 "Shall never seek in vain."

IV.

What object, Lord, our souls should move,
 If once compar'd with Thee?
 What beauty should command our love,
 Like what in Christ we see?

V.

Away, ye false delusive toys,
 Vain tempters of the mind!
 Here will we fix our lasting choice,
 For here true bliss we find.

H Y M N CXII.

A Funeral Hymn.

I.

THE God of Love will sure indulge
 The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,
 When righteous persons fall around,
 When tender friends and kindred die.

II.

I.

Yet not a murmuring thought shall e'er
With these our mourning passions blend;
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget
Th' almighty ever-living friend.

III.

Beneath a num'rous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,
O'er ev'ry gloomy fear prevail.

IV.

Parent and husband, guard and guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On thee we cast our ev'ry care,
And comfort seek from thee alone.

V.

Our Father God, thee have we chose,
Our rock, our portion, and our friend,
And on thy covenant love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

H Y M N CXIII.

At the Funeral of a young Person.

I.

WHEN blooming Youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

II.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, imprest
With awful pow'r—I too must die—
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

III.

III.

Let this vain world engage no more ;
 Behold the gaping tomb !
 It bids us seize the present hour,
 To-morrow death may come.

IV.

The voice of this alarming scene,
 May ev'ry heart obey,
 Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.

V.

O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
 Whose pow'rful arm can save ;
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave.

VI.

Great God ! thy sov'reign grace impart,
 With cleansing healing pow'r ;
 This only can prepare the heart
 For death's important hour.

H Y M N CXIV.

Praise for National Peace.

I.

GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
 A word of thy almighty breath
 Can sink the world or bid it rise ;
 Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

II.

When angry nations rush to arms,
 And rage and noise, and tumult reigo,
 And war resounds its dire alarms,
 And slaughter spreads the hostile plain :

III.

III.

Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
 And marks their course, and bounds their pow'r;
 Thy word the angry nations own,
 And noise and war are heard no more.

IV.

Then peace returns with balmy wing,
 (Sweet peace ! with her what blessings fled !)
 Glad plenty laughs, the vallies sing,
 Reviving commerce lifts her head.

V.

Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
 All move subservient to thy will ;
 And peace and war await thy word,
 And thy sublime decrees fulfil.

VI.

To thee we pay our grateful songs,
 Thy kind protection still implore :
 O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues
 Confess thy goodness and adore.

H Y M N CXV.

Resignation.

I.

WEAR Y of these low scenes of night,
 My fainting heart grows sick of time,
 Sighs for the dawn of sweet delight,
 Sighs for a distant, happier clime !

II.

Ah why that sigh ? — peace, coward heart,
 And learn to bear thy lot of woe :
 Look round—how easy is thy part,
 To what thy fellow sufferers know.

III.

III.

Are not the sorrows of the mind
 Entail'd on ev'ry mortal birth ?
 Convinc'd, hast thou not long resign'd
 The flatt'ring hope of bliss on earth ?

IV.

'Tis just, 'tis right ; thus he ordains,
 Who form'd this animated clod ;
 That needful cares, instructive pains,
 May bring the restless heart to God,

V.

In him, my soul, behold thy rest,
 Nor hope for bliss below the sky :
 Come resignation to my breast,
 And silence ev'ry plaintive sigh.

VI.

Come faith and hope, celestial pair !
 Calm resignation waits on you ;
 Beyond these gloomy scenes of care,
 Point out a soul-reviving view.

VII.

Parent of good, 'tis thine to give
 These chearful graces to the mind :
 Smile on my soul, and bid me live
 Desiring, hoping, yet resign'd !

H Y M N CXVI.

The Birth of Christ.

I.

ARISE, and hail the happy day ;
 Cast all low cares of life away,
 And thought of meaner things :
 This day to cure our deadly woes,
 The sun of righteousness arose,
 With healing in his wings.

II.

If angels on that happy morn,
The Saviour of the world was born,
Pour'd forth their joyful songs;
Much more should we of human race,
Adore the wonders of his grace,
To whom that grace belongs.

III.

O then let heav'n and earth rejoice,
Let ev'ry creature join his voice,
To hymn the happy day;
When Satan's empire vanquish'd fell,
And all the pow'rs of death and hell,
Confess'd his sovereign sway.

H Y M N CXVII.

The Sufferings of Christ.

I.

NOW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine;
Our sufferings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd to thine.

II.

In lively figures here we see,
The bleeding prince of love;
Each of us hope he dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove.

III.

Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day:
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,
Can equal thanks repay.

IV.

IV.

Our songs should sound like those above,
 Could we our voices raise;
 Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
 And all our lives be praise.

H Y M N CXVIII.

Christ's Regard to little Children.

I.

SEE Israel's gentle shepherd stand
 With all-engaging charms;
 Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms.

II.

"Permit them to approach, he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name;
 "For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 "The Lord of angels came."

III.

We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to thee;
 Joyful, that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.

IV.

Ye little flock, with pleasure hear:
 Ye children, seek his face;
 And fly with transport to receive
 The blessings of his grace.

V.

If orphans they are left behind,
 Thy guardian-care we trust:
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
 If weeping o'er their dust.

H Y M N CXIX.

*The Priesthood of Christ and Aaron
compared.*

I.

JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more,
Than sparkled in the gems and gold
The sons of Aaron wore.

II.

They first their own burnt offerings brought,
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

III.

Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears,
Before the golden throne.

IV.

But Christ by his own pow'ful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God,
Shews his own sacrifice.

V.

Jesus, the king of glory reigns.
On Sion's heav'nly hill,
Looks like a lamb that once was slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

VI.

He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face:
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

H Y M N CXX.

The Perfection of Scripture.

I.

LET all the heathen writers join,
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compar'd to thine,
How mean the work would look !

II.

Not the most perfect rules they gave,
Could shew one sin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave :
But thine conduct to heaven.

III.

Thy precepts may we then survey,
And keep thy laws in sight,
Through all the business of the day,
To form our actions right.

IV.

Great is their peace who love thy law :
How firm their souls abide !
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

V.

Thy word is like a heavenly light,
That guides them all the day ;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead their way.

VI.

Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

H Y M N CXXI.

*The Angel's Reply to the Women who sought
Christ on the Morning of his Resurrection.*

I.

YE humble souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away ;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

II.

Thus low the Lord of life was brought ;
Such wonders love can do ;
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throb'd, and bled for you.

III.

A moment give a loose to grief,
Let grateful sorrows rise,
And wash the bloody stains away,
With torrents from your eyes.

IV.

Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again ;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqueror could detain.

V.

High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonor'd head ;
And through unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt amongst the dead.

VI.

With joy like his shall ev'ry saint
His empty tomb survey ;
Then rise, with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

H Y M N CXXII.

The Pearl of great Price.

I.

YE glit'ring toys of earth adieu,
 A nobler choice be mine;
 A real prize attracts my view,
 A treasure all divine.

II.

Begone, unworthy of my cares,
 Ye specious baits of sense—
 Inestimable worth appears,
 The pearl of price immense.

III.

Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
 A name divinely sweet!
 Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
 Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.

IV.

Should both the Indies at my call
 Their boasted stores resign,
 With joy I would renounce them all,
 For leave to call thee mine.

V.

Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
 Of this dear gift possess'd;
 I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
 And be forever blest'd.

VI.

Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,
 Thy love is bliss divine;
 Accept the wish that love inspires,
 And bid me call Thee mine.

H Y M N CXXIII.

Afflictions and Death under Providence.

I.

NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes,
A sad inheritance!

II.

As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn:

III.

Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promis'd grace;
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.

IV.

Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than thou my Father please.

H Y M N CXXIV.

Youth and Judgment.

I.

LO the young tribes of Adam rise,
And through all nature rove,
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.

II.

They give a loose to wild desires:
But let the sinners know
The strict account that God requires
Of all the works they do.

III.

The Judge prepares his throne on high,
 The frighted earth and seas
 Avoid the fury of his eye,
 And flee before his face.

IV.

How shall I bear that dreadful day,
 And stand the fiery test ?
 I give all mortal joys away
 To be for ever blest.

H Y M N CXXV.

The Law and Gospel distinguished.

I.

THE law commands, and makes us know
 What duties to our God we owe ;
 But 'tis the gospel must reveal
 Where lies our strength to do his will.

II.

The law discovers guilt and sin,
 And shews how vile our hearts have been ;
 Only the gospel can express
 Forgiving love, and cleansing grace.

III.

What curses doth the law denounce
 Against the man who fails but once ?
 But in the gospel Christ appears,
 Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

IV.

My soul, no more attempt to draw
 Thy life and comfort from the law ;
 Fly to the hope the gospel gives :
 Since he who trusts the promise, lives.

H Y M N CXXVI.

Retirement and Meditation.

I.

MY God, permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and Thee;
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest love.

II.

Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And let my God, my Saviour, go?

III.

Call me away from flesh and sense,
 Thy pow'rful word can draw me thence;
 I would obey the voice divine,
 And all inferior joys resign.

IV.

Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
 Let noise and vanity be gone:
 In secret silence of the mind,
 My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

H Y M N CXXVII.

The Death of Christ.

I.

TWAS on that dark, and doleful night,
 When pow'rs of earth and hell arose,
 Against Messiah, God's delight,
 And friends betray'd him to his foes:

II.

Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread and broke and bless'd:
 What love through all his actions ran!
 What wond'rous grace his words express'd.

III.

III.

"This is my body, broke for sin,
 "Receive and eat the living food ;"
 Then took the cup and blest'd the wine ;
 "'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.

IV.

"Do this," (he cry'd) 'till time shall end,
 "In mem'ry of your dying friend,
 "Meet at my table and record
 "The love of your departed Lord."

H Y M N CXXVIII.

Christian Love.

I.

LET party names no more,
 The Christian world o'erspread ;
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their head.

II.

Among the saints on earth,
 Let mutual love be found ;
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With mutual blessings crown'd.

III.

Let envy, and ill-will,
 Be banish'd far away ;
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
 Who the same Lord obey.

IV.

Thus will the church below,
 Resemble that above,
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And every heart is love.

H Y M N CXXIX.

Sinai and Sion.

I.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke,
Not to the thunder of that word,
Which God on Sinai spoke.

II.

But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

III.

Behold th' innumerable hosts
Of angels cloath'd in light !
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight.

IV.

Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n,
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.

V.

The saints on earth and all the dead,
But one communion make ;
All join in Christ their living head,
And of his grace partake.

VI.

In such society as this,
My weary soul would rest :
The man who dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever bless'd.

To Jesus Christ the eternal Life.

I.

WHERE shall the tribes of Adam find
 The sov'reign good to fill the mind ?
 Ye sons of moral wisdom, show
 The spring whence living waters flow.

II.

Say will the Stoick's flinty heart
 Melt, and this cordial juice impart ?
 Could Plato find these blissful streams,
 Among his raptures and his dreams ?

III.

In vain I ask ; for nature's pow'r
 Extends but to this mortal hour :
 'Twas but a poor relief she gave
 Against the terrors of the grave.

IV.

Jesus, our kinsman, and our Lord,
 Array'd in majesty and blood,
 Thou art our life ; our souls in thee
 Possess a full felicity.

V.

All our immortal hopes are laid
 In thee, our surety, and our head ;
 Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,
 Are big with glories yet unknown.

VI.

Let Atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme.
 Th' eternal life, and Jesus' name ;
 A word of his almighty breath,
 Dooms the rebellious world to death.

VII.

VII.

But let my soul forever lie
 Beneath the blessings of thine eye ;
 'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
 To see thy face, to taste thy love.

H Y M N CXXXI.

The Wisdom of God in his Works.

I.

HOW most exact is nature's frame !
 How wise th' eternal mind,
 His counsels never change the scheme,
 That his first thoughts design'd.

II.

How great the works his hands have wrought,
 How glorious in our sight !
 And men in ev'ry age have fought
 His wonders with delight.

III.

When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
 He fix'd his covenant sure :
 The orders that his lips pronounce,
 To endless years endure.

IV.

Nature and time, and earth and skies,
 Thy heav'nly skill proclaim :
 What shall we do to make us wise,
 But learn to read thy name ?

V.

To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
 Is our divinest skill :
 And he's the wisest of our race,
 Who best obeys thy will.

H Y M N CXXXII.

Mercy and Truth met together.

I.

WHEN first the God of boundless grace
 Disclos'd his kind design,
 To rescue our apostate race
 From misery, shame and sin.

II.

Quick through the realms of light and bliss,
 The joyful tidings ran,
 Each heart exulted at the news,
 That God would dwell with man.

III.

Yet 'midst their joys they paus'd a while,
 And ask'd with strange surprize,
 " But how can injur'd justice smile,
 " Or look with pitying eyes ?

IV.

" Will the almighty deign again,
 " To visit yonder world ;
 " And hither bring rebellious men,
 " Whence rebels once were hurl'd ?

V.

" Their tears, and groans, and deep distress,
 " Aloud for mercy call :
 " But ah ! must truth and righteousness
 " Victims to mercy fall ?"

VI.

So spake the friends of God and man,
 Delighted, yet surpriz'd,
 Eager to know the wond'rous plan,
 That wisdom had devis'd.

VII.

VII.

The Son of God attentive heard,
 And quickly thus reply'd,
 " In me let mercy be rever'd,
 " And justice satisfy'd.

VIII.

" Behold ! my vital blood I pour,
 " A sacrifice to God ;
 " Justice divine will now no more
 " Demand the sinner's blood."

IX.

He spake, and heaven's high arches rung;
 Praise, ev'ry tongue employs,
 " He dy'd," the friendly angels sung,
 Nor cease their rapturous joys.

H Y M N CXXXIII.

Hope in Distress.

I.

WITH restless agitations tost,
 And low immers'd in woes,
 When shall my wild distemper'd thoughts
 Regain their lost repose !

II.

Beneath the deep oppressive gloom,
 My languid spirits fade :
 And all the drooping pow'rs of life,
 Decline to death's cold shade.

III.

O thou ! the wretched's sure retreat,
 These tort'ring cares controul,
 And with the cheerful smile of peace,
 Revive my fainting soul !

N

IV.

IV.

Did ever thy relenting ear
The humble plea disdain?
Or when did plaintive mis'ry sigh,
Or supplicate in vain.

V.

Opprest with grief and shame, dissolv'd
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,
And dissipates our fears.

VI.

New life from thy refreshing grace,
Our sinking hearts receive ;
Thy gentle, best lov'd attribute,
To pity and forgive.

VII.

From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds her soft diffusive beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

VIII.

Dispers'd by her superior force,
The sullen shades retire ;
And opening gleams of new-born joy
The conscious soul inspire.

IX.

My griefs confess her vital pow'r,
And bless the friendly ray,
That ushers in the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

H Y M N CXXXIV.

The necessity of renewing Grace.

I.

HOW helpless, guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load !
The heart unchang'd can never rise
To happiness and God.

II.

The will perverse, the passions blind ;
In paths of ruin stray :
Reason debas'd can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

III.

Can ought beneath a pow'r divine
The stubborn will subdue ?
'Tis thine, almighty Saviour, thine
To form the heart anew.

IV.

'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise ;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkned eyes.

V.

To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live !
A beam of heaven, a vital ray
'Tis thine alone to give.

VI.

O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine !
Then shall our passions and our pow'rs
Almighty Lord, be thine.

The Great Physician.

I.

YE mourning sinners, here disclose
 Your deep complaints, your various woes ;
 Approach, 'tis Jesus, he' can heal
 The pains which mourning sinners feel.

II

To eyes long clos'd in mental night,
 Strangers to all the joys of light,
 His word imparts a blissful ray ;
 Sweet morning of celestial day !

III.

Ye helpless lame, lift up your eyes,
 The Lord, the Saviour, bids you rise ;
 New life and strength his voice conveys,
 And plaintive groans are chang'd for praise.

IV.

Nor shall the leper, hopeless lie
 Beneath the great Physician's eye ;
 Sin's deepest pow'r his word controuls,
 That fatal leprosy of souls.

V.

That hand divine which can assuage
 The burning fever's restless rage ;
 That hand omnipotent and kind,
 Can cool the fever of the mind.

VI.

When freezing palsy chills the veins,
 And pale, cold death, already reigns,
 He speaks ; the vital pow'rs revive :
 He speaks, and dying sinners live.

VII.

VII.

Dear Lord, we wait thy healing hand ;
 Diseases fly at thy command ;
 O let thy sovereign touch impart
 Life, strength, and health to ev'ry heart.

H Y M N CXXXVI.

Praise to the Creator.

I.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create, and he destroy.

II.

His sovereign pow'r, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.

III.

We are his people, we his care,
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;
 What lasting honours shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

IV.

Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love !
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

V.

We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

H Y M N CXXXVII.

No Rest on Earth.

I.

MAN has a soul of vast desires,
 He burns within with restless fires :
 Tost to and fro, his passions fly,
 Through all the scenes below the sky.

II.

In vain on earth we hope to find
 Some solid good to fill the mind :
 We try new pleasures, but we feel
 The inward thirst and torment still.

III.

So when a raging fever burns,
 We shift from side to side by turns ;
 And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
 To change the place, but keep the pain.

IV.

Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,
 This love to vanity and dust ;
 Cure the vile fever of the mind,
 And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

I.

HOW long shall Death the tyrant reign,
 And triumph o'er the just,
 While the rich blood of martyrs slain
 Lies mingled with the dust.

II.

Lo, I behold the scatter'd shades,
 The dawn of heav'n appears,
 The sweet immortal morning spreads
 Its blushes round the spheres.

III.

III.

I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around ;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

IV.

I hear the voice, "ye dead arise !"
And lo the graves obey,
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

V.

They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the mid-way air.
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

VI.

O may our humble spirits stand
Amongst them cloath'd in white !
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

VII.

How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing !

H Y M N CXXXIX.

Christ our Example.

I.

BLESS'D Jesus, how divinely bright !
In thee each heav'nly virtue shone,
When for our sakes incarnate here,
How justly stil'd the "holy One !"

II.

With what a strong and vivid flame,
Did thy devotion ever rise?
While each revolving day and night,
Witness'd thy visits to the skies.

III.

The guiltless spirit, and the mind,
From pride, from passion ever free,
Patient, and just and pure, and kind,
Are faint descriptions, Lord, of thee.

IV.

Fain would I wear thy lovely form,
And in each sacred virtue shine;
Oh! may thy spirit on my soul,
Deep trace the portraiture divine!

V.

Thou blessed sun, with quick'ning rays,
Pervade this cold and flinty breast;
Kindle up life through all my pow'rs,
And be my guide to endless rest.

VI.

Yes, dear Redeemer, let thy love,
And power, these sacred gifts impart;
I'll tune to thee the song of praise,
With glowing gratitude of heart.

VII.

The list'ning earth shall learn thy name,
Approve, and echo to my lay;
Angels and saints prolong the theme
With joy, through one eternal day.

H Y M N CXL.

Enthusiasm and Superstition.

I.

JESUS—the friend of man—has giv'n
His gospel, as our guide to heav'n !
Its aids and comforts how divine !
How bright its sacred precepts shine.

II.

Reason and truth in ev'ry page,
Shed light and knowledge on the age :
But wild enthusiasts meet no trace
Of tenets, which their creed disgrace.

III.

Their dreams of heav'n's peculiar love,
Their boasted visions from above,
A heated fancy may produce,
But are the gospel's great abuse.

IV.

No bigot-zeal can find pretence
In doctrines fairly drawn from hence.—
No gloomy superstitious mind,
In error's mazes lost and blind;

V.

Can e'er its sacred dictates plead
To justify the frantick deed.—
Bright and serene—true virtue's rays,
But seldom kindle into blaze.

VI.

Grant, gracious God, that we may find
A chearful, calm, enlighten'd mind ;
While truth divine shall point the way
To realms of everlasting day.

H Y M N CXLI.

Self-Examination.

I.

WHAT strange perplexities arise?
 What anxious fears and jealousies?
 What crouds, in doubtful light appear?
 How few, alas, approv'd and clear!

II.

And what am I?—My soul, awake,
 And an impartial survey take:
 Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
 In practice or in heart appear?

III.

What image does my spirit bear?
 Is Jesus form'd, and living there?
 Say, do his lineaments divine,
 In thought, and word, and action shine?

IV.

Searcher of hearts, O search me still;
 The secrets of my soul reveal,
 My fears remove; let me appear
 To God—and my own conscience clear.

V.

Scatter the clouds, that o'er my head,
 Thick glooms of dubious terrors spread;
 Lead me into celestial day,
 And, to myself, myself display.

VI.

May I at that bless'd world arrive,
 Where Christ through all my soul shall live,
 And give full proof that he is there,
 Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

H Y M N CXLII.

Storm and Thunder.

I.

LET coward guilt, with pallid fear,
To shelt'ring caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate,
That thunders through the sky.

II.

Protected by that hand, whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,
Intrepid Virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.

III.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's dismal glare,
It views the same all-gracious pow'r,
That breathes the vernal air.

IV.

Through nature's ever-varying scene,
By different ways pursu'd ;
The one eternal end of Heav'n
Is universal good.

V.

With like beneficent effect,
O'er flaming æther glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or blushes in the rose.

VI.

By reason taught to scorn those fears,
That vulgar minds molest,
Let no fantastic terrors break
The pious christian's rest.

VII.

VII.

When through creation's vast expanse,
 The last dread thunders roll,
 Untune the concord of the spheres,
 And shake the rising soul.

VIII.

Unmov'd, may we the final storm
 Of jarring worlds survey,
 That ushers in the glad serene
 Of everlasting day !

H Y M N CXLIII.

For New Year's Day.

I.

AND now, my soul, another year
 Of thy short life is pass'd :
 I cannot long continue here,
 And this may be my last.

II.

Much of my dubious life is gone,
 Nor will return again :
 And swift my passing moments run,
 The few that yet remain.

III.

Awake, my soul, with utmost care
 Thy true condition learn :
 What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
 And what thy great concern ?

IV.

Now a new scene of time begins,
 Set out afresh for heav'n :
 Seek pardon for thy former sins,
 In Christ so freely giv'n.

V.

V.

Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And on his grace depend;
 With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
 Nor doubt a happy end.

H Y M N CXLIV.

Moses, Aaron, and Jesus.

I.

'TIS not the law of ten commands
 On holy Sinai giv'n,
 Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
 Can bring us safe to heav'n.

II.

'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,
 Nor smoak of sweetest smell,
 Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
 Or save our souls from hell.

III.

Aaron the Priest resigns his breath,
 At God's immediate will;
 And in the desert yields to death,
 Upon th' appointed hill.

IV.

And thus, on Jordan's yonder side
 The tribes of Isr'el stand,
 While Moses bow'd his head and dy'd,
 Short of the promis'd land.

V.

My soul rejoice, now Jesus leads,
 He'll bring the world to rest;
 So far the Saviour's name exceeds
 The Ruler and the Priest.

Prosperity.

I.

RICHES in copious streams,
From every quarter flow:
Not one of all my fertile schemes
Feels an abortive throe.

II.

My freighted vessels sail
A length of ocean o'er;
And bring me with a speeding gale,
New wealth from ev'ry shore.

III.

My soul, thy warm desires
Indulge in all delight.
Seize whatsoe'er thy fancy fires,
Or ravishes thy sight.

IV.

Roll in the gilded car,
The rural palace rear:
There ev'ry gate, and opening, bar
To charity and fear.

V.

Bid luxury employ
Her skill, thy taste to please.
Call thy rich friends to share the joy,
And swim in mirth and ease.

VI.

To-day, in jocund bowls
Drown, drown forecasting thought:
The morrow leave to gloomy souls,
Who dread they know not what.

VII.

'Thou fool, thy soul this eve
Stern summons shall demand.
Whose name shall then thy house receive?
For whom thy coffers stand?

H Y M N CXLVI.

Envy.

I.

MALIGNANT envy, come not near,
Some wretch of infamy torment.
Come not, to trouble my repose,
Thou spawn of pride and discontent.

II.

Go, move the tempter to destroy
Some world of innocence again.
Go, and another Abel find,
To perish by another Cain.

III.

Or some hard-hearted brethren mould,
A Joseph's favourite life to sell.
Or some delicious vineyard eye,
And in a second Ahab dwell.

IV.

Yea, could the Son of God again
Appear in servile form below ;
Inflame malevolence, once more
To strike the crucifying blow.

V.

Not blackest night, and brightest noon,
Are with each other more at strife,
O Jesus, than the envious mind
Is with thy gospel and thy life.

VI.

May I too humble be for pride,
Too self-contented to repine :
And too benevolent, to wish
My neighbour's blessings less than mine.

H Y M N CXLVII.

Family Religion.

I.

FATHER of all, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From Thee they spring, and by thy hand,
They have been, and are still sustain'd.

II.

To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of heav'n, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

III.

To Thee may each united house,
Morning, and night, present its vows:
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

IV.

O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name;
While pleas'd and thankful, we remove,
To join the family above.

H Y M N CXLVIII.

Marriage.

I.

HAIL honour'd wedlock! sacred rite!
What bliss from thee derives!
The spring of true and pure delight,
And solace of our lives.

II.

Condemn'd by none but sordid souls,
Who scorn fair virtue's name,
Who reason drown in midnight bowls,
And glory in their shame.

III.

III.

Their lawless conduct we detest,
And rise to nobler views :
The chaste and temp'rate are the blest,
And hence their peace ensues.

IV.

In social blessings they shall share,
Which form life's greatest good ;
And find this union sooth their care,
If rightly understood.

V.

Adam, by solitude distress'd,
In Eden breath'd a moan :
And heav'n pronounc'd it was not best
For man to be alone.

VI.

Eve onward came, all Eden blooms,
And nature's face looks gay,
The garden yields its best perfumes,
On Adam's bridal day.

VII.

Jesus—at Cana once renown'd,
The sacred rite approv'd,
The festal scene his presence crown'd,
And ev'ry want remov'd.

VIII.

Lord, grant thy blessing may attend
The duties we perform :
Thy servants, each, display the friend,
And love their bosoms warm.

H Y M N CXLIX.

Christ apprehended.

I.

THE traitor comes, with ruffian crew,
 "Good master, hail," the traitor cries,
 Then gives the signal kiss; anew
 The traitor calls, "hold fast your prize."

II.

Whither ye rude, unhallow'd hands,
 My Lord, my Saviour, will ye bear?
 O must the prince of life these bands
 Of vilest ignominy wear?

III.

He must; ev'n he, whose voice could bring
 His Father's legions down to earth;
 Ten thousand thousand on the wing,
 To guard his life who sang his birth.

IV.

He must; all rescue he declines:
 "Else oracles in vain foretell
 "Eternal wisdom's great designs,
 "To save a guilty world from hell."

V.

Behold, the willing victim goes,
 As a meek lamb to slaughter led:
 What noble fortitude he shews!
 His looks how calm! erect, his head!

VI.

O Jesus, should thy cause require
 My blood, it's heav'n-born truth to seal;
 Me, in that trying day, inspire
 With thy divinely-glowing zeal.

H Y M N CL.

The Condemnation and Crucifixion.

I.

BOUND in a malefactor's chains,
Malice his innocence arraigns ;
Malice her venom'd spittle throws,
Fierce malice deals her fiercest blows.

II.

With crown of thorns his temples bleed,
With cruel stripes his back is flea'd.
Behold the Man—"The Cross," they call,
"The Cross," and rend the judgment hall.

III.

What evil has he wrought ? Away,
"Barabbas save, this fellow slay."
Bleeding and faint, he bears along
His cross, amidst a hooting throng.

IV.

Inconstant throng ! the day before
Heard your wide mouths *Hosannas* roar :
"*Messiah, King,*" with shoutings loud,
You hail'd him. O inconstant croud !

V.

Ingrates ! where shall your lame, your blind,
Your sick, another healer find ?
Whence shall another Jesus come,
To guide you to his Father's home ?

VI.

Ah ! they have nail'd him to the tree,
Between the sons of infamy.
And now the scornful head they shake,
And now th' insulting jest they break.

VII.

But oh ! what tongue his grief can tell,
When on his soul that darkness fell ?
"My God, my God and Father, why
"By thee forsaken must I die."

VIII.

VIII.

Flow, flow my tears, in torrents flow ;
 My sins, O Jesus, wrought thy woe.
 Help my weak faith, and with thy pow'r
 Uphold me in temptation's hour.

H Y M N CLI.

The Inefficacy of Hymns without Devotion.

I.

GREAT God ! what rich provision's made,
 To fit our souls for heav'n !
 How various are the means prepar'd !
 How great the aid that's giv'n !

II.

Thy word in ev'ry part displays
 The wonders of thy grace :
 But in the gospel brightest shines
 Thy care for all our race.

III.

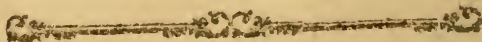
Counsels, reproofs, and psalms, and hymns,
 With solemn sacred songs,
 To thy unbounded love we owe :
 To thee—the praise belongs.

IV.

But what are tuneful, sacred songs,
 Or what our measur'd lays ?
 Unless thy spirit warm our hearts,
 How flat—our hymns of praise !

V.

Then, gracious God, we humbly ask
 Assistance from above :
 Our passions shall, by musick sooth'd,
 Be all attun'd to love—!









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